TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME III — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1926 — NUMBER 12

Radio English

THE British have formed a distinguished committee to regulate the pronunciation of English over the radio, and there is fear of an airy clash of accents and usages when cápitalism and capítalism, clerk and clark, simultaneous and simultaneous meet nightly on the waves. It will be a war without a victory. The differences in pronunciation between the twin languages of the Empire and the Republic are relatively few and unimportant. Broadcasters will continue to use words as their own community uses them, with this improvement, that some of the manifest errors which now tingle over the ether will be shamed away. The professional broadcaster is certain to become a careful speaker, if not a purist, and the authority of such a committee as has just been organized will be exerted not so much to correct old faults as to prevent him from inventing new ones, as the makers of rhetorics are always doing. Give a man some responsibility for language and he will invariably discover laws to justify his own preferences.

The chief differences between the two founts of standard English are in accent and voice quality, but differences almost as great exist within the parent springs. If these divergences all go upon the air at once the language will be a vaudeville show, with, turn by turn, the high-low Oxford speech, the purring London, the hard Lancashire, the flat-vowelled Maine accent, the heavy rrrs of the Middle West, the neighing North Western, the soft, broken-vowelled Southern, the thin-voiced Philadelphian, not to mention the Scotch and Irish burrs or the drawl of rural New England. Such an indiscriminate radioizing will have one good result. The extreme Oxford accent is an absurd corruption of the voice and will be sharply remedied by the hard fact that its see-saws will not carry over the radio. The harsh nasalizing which, for some reason never satisfactorily explained, we Americans East and West and South tend to put upon our tongue, will be emphasized by the nasal quality of the radio transmitter and will reveal its full ugliness. The nasal broadcaster is already unpopular, and strong women have been known to shudder when hearing for the first time their husbands' nosings accentuated on the air that vibrates over speakers' tables. The Southerner in America begins to pull his vowels together for the radio, and the Londoner sometimes makes a, e, i, o, u sound like those letters; while the slovenly New Yorker and the careless Chicagoan begin to articulate as the English do, because they have to, if they are to be heard.

And yet correction may easily go too far. A campaign against all provincial tricks of speech, all local idioms, all differences in the carriage of the voice, would be most unfortunate. Unless committees restrain them, those in control of broadcasting will try to make us all talk alike. A firm voice, well-placed, without modulation, may be standardized by the radio, just as the American dinner table has been standardized by the women's magazines. Jacob's voice will no longer betray him for it will have been set to the 1930 model, average tone and average pitch.

The educational effect of the radio has probably been exaggerated. It is feebler and feebler as the scale goes up toward real education. As a conveyor of facts the radio has no equal except in reading, but while it may increase intelligence, it does not seem likely to make many feel or think. But its effect upon language cannot be exaggerated, for the use of language is influenced most of all by the ear. Those in control can make it an instrument of culture in the best sense by encouraging in their broadcasters and lecturers and entertainers a sense of the beauty of the language, a care for its resources and its flexibility, a respect for the tones which translate ideas into words. If they insist upon good speaking as well as clear speaking, upon expressiveness, upon articulation, upon accuracy, there will be little need to worry over conflicts of usage or clashes or pronunciation. For the ideal in English is not those picked words dropped like false teeth one after the other into the receiver which come over when some "cultured" lady is telling us how to speak, but a flexible English, idiosyncratic, personal, vigorous, which will vary locally with the speaker but be answerable to the genius of the tongue.

The Multitudinous One

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

BEHOLD in us the Multitudinous One,
The myriad motions of Whose Being are
Life and the pain of life! One Self we are,
Though clothed in many forms. These laboring minds,
These bodies, bruised and broken, are but strands
In the eternal Body that through birth,
Death, and the throes of travail without end,
Renews itself, and all our tumult is
But the one Will among the many here
When with fierce pity and remorseless love
And with unutterable joy it strains,
Seeking a passage through the bleeding web
And tangled meshes of blind wills at war—
God's Being, in act, which is Man's agony,
And glory, too; for on that agony
His rapture rests, our passion is His peace
And He is woven of us as we of Him.

This Week

"Crime and Custom in Savage Society." Reviewed by *Roland B. Dixon.*

"Lenz on Bridge." Reviewed by *Glenn Mitchell.*

"The Dark Dawn." Reviewed by *Dorothy Scarborough.*

"Jarnegan." Reviewed by *Clayton Hamilton.*

"Lord Raingo." Reviewed by *Montgomery Belgion.*

"The Chariot of Fire." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

Poems by Tu Fu. Translated by *Florence Ayscough.*

Next Week, or Later

Milton. By *Christopher Morley.*

"Early Autumn." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*

President Eliot*

By WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

FOR considerably more than half a century Charles William Eliot occupied a unique place in American Public Life. For forty years the head of a great University, he exercised on all classes of his countrymen an influence far beyond that of the usual academic dignitary. During the latter part of his presidency, and still more after he became emeritus, he was looked up to by hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens as a guide not merely in educational matters, but in all the great questions that have agitated the public mind, political, industrial, social, and moral. Other leaders of opinion have come and gone, and some for a time have been more conspicuous; but it is impossible to name a figure who so continuously dominated our intellectual horizon for so long a period.

Born on Beacon Street, Boston, on March 20, 1834, Mr. Eliot was in origin and breeding a Yankee of the Yankees. He was the only son of Samuel Atkins Eliot and Mary Lyman, and was thus descended from two distinguished colonial stocks. His father was a well-to-do importer, who lost his fortune in the panic of 1857. Charles was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard College, from which he was graduated in 1853 at the age of nineteen. His chief interests in college were mathematics and chemistry. The year following his graduation he was appointed tutor in mathematics. From 1858 to 1863 he was assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, and on the expiration of his five-year term he was faced with one of the most difficult decisions of his life. The country was in the midst of the Civil War, and Governor Andrews offered him a commission as lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. He had five years before married Ellen Derby Peabody, daughter of the Rev. Ephraim Peabody, minister of King's Chapel, Boston. They now had two children and had obligations to support their mothers, both of whom were widows. With great reluctance and distress Mr. Eliot decided that it was his duty to decline.

The next two years were spent in Europe in the study of chemistry and in that observation of educational methods and organization which was to be of such importance to him later. On his return he became professor of chemistry in the new Massachusetts Institute of Technology at a salary of $2,000. At the same time he declined the superintendency of the Merrimac Mills in Lowell at a salary of $5,000 and a house, and finally decided to make education his career.

In 1869, the Rev. Thomas Hill resigned the presidency of Harvard. Mr. Eliot had recently published in the *Atlantic Monthly* two articles on "The New Education," which had roused lively discussion on account of his criticism of the rigidity of the older disciplines and his advocacy of the claims of science. The Corporation, with surprising insight and courage, chose him as Mr. Hill's successor, and after a struggle with the more conservative body of Overseers, whose consent was necessary, appointed him at the age of thirty-five President of Harvard. With this action ebgan a new era in the history of American University education.

The institution of which Charles W. Eliot be-

*This article has been abridged for *The Saturday Review of Literature* by President Neilson of Smith College from his Introduction to a selection from Mr. Eliot's writings shortly to be published by Harper & Bros.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came the head in 1869 was the oldest of American colleges, having been founded in 1636. It had among its graduates a long line of distinguished men, but educationally it was still an unprogressive provincial college, with two or three inefficient professional schools attached to it. The new President knew it thoroughly, and both as student and teacher had realized its limitations. His years in Europe had made him aware how far Harvard, like other American colleges, fell short of the achievements and standards of the great foreign universities. His task was to end this disparity, and to create a type of educational institution adequate to the needs of the country and in vital relation to the advance of modern science and scholarship.

The new president's Inaugural Address is an amazing document. To realize how amazing one must try to view it as it must have seemed to those who heard it delivered. With energy and precision, but without noise and fury, he laid down a set of principles and proposed a series of changes which must have sounded, and indeed were, revolutionary. The timid were alarmed, academic vested interests seriously perturbed. He was under no illusions as to the difficulty of what he had undertaken, but this did not hinder him from projecting in full the outlines of his vision. How far forward that vision reached is indicated by the fact that practcally all the main features which characterized the progress of American education for the next generaton are to be found there.

* * *

He saw clearly what he wanted to do, and he began at once to argue that it should be done. Though strong-willed and self-assured, he sought to make his policies prevail not by the exercise of autocratic power, but by persuasion. Yet he never flattered, never played politics. He had faith that truth would prevail; and he stated the truth as he saw it, bluntly, persistently, and with all the logic he could command. One by one the reforms he advocated were adopted by sufficient majorities of the faculties and governing boards; and though the defeated might feel regret, they had none of the sense of grievance that would have come from a brutal forcing through of measures or a suppression of full and free discussion. Thus were established the elective system with the consequent development of specialization, the enrichment of the curriculum, especially on what is known as the modern side, the substitution of written for oral examinations and lectures for recitations. In the administration of discipline a greater degree of liberty and responsibility was granted to the student, and entrance to the college was guarded by higher standards of admission. Meanwhile Harvard grew from one thousand to five; twenty millions were added to the endowment; and a New England college became a cosmopolitan university.

No feature of Mr. Eliot's program attracted more attention or provoked bitterer hostility than the so-called "elective system." When he came into office, the undergraduate curriculum at Harvard had already been broadened to admit election of studies by the student to a considerable degree. It is a mistake to suppose that he invented the system. It was almost universal in Europe, and it began to be introduced at Harvard as early as 1825. The extension of it was with Mr. Eliot an implication of his belief in liberty in education. As he analyzed it, this liberty required giving to the students three things: "Freedom in choice of studies;" "opportunity to win academic distinction in single subjects or special lines of study;" "discipline which distinctly imposes on each individual the responsibility of forming his own habits and guiding his own conduct."

In favor of the first, he argued that human nature is so varied that no prescribed course can possibly fit all boys, and that each boy's natural preferences and aptitudes are a better guide to studies than the judgment of his professors. Furthermore, he held that free choice produced a better attitude towards study than compulsion.

The second element afforded an honorable stimulus to effort, and led to the giving of advanced courses, and ultimately to a raising of the general level of instruction.

The third involved a disbelief in the possibility of the formation of character in young men by a monastic régime. "Their protection," he wrote, "must be within them. They must find it in memory of home, in pure companionship, in hard work, in intellectual ambition, religious sentiment, and moral purpose. A sense of personal freedom and responsibility reinforces these protecting influences, while the existence of a supervising authority claiming large powers which it has no effective means of exercising, weakens them."

It will thus be seen that the leaving of the student free to choose his own studies was not a mere technical pedagogical device, but one of the applications of the broad principle of the beneficent effect of liberty which underlay his whole attitude towards society.

His reforms, however, did not all consist in the proclamation of a general principle, however sound. He had the interest and ability to study all kinds of detail in the working of the academic machine, and the ingenuity to think out improvements. Every part of the university began to feel his influence from the first.

The professional schools were no less in need of reform than the college. It is hard today to realize the state of medical education at the time that Mr. Eliot began his professional career. There were no requirements for admission to a medical school beyond the payment of a fee, with the result that many men entered who could scarcely read and write. The whole period of attendance required was three winter terms of four months each, and the diploma was granted after a short oral examination in which it was sufficient to pass in five out of nine subjects—all of which were really indispensable. In the first year of his presidency, Mr. Eliot broke all precedents by attending the meetings of the medical faculty, and he proceeded at once to propose lengthening the terms from four to nine months, making the courses progressive instead of haphazard in the order in which they were taken, and substituting written for oral examinations. These changes were put into operation by the governing boards in spite of the resistance of the medical faculty. It took many years before the school was put upon a real graduate basis, insuring students with a good general education, and before the lengthened course and the clinical and laboratory training were required which are now taken for granted in any good medical school.

Legal education was little if any better than medical. The Harvard Law School had three professors, no dean, and hardly anything that could be called a policy. It was Mr. Eliot who selected C. C. Langdell as the first Dean and supported him in the introduction of the famous "case system" of studying law. Here also the course was extended and a college degree required for admission. In no department of his endeavors was Mr. Eliot rewarded with more brilliant success, for when he retired the Harvard Law School was generally acknowledged as the most distinguished institution of its kind in the world.

A similar improvement in scholarly standing was achieved in the Divinity School, though this has not resulted, as in the other professional schools, in an increase in numbers. A Graduate School of Arts and Sciences was founded in 1890, of Applied Science in 1906, and of Business Administration shortly before Mr. Eliot's retirement. The first of these three has had a very large influence on university education throughout the country, having trained large numbers of college teachers and taught the method and given the stimulus for much original research. It has also reacted powerfully on Harvard College in the raising of the scholarly standard of the teaching staff and improving the general intellectual tone.

* * *

These are only the more notable instances of the development of the organizations which today constitute Harvard University and which are the result mainly of Mr. Eliot's ideals and of his energy in realizing them. He had, of course, the coöperation of many colleagues. The Fellows, who constitute the corporation, gave him faithful and sympathetic support, and as time went on he either converted the majorities in the various faculties or brought in new blood. The supreme test of the college administrator's success is in the choosing and retaining of a distinguished staff, and the greatest testimonial to President Eliot's success that could be presented, would be the list of the brilliant scholars and able teachers whom he added to the Harvard faculties.

In most of these activities not only did Mr. Eliot lead within Harvard, but he made Harvard the leading institution of its kind in the country. From the Atlantic to the Pacific it would be impossible to find an institution of higher learning which has not been profoundly affected by Mr. Eliot's innovations at Harvard. Occasionally, as by Johns Hopkins in 1876, the initiative in some field was taken by another institution; but it is only fair to say that during the forty years of his incumbency Harvard was the institution to which the others looked for progress in educational methods and ideas.

Nor was his influence confined to the higher institutions. The question of qualification for admission to college led him to a consideration of the curriculum of the secondary schools, and he played a leading part in the movement for uniform entrance requirements. In the schools as in college he was always on the side of freedom, and his ideas penetrated even to the primary grades.

The freedom which President Eliot believed in for the students he accorded also to the professor. Discussions in faculty were untrammelled, and no man's career was ever injured because he opposed the President in matters of policy and opinion. It would be difficult to pick two men more opposed in temperament and personality than Mr. Eliot and the late Professor Barrett Wendell, and their differences were often enough displayed in the councils of the college. Yet it is Wendell who thus describes his method: "He simply reasons—and more convincingly than anyone else I know. . . . In his conduct to individuals, I have never known him to depart from the finest standards of justice and honor." Not only in faculty meeting and classroom were professors given their freedom, but in outside activities as well. Mr. Eliot saw no reason why a place on a college faculty should limit a man's rights as a citizen; and this freedom he claimed for himself also.

* * *

Throughout his tenure of the presidency of Harvard, Mr. Eliot took a lively interest in political and social affairs, and often gave public expression to his views; but it was after his resignation in 1909 that he became to such a remarkable degree the giver of counsel to the nation at large. It is safe to say that his position of leadership in public opinion in all matters of general interest was as unique during the last seventeen years of his life as was previously his position of leadership in education.

Each presidential election as it approached led him to a careful scrutiny of issues and candidates, and he usually communicated to the public the results of his reflections. Latterly he was regarded as a Democrat, his leaning to that side being due in part at least to his disbelief in protection and to his feeling that on the whole the Democrats had shown more "sympathy with ordinary humanity, with the less comfortable and happy classes, and with the dejected or discontented portion of the American population." He was a strong supporter of Woodrow Wilson in his Mexican and European War policies, and a believer in the League of Nations. Yet he was never a rigid partisan. He voted three times for Cleveland, but he could not support Bryan, and he was for Roosevelt in 1904 and for Taft in 1908; but again for Davis against Coolidge in 1924.

In the last year of his presidency he undertook the editing of the Harvard Classics. Attention had been aroused by a remark of his in a speech that a shelf five feet long would contain the books, which if a man but read diligently for fifteen minutes a day, would make him an educated man. Through Mr. Norman Hapgood, Mr. Robert Collier proposed to him that he should compile a list of the contents of such a shelf, with a view to having the books published as a set. Mr. Eliot took the matter into consideration, impressed by the possibilities of popular education that the idea opened up. When it was suggested that the series should be called The Harvard Classics, he laid the matter before the Corporation of the University and obtained their official approval. An assistant editor was chosen from the Harvard faculty to aid in the selection of titles, in the preparation of texts, and in the furnishing of introductions and notes, and late in the spring the undertaking was launched.

The extent of the interest aroused was remarkable, and the newspapers from coast to coast were filled with comment and criticism. Unfortunately much of this was beside the point. When the volumes began to appear, the complete list was not made out; in fact it was not until publication was near completion that such a list existed. In their impatience the newspapers concocted lists from rumors and speculation, and the greater part of the criticism directed against the selections was based on totally inaccurate data.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Eliot, though not professing to be a literary man, has been a voluminous writer, and education has naturally been his most persistent theme.

In the field of government, his most lasting enthusiasm was for civil service reform, and for many years he was one of the staunchest supporters of the movement, taking part in the work of the association for its extension, and speaking and writing for it effectively. He was much interested also in experiments for the improvement of municipal politics, and supported the system of city government by commission.

His views on the relations of capital and labor brought him again and again into the field of active controversy. He believed in the principle of collective bargaining, and was humane and sympathetic towards the working man. But there were features of trade union policies of which he strongly disapproved. Believing in the dignity of work, and the enduring satisfaction of a good job well done, he had no sympathy with restriction of output. His strong individualism and his belief in liberty made him oppose the closed shop, and he gave labor a violent shock when he called the "scab" an American hero. Labor leaders, nevertheless, respected and even liked him, and admired the courage that led him to tell them what he thought their faults to their faces and on their own platforms.

* * *

His essays and speeches on the conduct of life are the answer to those who think of Dr. Eliot as a man concerned only with intellectual and material values. They display from many angles his profound concern with human character and his conviction that it is in spiritual things that the permanent satisfactions of life are to be found. Always he is feeling for the elements in the life of the individual, of the institution, or of the nation which are worthy to last, and which will last because they are worthy. He came of a stock that did not talk glibly of intimate and personal things; but when he overcame this innate reserve he showed plainly where his heart lay.

As a public speaker, Mr. Eliot was in the highest sense distinguished. He stood erect before his audience, his hands clasped in front of him, and rarely used gesture. His voice was rich and vibrant, controlled and even. His words came to him readily, but he spoke without hurry and without show. He was willing to repeat himself as often as was necessary to get his message to the largest possible public. He never hesitated to state a fact or an idea because it might be thought obvious or commonplace. And, indeed, in his utterance it never appeared so to those who heard, though it might sometimes do so to those who only read the report. His English was singularly pure and noble, without apparent artifice and without speciosity, and he could be homely without losing dignity. When he felt deeply he conveyed his emotion to his audience with no sense of seeking an effect, and his indignation was appalling.

* * *

Dr. Eliot was not a great scholar in the technical sense. In his own subject he was a competent chemist and wrote a good textbook; but he abandoned specialization too early to reach distinction in research. He was very widely informed and was a great reader; but he learned as much from men as from books. He was an expert in the employment of experts; and he consulted members of his faculty when in search of special information as another man might consult a cyclopedia. His judgment of men was keen, and he formed it by watching them and letting them reveal themselves by their words and deeds. Cautious up to a certain point, he was bold when his mind was made up; and he constantly astonished one by the freedom and almost indiscretion of his criticisms.

Grave and stately in appearance, Dr. Eliot was not in reality an austere man. Even a slight intimacy revealed much geniality, kindness, and humor; but his inability to trifle with the truth, his scorn of insincerity and affectation, and his courageous frankness of utterance sometimes frightened the timid. His spoken and written style is a faithful expression of his character. It is a style without applied ornament, without excess of any kind. At first sight it appears bald in its severe simplicity and its courageous obviousness, but at its best it is monumental, balanced, logical, the utterance of a just and valiant man.

Wilson's Public Speeches

THE NEW DEMOCRACY. Presidential Messages, Addresses, and Other Papers (1913-1917). By Woodrow Wilson. Edited by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd. New York: Harpers & Bros. 1926. 2 vols.

Reviewed by Charles Seymour

Editor of "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House"

DURING his administration and since, President Wilson suffered generally from the excess of abuse and praise which was lavished upon him, frequently by persons whose opinions had been formed without any first-hand information of what he was saying or doing. They read what the newspapers said about him and framed their judgments in accordance with their own political affiliations. Now that the politics of the period has become history, it is essential to revise those judgments in the light of his actual words, discarding prejudiced paraphrases. Students of government and history will accordingly be grateful to the publishers and editors for making available this collection of the President's public utterances, which is described by Mrs. Wilson as the authorized edition.

The two Volumes under review are the second section of the six volume collection of Wilson's published papers. They cover the four-year period beginning with his inauguration in 1913 and end-

Title to Plantin's "Biblia Polyglotta," Antwerp, 1568
From "The Quest of the Perfect Book," by William Dana Orcutt (Little, Brown).

ing with the entrance of the United States into the war in 1917. The papers are of various kinds. Of the one hundred and fifty separate documents, more than half consists of public addresses, many of them delivered extempore, the text of which is taken by the editors from the stenographic report in the New York *Times*, the Congressional Record, or the "White House Files." Of the remainder, there are some twenty letters, most of them very brief, nineteen formal addresses before Congress, and fifteen diplomatic notes. A few proclamations, articles in periodicals, and statements to the press are included. Rather more than a third of the documents deal with foreign affairs. Of the domestic papers, fourteen are speeches on preparedness; twenty are concerned with the tariff and currency problems and the relations of business with government; the greater number are general addresses emphasizing the relations of morality and politics, essentially political sermons.

The editors deserve high praise for the manner in which they have met the peculiar difficulties of their task, for Mr. Wilson, as they tell us, left no ordered collection of his papers and they have been compelled to search not merely the White House files, but the periodical press and newspapers in order to secure satisfactory texts of his chief speeches. In general, they have selected with discretion from the great mass of papers at their disposal those which illustrate most effectively the salient phases of Wilsonian policy, domestic and foreign. If the reader is disposed to complain of repetition, especially in the speeches on preparedness, some of which become tiresome in their iteration of phrase or even illustrative anecdote, we must remember that the President was seeking emphasis through repetition and was addressing extemporaneously different audiences who might be presumed not to have read what he had said the day before. Certain technical deficiencies in the editing are apparent, which demand correction in any later edition. On page 343 of the first volume an entire stray line is inserted, spoiling the sense of the passage. On page 151 of the same volume, the document described as the proclamation of neutrality, August 4, 1914, is clearly not that document; it begins: "Whereas a state of war unhappily exists between Italy and Austria-Hungary . . ." As we all remember, war between these states was not declared until May, 1915. On pages 130 and 132 of the second volume the same document appears twice, entitled in the first instance second, "The Pursuit of Villa." Inasmuch as there is no uniformity in the use of superscriptions and "Effect of rumors on Mexican policy," and in the conclusions to letters, it is difficult for the reader to be sure that passages are complete, as in the abrupt termination of the letter to Mr. Pou on page 129 of the second volume. The document described as a letter to Thomas A. Edison is obviously not addressed to him, since in each sentence of the letter Edison is spoken of in the third person; there is no superscription to indicate to whom it was addressed. There is neither superscription nor conclusion to Wilson's letter to the Kaiser, September 16, 1914. This is entitled "Letter to the Emperor of Germany." Is the phrase Wilson's or the editors'? It would be interesting to know whether this slip in phraseology should be attributed to the President, since the Kaiser was not "Emperor of Germany" but "German Emperor," a distinction which at one time was of political importance.

* * *

The self-restraint of the editors is worthy of remark and, to a certain degree, of commendation. They have been willing to let the documents tell their own story without the addition of any eulogistic or exculpatory comments. The student thus has at his command an objective record of Wilson's purposes, set forth in his own words and unblurred by any interpretation. If, as Mrs. Wilson suggests, the edition is designed for the general reader, it is possible that the editors have erred somewhat on the side of discretion and that some explanatory comment might have been included provided its tone was noncontentious. As it is, unless the reader is well-informed, he may miss the significance of some of the documents. The brief introduction makes no mention of the great speech of May 27, 1916, which marks a turning-point in Wilson's public attitude on our relations with Europe and contains the essential principles of his entire foreign policy during the four years that followed. The speeches on preparedness and the constantly-recurring intimation, in the spring of 1916, that circumstances might justify the entrance of the United States into the war, lack point without an explanation of the private negotiations with Great Britain with which Wilson had entrusted Colonel House.

Both scholars and general readers would also have been grateful if the editors could have indicated what portions of the notes signed by Bryan and Lansing were actually written by Wilson himself. The student can, in some instances, determine from characteristic phraseology, such as the use of the words "in respect of" and "in respect to" (about which Wilson was particular), and such a favorite phrase as "political and territorial integrity," that the President was responsible for portions of various notes signed by the Secretary of State. We know from the House Papers that the first part of the final note on the *Sussex* was written by Lansing and the last paragraph by Wilson. But the editors have evidently not attempted any methodical study of the textual problem. They do not indicate any reason for inserting letters on Mexico signed by Tumulty and Bryan, or on the Danish West Indies signed by Lansing. Is there evidence that these letters were written by the President? Nor do the editors touch the less important but rather interesting problem raised by the inconsistencies in spelling, such as "programme" and "program," "vigour" and "vigor," "honour" and "honor;" do the Anglicized spellings represent the President's preference? It would be equally interesting to have determined which of the President's addresses were written out before delivery and which given extemporaneously.

Whatever his prejudices, the honest reader will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably lay down these volumes with the conviction that President Wilson is to be ranked among the few great political prophets of modern times. His executive capacity, his readiness to understand and capitalize political opportunity, his ability to meet political opposition must be tested by other evidence. But these papers contain the proof of his superb power of exposition which, taken in conjunction with the official position he held, (for the President of the United States is potentially the most influential individual in the world), made Wilson, for a period, one of the arbiters of world destiny. The concentration of these papers makes plain also, as scattered documents do not, what were his essential purposes; and if the statesman ordinarily is judged by results, the political prophet is judged by his intentions. Wilson must be classed with Mazzini rather than with Cavour. He may have failed and yet remain great, because of the ideals which he preached so effectively and could not translate into fact.

If we judge by the papers in this collection, we shall say that the essence of his political idealism lay in the emphasis which he laid upon moral rather than material virtues. It is curious to reflect that like Roosevelt, although in a very different manner, Wilson sought incessantly to inject moral values into politics. True greatness is won by service rather than by acquisition, by sacrifice rather than by aggression. It was thus he understood the adjective "moral," and this text runs through almost all his public addresses, many of which would fit a Presbyterian pulpit as well as a political rostrum. In domestic problems he interpreted moral principle to mean the championship of the common man against privilege; he regarded himself as the spokesman of the "silent, voiceless masses," and it was for them that he believed himself to be fighting in his advocacy of tariff and currency reform, of the anti-Trust legislation, and of the Adamson Act.

* * *

In his manner of meeting foreign problems the same spirit is instinct. It took the form at first (as announced in the Mobile speech of October 27, 1913) of a self-denying declaration, according to which he promised that the United States would never take unfair advantage of a weaker power. "Do not think," he said, "that the questions of the day are mere questions of policy and diplomacy. They are shot through with the principles of life. We dare not turn from the principle that morality and not expediency is the thing that must guide us. . . ." This note runs through all his speeches on the Mexican crisis. Soon the President further developed the principle, so that it assumed a positive character, in his plan for a Pan-American agreement in which all the states of the Americas should enter into mutual engagements to guarantee to each other "political independence and territorial integrity." It was to be a league to enforce peace and maintain justice in the Western Hemisphere. In the meantime, the outbreak of the European war compelled Wilson to face the crises resulting from the infraction of our neutral rights by the belligerents. As in the case of his American policy, the President first adopted a negative attitude; he would protect our rights, but he would avoid any entanglement in a contest which he regarded as one "with which we have nothing to do, whose causes can not touch us. . . ." "We mean to live our own lives as we will, but we mean also to let live." Wilson's courage and imagination, however, were sufficient to compel him to develop also a positive attitude. "We are the champions of peace and concord," he insisted, and as the months passed it became clear that to maintain this championship, to fulfil the mission of service which he so constantly preached, the United States must do more than keep her own hands clean. Hence his continued efforts at mediation and, under the strong influence of Sir Edward Grey, the formulation of the principles upon which a lasting peace must be based, principles which appear in almost final form in the great speech of January 22, 1917, and which assume the active partnership of the United States in a world league of peace. It is significant that when he came to formulate the essentials of such a league he returned to the main phrases of the Pan-American Pact which were drafted as early as December, 1914.

The tone of Wilson's speeches in the spring of 1916, even if we had no other evidence, indicates at least a tentative acceptance by the President of the idea of armed intervention on the part of the United States. But the unwillingness of the Allies to consider seriously the Grey-House memorandum had the effect of enforcing Wilson's earlier conviction that the United States must remain neutral and that the peace must be a peace without victory. Germany refused to permit the continuation of this policy, and by the withdrawal of the *Sussex* pledge and the ruthless submarine warfare compelled American participation in the war. Even so, President Wilson did not depart from the principles which he laid down in the days of our neutrality; he was determined that if there must be a war it should be a war to ensure a league of peace and guarantee international justice. The documents illustrating this determined purpose will doubtless be included in the two volumes yet to appear.

Savage Social Life

CRIME AND CUSTOM IN SAVAGE SOCIETY. By BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by ROLAND B. DIXON
Harvard University

NOW and then a book is written which cuts mercilessly through an accumulation of traditional conceptions and by the light of overlooked or misinterpreted facts and common sense shows us how absurd the orthodox ideas have really been. When we have read it, we feel much as we do when some puzzle or mystifying prestidigitator's trick is explained to us; it is after all so obvious, why didn't we think of that before! Such a book is this little volume of Dr. Malinowski's, which brilliantly, concisely, and in non-technical language demonstrates how very wrong and indeed impossible are the currently accepted views as to some of the fundamentals of savage social life.

It has long been almost axiomatic in anthropology, that savage peoples were enmeshed in a rigid net of custom which prescribed their every act. The savage was pictured as far more firmly bound and circumscribed by these manifold restrictions than the civilized man is by his codes of law. He was also supposed to wear his bonds with incredible docility, because he was meekly and utterly subservient to the "group sentiment" of his clan or tribe, because he was cowed by fear of supernatural punishments consequent on any breach of custom, and because he was actuated by a mysterious "instinctive or spontaneous submission" to regulations. This fictitious portrait is riddled by Dr. Malinowski first by an appeal to logic and common sense, and then by relating from his experience in Melanesia a number of well chosen incidents and dramatic episodes, which reveal the whole matter in its true light. Finally he points unerringly to the cause of the current misconception.

* * *

One of the main reasons why many anthropologists have been led astray in their conceptions of primitive law, lies, as the author points out, in the fact that students of savage life have secured their data more by questioning than by detailed observation and recording of procedure; they have asked what was done under various circumstances. They have been told what should be done, what in theory ought to be done, and so have recorded the ideal rather than the fact. And they have often not linked up one observation or custom with others with which it forms a connected chain. Only by painstaking recording of actual procedure, a trenchant analysis of motive and a following out of all the consequences of individual acts, can we arrive at a real understanding of the complex web of primitive law.

Dr. Malinowski has done anthropology signal service in pointing out the far-reaching significance of reciprocity in the organization of savage life; in demonstrating the existence of a great body of what may be called the civil in contrast with criminal law; and in showing that the individual plays a far larger part in savage society than the exponents of the idea of "group solidarity" and "group sentiment" admit. He has also put his finger on a weak spot in the methods often employed in field research. Whether people in other parts of the world as aptly confirm his conclusions remains to be seen. In any case, these results of his study of a Melanesian folk should not only be serviceable to anthropologists as showing that they have often failed to attribute sufficient ordinary human qualities to the savage, but should be of interest to all for whom the absorbing problems of the rise and growth of human culture have any appeal.

Dr. Malinowski shows in the first place, that savage custom does not form the undifferentiated mass it is often supposed to do, but consists of several clearly separated groups or classes. First there are those customs which regulate ordinary social intercourse and behavior, etiquette in short, which rest like our own mainly on traditions and conservatism, and breaches of which merely constitute bad manners. These are conformed to simply to escape ridicule or a reputation for boorishness. A second and relatively small group includes those observances, primarily ritualistic, the breach of which is thought to entail vengeance by the gods. Here there is a definite religious sanction involved and compliance is enforced by fear, although escape from the consequences is methodically provided. The third and most important class comprises what Dr. Malinowski calls civil law; this includes the customs which regulate the basic social relations such as mother-right, and most of the fundamental social activities. In this group there is little trace of any religious sanction, and although conservatism and tradition play a part, the real cause for obedience to what are often irksome and arduous demands, lies in the fact that they are founded on the principle of reciprocal services, and are carried out with a publicity foreign to civilized life. These obligations are binding and are regarded as a right by one party and acknowledged as a duty by the other. Compliance is thus based ultimately on self-interest, for failure would entail personal loss; and on pride, since one who honors the law willingly and generously gains public approbation and esteem, while he who is remiss is equally publicly shamed. Yet even here the obligation may be cunningly shirked, if it can be done with safety.

The assumed instinctive or spontaneous subservience to regulation is seen, thus, to be a fiction wholly uncalled for. For it is obvious that no one acts "instinctively" contrary to the strongest human instincts, or "spontaneously" against his natural appetites and inclinations. The savage is thus after all, just a human being like ourselves, not a docile slave to custom which he obeys "instinctively." He obeys the law primarily because to do so is to his own advantage and reputation, but he obeys it partially, conditionally, and with evasions, and he disregards it entirely whenever he feels he can do so with safety.

That the "group" is a factor of great importance Dr. Malinowski does not deny; what he asserts as a result of his studies of one savage community is that its importance has been over-emphasized, and that the significance of the individual, his rights and liabilities, has been grossly overlooked. The solidarity of the clan is, he shows, in large measure a legal fiction almost completely disregarded in everyday life, although at certain times, especially in the ceremonial aspect of life, it may dominate everything.

When Sir Sidney Lee died this summer only half of his biography of King Edward VII. had been published—that covering the long period when he was Prince of Wales. The second volume, recounting the ten years of kingship when at last King Edward had come into his throne, is to be published this autumn. It will contain some revelations as to the events occurring on the Continent which preceded the Great War. For that brief period King Edward was the dominating personality among the monarchs of the world, and he left a lot of documents behind him to which Sir Sidney Lee was accorded access.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. III. No. 12.
Copyright, 1926, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Admirable Book

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM GODWIN. By FORD K. BROWN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI

WHEN one considers the influence of Godwin on political philosophy, it is surprising how little research has been devoted to his career. Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Robert Owen, were all directly heir to the ideas he adumbrated; Malthus wrote his "Population" in counter-offensive to his optimism. Yet apart from a long-exhausted biography by Keegan Paul, and some characteristically brilliant pages from Leslie Stephen and Mr. Bradsford, nothing has been written upon him in fifty years until Mr. Brown's quite admirable book. Mr. Brown is, I believe, a newcomer to literary biography; certainly he is a welcome addition. His volume has a few minor inaccuracies, and it is written throughout in a sub-acid tone which sometimes grates upon the reader. But he has drawn a clear and intelligible picture. His judgment, broadly speaking, is adverse to Godwin as a man; but it is a judgment throughout which relies upon documents at each point made accessible to the reader. It is difficult, in the main, to differ from Mr. Brown's conclusions; and even those who do differ must admit that he has written an admirable book which will not be supplanted for many a year.

Godwin today, of course, is chiefly known either as Shelley's father-in-law or Mary Wollstonecraft's husband; few fates are more tragic than to survive in terms of one's relations. Yet the man himself has qualities that are arresting, and his books are by no means dead. No one, I think, could draw up a list of the thirty best novels in the English language without giving "Caleb Williams" a place therein; and in its species it stands head and shoulders above any possible competitor. The "Political Justice," doubtless, sacrifices life to logic; yet there is hardly a page in the book that is not sustained by some striking reflection. No discussion of property is unfashionable today; yet it would be easy to show of how great and valuable a tradition it has been the spiritual ancestor. And it brings, as few books bring, the mind of the reader against the essential problem of trying to justify his continuous obedience to orders which he often believes to be unwise, and, not seldom, to be morally wrong. It was a courageous thing to publish it when Godwin did, and, with all its patent defects, it is a great exercise in citizenship. The "History of the Commonwealth" is, of course, old-fashioned now; but, if I am not mistaken, Godwin was the first man to see the importance of the pamphlet as an index to the mind of his period, and his explanation of events is incomparably better than Hume's. His "Cursory Strictures on the Charge of Chief Justice Eyre" was not only a noble act of courage, but an extraordinarily able discussion of the place of sedition in English law; and if one man, at such a crisis, would undertake a similar work, the task of reaction would be ten times more difficult. Even his "Thoughts on Man," though a little heavy in the handling, is not without its attractions.

He was, in fact, on any showing, a remarkable man. Admit that he cringed for money, that he abused his relationship with Shelley, that he was absurdly egotistical, tedious too often, and not seldom childish. Yet when every possible count in the indictment has been admitted, there are elements in him it is impossible not to respect. He had great courage. He had respect for personality. He had to cope, and he fought hard to cope, with difficult economic circumstances. There is something fine in his relationship to Mary Wollstonecraft. He had, of course, the kind of complacency that is unforgivable; but so, after all, did Tennyson, in whom it is forgiven because he was on the side of the angels. And if he was something of a bore, there were times when he talked well and fought well, as Lamb and Hazlitt and Coleridge all testify.

I do not for a moment pretend that Godwin was a likable person. But I contend that there were many elements of nobility in him, sufficient, at least, to prevent the largely unmitigated contempt which one feels he has inspired in Mr. Brown. The remembrance, moreover, of that remarkable dawn when Coleridge and Southey were electrified by "Political Justice" ought to have made Mr. Brown pause; and the Indian summer when Shelley went on pilgrimage to him, with all its laughable side, has something splendid as well. Mr. Lytton Strachey has set the fashion of being ironical about one's subjects; but Mr. Strachey is better than his hundred imitators because his irony is built upon a foundation of affection for his kind. I wish Mr. Brown had felt likewise.

Norwegian-American Realism

THE DARK DAWN. By MARTHA OSTENSO. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

Columbia University

MARTHA OSTENSO'S second novel, "The Dark Dawn," shows conclusively that this young woman is no one-book author. She will have a good deal to contribute to American fiction if she goes on, and one who can write as effectively as she can will undoubtedly continue. While in part the critical recognition and the wide circulation won by "Wild Geese" may have been extrinsic, due to the fact that the book had captured a prize of $13,500 offered jointly by the *Pictorial Review*, Dodd, Mead, and Famous-Players-Lasky, still much of it was deserved on its own merits. The novel had a certain savage realism, a power that made its readers overlook the few crudities and defects that were apparent.

"The Dark Dawn" reveals something of the same power, and some of the same defects seen in the earlier novel. This story is more plausible than the first, but in some degree less convincing. The book is more smoothly written, has a better technique, but is less striking. Here, as in "Wild Geese," the author makes a rather artificial arrangement for a cheerful ending, one which seems not according to the logic of the characters and events as set forth. Here, as in the first book, a man of ruthless determination suddenly changes at the close of the story. While in the other instances she evoked a purely coincidental prairie fire to dispose of the villain,—after he has experienced an extremely sudden change of heart,—here she employs a heart attack. The one expedient seems as weak as the other, and not at all necessary, for in each case enough preparation has been made to make a murder seem the most logical *dénouement* possible. Why has she shied away from it? Is it because that would have been an end less convenient and easy for the survivors? Miss Ostenso is not unduly squeamish, one would guess, yet here she has compromised with her materials and weakened her second book in the same way in which she weakened the first.

* * *

While "Wild Geese" has more than one passage of premeditated melodrama (perhaps because of the movie interest in the prize)—as the wrestling bout between Judith and Sven, for example, "The Dark Dawn" depends for its effects on less obvious physical struggles. The theme is somewhat similar to that of the first story. There, too, we see a morbid will ruthlessly imposing itself on the lives of others, but this time the tyrant is a woman. There are two, in fact. There is no character in the present volume so vivid as Caleb Gare, yet Hattie Murker is somewhat like him in her unscrupulousness, her remorseless will, her soft manner of speech that only makes more terrible the cruelty it masks. Sadists evidently interest Miss Ostenso, and she is skilled in depicting them. She shows up the type of those that torture the souls of their victims instead of the bodies.

But here the abnormality of Hattie Murker is more credible than that of Caleb Gare, though each case can be traced to the agencies of thwarted love. Hattie reminds one of those engaging female spiders that seduce the males, then devour them. Hattie, not content with her money and career as a successful farmer, wishes to possess a husband and children too, and is troubled by no niceties of scruple concerning her methods of going after them.

Miss Ostenso's fiction derives rather from the Norwegian tradition than from the American, in its analysis of cruel climate and tragic lives, bitter rebellions, weeping selfishness. She would have been truer to her art if she had been willing to follow her story to a more logical end, however distressing that might be—instead of making an adjustment at the last, more pleasing to the sentimental readers who like to be stirred up to a certain limit, but must be soothed before the story closes. Miss Ostenso needs to face her literary materials and methods squarely, and be true to them, for she can write for an audience beyond the sentimentalists.

Her characterization is admirable. She gets inside the minds and souls of the various persons in turn, to show what they are and why they are so. We see Lucian Dorrit,—whose story is this—a boyish dreamer twenty-one years old, with his immense capabilities for happiness and achievement, snared through his chivalry into marriage with Hattie Murker; his father, dying as the story begins, warped and defeated by a woman's cold will; Mons Torson, stubborn, defiant, yet broken at last; Karen Strand, loving and faithful. These appear against a background of rustic neighbors who seem actual in their gossip, their suspicions, their kindliness.

The author has the power of expressing the tragic intensity of what men and women suffer, yet she does not over-sentimentalize them. For instance, Mons Torson gives a glimpse into his strange, twisted soul, when he hints of his secret to Muller.

> You needn't tell me anything about the misery of Luce Dorrit. It's been walking beside me—eating at my table—sleeping in my bed—for years of hell without a let-up. . . . You've been looking at me and thinking I'm crazy. You're right. I am. . . . I know what's happening to Luce Dorrit. I know, because I did it. And I know what's happening to that Strand kid. I know that, because I did it, too. . . . You want me to talk to Luce. I'll go. One of these days. Sure I will! When I get the nerve to go, Muller. But not for the reason you think. Not for the reason you think! The reason would turn your heart to water, by God!"

There is considerable vividness of phrasing in the book, and there is poetic beauty of description. "The Dark Dawn" is an achievement of imagination and power, and it convinces us that its young author will give us still bigger books.

An Artist on the Way

JARNEGAN. By JIM TULLY. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by CLAYTON HAMILTON

"JARNEGAN" begins as a picaresque romance, and ends as an analytic study of an egomaniac mind. The first part is thoroughly effective; the last part, though somewhat weakened by excessive emphasis, is fairly satisfactory; but the author has neglected to bridge the gap between them. Even a writer so mercifully free from pedantry as Jim Tully must have heard of Aristotle's dictum that a story should have a beginning, a middle, and an end. The trouble with this particular story is that it has no middle.

The book is aptly named; for it is conceived less as a novel than as a biographic presentation of a simple character. It has no plot, no structure. The subsidiary characters are no more important in themselves than the sparring partners employed to give necessary exercise to a champion prize-fighter. This is a book about a man.

The trouble is that the life-story of this man is not developed consistently and continuously from the outset to the end. We first meet Jarnegan as a bar-room brawler in Ironton, Ohio. Somebody picks a quarrel with him; and, in a fist-fight to a finish in the railroad yard, Jarnegan accidentally kills his man. Hs is convicted of manslaughter, serves his time in the penitentiary, and is released with a commuted sentence. He pays his way to Chicago, beats his way as a hobo to Colorado Springs, and there attaches himself as a shillaber to a wandering medicine faker and reaps a ready harvest as a short-change artist. With stolen money, Jarnegan pays his way to Los Angeles. The five chapters in which these picaresque adventures are narrated are sustained consistently, with an objective treatment which makes them all the more effective.

At the outset of Chapter VI, Jarnegan is lodged, a penniless adventurer, in a cheap room over a pawnshop on Los Angeles Street; but, at the end of this same chapter, he is engaged to direct a motion picture; and, at the outset of Chapter VII, we are informed that he already attained recognition as the greatest director in Hollywood. It is to be assumed, of course, that Mr. Tully, in the interest of local color, has consciously employed the adjective "great" in the easy sense in which it used to be employed in Hollywood before the Germans had taught us that the making of motion pictures might possibly be taken seriously as an art; but, even so, the author has neglected to show us the gradual degrees by which this Jarnegan,—this ex-convict, this hobo, this short-change artist,—climbed to "greatness." Mr. Tully's failure to overbridge this hiatus is the main fault of his book. Those of us who happen to be familiar with the annals of Hollywood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know, of course, that several successful directors have arisen from beginnings scarcely more propitious than Jarnegan's; but we know also that the most interesting details in their histories are the details of the successive steps in their gradual ascendance from obscurity to what is known in Hollywood as "fame."

When Mr. Tully informs us, in Chapter VII, that Jarnegan, in a single bound, has become a "great" director, we have to take him at his word. We have no other evidence. It is the proudest boast of this extraordinary hero—this former bill-poster, high diver, bar-room brawler, convict, tramp, and swindler—that he has never read a book in his life. He is utterly illiterate, and therefore void of first-hand knowledge of any of the great stories of the world: yet Mr. Tully asks us to believe that, in no time at all, he proved himself to be the master story-teller of the motion picture industry. Jarnegan knows absolutely nothing about painting, sculpture, architecture, music, or any of the other arts: yet Mr. Tully asks us to believe that, in no time at all, he proved himself to be a great artist. Jarnegan knows nothing about life, except what he has managed to pick up in bar-rooms and in bawdy houses and in jail: yet Mr. Tully asks us to believe that, in no time at all, he proved himself to be a great interprter of life. If we accept the author's premises, his conclusions are not reasonable.

Somewhere about the middle of the book, Jarnegan, having completed the direction of a "great" picture, proceeds to get drunk. He does this thoroughly, and remains drunk throughout the remainder of the volume. At this point, Mr. Tully shifts his narrative method from the objective to the subjective mood. A chaotic jumble of memories and aspirations parades itself through the intoxicated brain of Jarnegan,—a mind more drunk with egoism than with alcohol; and Mr. Tully's depiction of the fevered drift of these vain-glorious dreams rises, at many points, to a high degree of literary eloquence. The language used is, rightly enough, the natural language of the illiterate Jarnegan. It is profane, obscene, and blasphemous. The emotions of Jarnegan are lascivious; his imaginings are those of a megalomaniac. It is to be assumed that Mr. Tully, in the writing of these closing chapters, has deliberately claimed the dramatic license of allowing free expression to a character whose thoughts, whose emotions, and whose languages are of a nature which the author, in his own person, could not possibly approve. The sins of Macbeth are not visited on Shakespeare; and the libidinous, intoxicated egomania of Jarnegan—distressing as it is to contemplate—is regarded sympathetically by Mr. Tully with only the necessary sympathy of a creation artist.

But—to return to the one essential point—it is difficult for the reader to believe that Jarnegan,—this sex-crazy, drink-crazy, self-crazy monster,—could ever have succeeded, even in Hollywood, in becoming a successful—not to say a "great"—director. Hollywood is a queer place, where people rise to momentary eminence or dive into obscurity with extraordinary speed; but art can be achieved only by an artist, and this is as true in motion pictures as it is in any of the elder and more honored crafts.

Art can be achieved only by an artist. . . . The reason why Jim Tully's books are worth reading is not that he ran away from an orphan asylum at the age of twelve, worked in a chair factory, wandered over the entire country as a hobo, and attained a momentary eminence in Ohio and Illinois as a prize-fighter. The reason is that, throughout his outcast years, he was consumed with a passion for books and loved always to intoxicate himself with the loveliness of words. Somehow, somewhere, while Jim Tully was wandering through life as a tramp or fighting his way upward as a pugilist, he managed to teach himself to sling the English language. It is not at all surprising that his style is still marred by the technical mistake of over-emphasis: he still confuses violence with strength, and falls back upon the easy expedience of profane and obscene speech to attain effects which a better educated writer could achieve more simply with unadulterated utterance. But this man is gifted with sincerity, with earnestness, with elemental power. He is afire with a passion for expression which, every now and then, purifies itself into poetry. "Jarnegan" is not a skilful book, for Jim Tully still has much to learn about the craft of authorship; but it contains many sentences and several paragraphs which are not, by any means, unworthy of the masters.

Walpole's Latest

HARMER JOHN. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by STEPHEN GRAHAM

THIS in my opinion is the best novel Hugh Walpole has written for many years. Fortunately he has given up writing about Russia. For despite the success of the "Secret City," he was not temperamentally equipped to understand the Russians. He is perfectly, nay incurably English and is absolutely at home in the *milieu* he has chosen for his new story, the provincial cathedral city. He has a preference for ordinary people, and in his writing leaves them ordinary. In that respect how interestingly he differs from H. G. Wells, who choses the same ordinary people, and makes them extraordinary. Walpole is the cube root of H. G. Wells. He is not much concerned with isms, and logical conclusions, and his art is occupied with unclassified life and simple events. On the whole he affords a refreshing change. There is as much difference between "The World of William Clissold," and "Harmer John" as between "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and "The Halifax Gentleman." "Harmer John" is an old-fashioned Victorian novel.

Having said that much, one may surmise that it is a trifle out of touch with modern life. The story is dated just before the war, which is an age ago. But the passion of the hero to beautify the city and

THOMAS COOPER IN OLD AGE
FROM "THE PUBLIC LIFE OF THOMAS COOPER."
By Dumas Malone. (Yale University Press).

pull down the slums, and get everyone doing physical exercises is much further back—takes one to Kingsley and Ruskin.

In truth the reader does not care a great deal for the principal character, Harmer John. He was an Anglo-Swede who came by accident to Polchester, and devoted himself at once to uplift, fell in love with a naughty young lady, not naughty enough to be nice, had a great success aided by impractical clergy, and lost his head and his popularity by changing into a sort of illiterate Dr. Stockman, who called everyone together and told them of the city's sores.

It is played out in the south of England, and is difficult to believe that a Chichester mob or Salisbury mob, or Exeter mob would beat up this unfortunate Swede, and at the end rob him of his life, then repent and pull down its slums and raise a tablet to his memory. Such an enthusiast is Harmer John would almost always be met by a disarming and disheartening sense of humor. Martyrdom does not come easily in England.

Walpole writes in a debonair style which is so much controlled as to be most effective in descriptive passages. In narrative he is becoming too easy-going and sweet. His favorite word is "adore"—everybody adores. In life men and women do not do so much adoring, least of all men. Perhaps Walpole is getting too familiar with the praline reader. He is a good writer, but he only invites damns from intellectuals. Rather less urbanity in the telling of this tale would have won more sympathy in the pathetic and tragic moments. Perhaps after all he did not care enormously for his own story. It is not life and death to him, does not grip him anywhere. In all the earlier part he is evidently beguiled by the charming aspects of his theme, and the possibilities of using those three remarkably differentiated clergy. Then the clergy would not work in. The best of them, the ascetic Wistons, after great promise of action, becomes merely a parched forgotten weed outside the city. The story then begins to be more tedious to Walpole than to the reader, and he is continually inclined to take off his glasses, rub them deliberately, put them in his pocket, and say farewell.

At Length—A Real Professor

THE NINTH WAVE. By CARL VAN DOREN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by GORDON HALL GEROULD
Princeton University

WELL planned, well executed, altogether workmanlike, and sound to the core, as one would expect it to be, Carl Van Doren's first novel should not be his last. "The Ninth Wave" shows that the critic may safely drop his practice of estimating others and invite estimates of his own imaginings. Mr. Van Doren has produced a good novel, and he can probably produce a better one anon. He has an advantage over many novelists, of course, in that he can write the English (or American) language, and is never shoddy. In our day, when pretentiousness and preciosity are often assumed by authors whose spelling is eccentric and whose knowledge has strange lapses, it is always refreshing to come upon a novel so crisply written and so well managed as "The Ninth Wave."

In one way Mr. Van Doren has been very bold. He has taken a professor for his hero—a professor of history, in this case—and depended upon the incidents in the unadventurous life of a successful, and quite normal, scholar and teacher to furnish forth his story. What is more, he has made his professor neither absent-minded nor feeble-minded, as is the way of most novelists with professors. What is still more, the professor is not the victim of administrative injustice in youth or retarded amorosity in later years. I think it might also be said that Mr. Van Doren's is the first real study of the American professor to appear in fiction, for a blight has been upon almost all such attempts. I do not forget Miss Cather's "The Professor's House," which has been much praised. I do not forget it, but I cannot except it. Miss Cather, alas! had read too much, and observed too superficially. Her professor—though she is doubtless quite unconscious of the derivation—came very largely from the pages of Anatole France and very slightly from the heart of America. Mr. Van Doren's specimen is, by contrast, altogether real in his attitudes of mind and experiences.

* * *

If the performance is not altogether successful, it is perhaps because the critic, turned story-teller, has been a little too conscious of form, a little too eager for economy of scene, a little too anxious to make his book illustrate the thesis that you can get real drama if you will go "behind events to the impulses, resolutions, convictions which mark the essential life of a man." Mr. Van Doren has done many of his scenes admirably,—a horse-race in the dark, a child's play in a garden, a formal dinner—but he has not sufficiently let the scenes show the man for what he is. Kent Morrow is quite real as far as he goes, but for the reader not quite realized. You are given his ambitions, his thoughts, his instincts finding their outlet, but you never wholly get him as an imagined creation. You know a great deal about him without seizing upon the man himself, as you may properly hope to with a man interpreted in fiction or drama. The hero's wife and his friend, Mel Rutledge, though less directly presented, are in some respects better portraits than the hero's.

This is not to say that "The Ninth Wave" is a negligible piece of work. It is an extremely good study of various human beings. It is freshly observed, freshly imagined, delightfully honest. If the talk sometimes threatens to run into discourse, that is perhaps partly the fault of the acdemic material used, and partly because Mr. Van Doren has been over anxious to make his points. It is only when his characters are very serious that the conversation becomes dull and expository. The book as a whole is very far from being dull, and it should interest any readers of fiction who can do with sound drama without melodramatic heightening and sentimentality.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shadows

THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW. By LORD DUNSANY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

Author of "The Road Round Ireland"

IN LORD DUNSANY'S new story young Ramon Alonzo goes to the house of a Master of Magic to learn a secret of substantial import—the secret of making gold. The gold was to forward a very concrete affair—there was his sister, the lovely Mirandola; the coffer that was to hold her dowry was unfilled, and Ramon Alonzo's venturesome studies were to bring about the filling of it. Later on he substitutes a love portion for the dowry. The loss of substantiality in the object of his studies takes away, I believe, some interest from young Ramon's adventures.

The Magician asks no more for the course of studies which he is prepared to give than Ramon Alonzo's shadow. He has had such a fee before. Already he has had a shadow from another who is in the house—the Charwoman. Ramon Alonzo comes upon this poor old woman; from her lament he learns something of the importance of shadows, and of what a tragedy it is to have one's shadow lost to one—

> And at night by candle light in our cottage in Aragona it used to dance for me as I went to bed, all over the walls and ceilings, poor innocent shadow. And if I left a low candle to burn away he never tired of dancing for me as long as I sat up and watched; often he tired out the candle, for the more wearily the candle flickered the more nimbly he leaped. And then he would lie and rest in any corner with the common shadows of humble trivial things, and if I struck a light to rise before dawn, or even if I should light my candle at midnight, he was always there at once, erect on the wall, ready to follow me wherever I went, and to bear me that companionship as I went amongst men and women, which I valued, alas, so little when I had it, and without which now I know, too late, there is no welcome for one, no pity, so sufferance amongst mankind.

* * *

Shadows lengthen and shorten and vanish all through the story; as we we read it we become aware of the haunting presence and of the enormous significance of shadows. It is a story to be read at sunsetting. The light of a lost sunset is upon the landscape through which the figures move. "The low sun glittered in their faces, no longer a flashing centre of power avoided by human eyes, but a mystery, an enchantment almost to be shared by man and wholly shared by the solitary trees, the bands of shrubs, far off on the wild plain, which now drew a mystery about them, as men in the tended fields began to draw their cloaks." The light that was thus seen by Ramon Alonzo and the girls of Aragona before the girls noted that Ramon's shadow did not lengthen in the sunset is on the landscape and the figures of this story of a time that is towards the close of the Golden Age in Spain.

Ramon Alonzo gives up his own and is given a shadow made by the art of the Magician—the shadow that does not lengthen in the sunset. The false shadow is exposed and the youth learns that without a customary shadow there is no sufferance for him amongst mankind. Still he keeps to his apprenticeship. But he strives now to win the secret that will release the shadows from the Magician's box. At last he is able to release his own and the Charwoman's shadow. The Master of the Magical Learning leaves his house that is in the enchanted wood, and where he goes he is followed by all manner of magical things—"fays, imps, and fauns, and all such children of Pan."

In "The Charwoman's Shadow" Lord Dunsany comes near achieving that memorable thing in literature, a philosophical fantasy. In the Magician who constantly belittles matter there is a new type of antagonist to humanity. And in the quest that Ramon Alonzo takes up—the quest for that symbol and evidence of substance, the shadow, Lord Dunsany makes us aware of the honorableness of what is material and substantial. Indeed there are places in "The Charwoman's Shadow" where he comes near to recreating a romance that belongs essentially to Christianity, the romance based upon the idea of bringing back that which was lost, of restoring a state that had previously existed. It is the romance that is in all the Mediæval quests. He touches, too, upon that deeper Christian matter, the mystery of Transubstantiation. But he only touches upon the matter, he only suggests the mystery; he does not really undertake the task of bringing them into the realm of clear and recognizable ideas. This is a great pity; the themes which I seem to catch be novel in modern story-telling. Perhaps one would have to belong to the Catholic tradition to feel the fullest sympathy, the deepest allegiance to them. And perhaps it is a bias of the present reviewer that inclines him to think that this fantasy which has in it so much wit and poetry could have been made more memorable, could have been made into a philosophical romance by a real sympathy with the idea of restoration and the mystical dignity of the material thing.

Fiction and Reality

LORD RAINGO. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by MONTGOMERY BELGION

THE scene is England in the middle months of 1918—March to August—when the Germans almost broke through in France and then were finally thrown back. Mr. Raingo is fifty-five; he has a weak heart. Having succeeded in business, he had turned to politics, as so many successful English business men do, but as an M.P. he was a failure. Now he lives in retirement. Suddenly the Prime Minister, Andy Clyth, whom he knew as a boy, sends for him. A crisis has arisen. He is needed. Will he be Minister of Records? He consents on condition that he also becomes Lord Raingo. Andy Clyth agrees. Raingo tastes the power and glory. But at a price: he overtaxes his heart. Immediately after scoring a double success he is stricken with pneumonia. He rallies, only to learn that his mistress has killed herself. He has a relapse, and dies.

Such is the story of "Lord Raingo."

Mr. Bennett is a great living master of imaginative writing. This is his twenty-eighth novel. It goes without saying that it is told with amazing skill and effect, that it is full of the most vivid and vital detail. But I doubt for a reason which I will try to explain if it will rank definitely among Mr. Bennett's major canon.

It has been reported from England that it is a *roman à clef*. It has been said there that in it Mr. Bennett has sought to portray Lord Beaverbrook, the Canadian proprietor of the *Daily Express*, a popular London daily. There are grounds for the suggestion, as appears if one compares certain features of Lord Beaverbrook's career with similar features in the career of the hero of the novel. Thus:

LORD RAINGO	LORD BEAVERBROOK
Is made in 1918 British Minister of Records.	After being Officer-in-charge, Canadian War Records, was made in 1918 British Minister of Information.
Has known the Prime Minister, Andy Clyth, from boyhood.	Was a close friend, not of Mr. Lloyd George, but of the late Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, the Conservative leader, who assumed the Premiership in 1922.
Is at the time Mr. Raingo and accepts office only on condition that he is made a peer.	Was until 1911 plain Mr. Aitken; thereafter until 1916 Sir Max Aitken.
Has been a failure as an M. P.	Sat from 1910 to 1916 as Conservative M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyme, a constituency not far removed from Mr. Bennett's own native heath.
Is a millionaire.	Made a fortune early in life in New Brunswick, his birthplace.

Moreover, while Lord Beaverbrook was Minister of Information, Mr. Bennett had a post in his Ministry. Mr. Bennett, it is known, keeps a diary. He confesses to making copious notes, to owning extensive card indexes. The inference is obvious.

Nevertheless this is not a *roman à clef*. The report from England is misleading. Lord Raingo is not Lord Beaverbrook. He is not Lord Beaverbrook any more than Andy Clyth (the Prime Minister of the story) is Mr. Lloyd George or Tom Hogarth (the Minister of Munitions) is Mr. Winston Churchill, though both do bear slight resemblance to these real politicians. No. Lord Raingo, it will be found, is of the family of Mr. Prohack and G. J. Hoape. That is to say, if he has any prototype at all, it is Mr. Bennett himself as Mr. Bennett reveals himself in his various writings. But primarily he is imaginary.

Yet, while he is imaginary, there seems to be no doubt from the story that when Mr. Bennett was at the Ministry of Information he did make notes and, as certainly, that he has used these notes to build up his tale. Its background—the anguish of the War, the meetings of the Cabinet, the scenes in the Commons and the Lords, the life inside the Ministry of Records—betrays that.

And the use of this background (such splendid copy, it could not be wasted!) appears to have a double curious result. The first result is upon the reader. The year 1918 is still vivid and recent enough to him for him to feel vaguely uncomfortable when he reads about a British Government of that time which is headed by Andy Clyth, a man like and yet so much unlike Mr. Lloyd George. The other result has been wrought upon the author. I do not seek to explain it, but I feel it should be pointed out. So long as Mr. Bennett has his hero parading against this Ministry of Information background, he does not appear to be happy with him. It is indeed not until Lord Raingo falls ill and is away in his house in North Essex that one recognizes the Mr. Bennett of "The Old Wives' Tale" and "Riceyman Steps."

This is not, as I have said, a *roman à clef*, and no vain and absurd quest for the real life names of the characters should distract the reader from his appreciation of the novel's artistic merits. Yet at the same time, owing to this background which Mr. Bennett has chosen, this background which could not have been any different if the novel had been a *roman à clef*, the artistic merits of the story are tarnished.

It is a story in two parts and eighty-seven short chapters. The first sixty deal with Lord Raingo the Minister. The remainder with Lord Raingo, the moribund invalid.

As to the first part, it happens that once I was in close contact with a man when he was made simultaneously both a Minister of the British Crown and a Baron of the United Kingdom. I dined with him alone on the night the news of the peerage was in the *Evening Standard*, I saw the telegrams of congratulation arriving, a few days later at his club I was beside him as members came up to shake hands, I heard all about robes and the Heralds' College. When I saw that Mr. Bennett was going to narrate an experience similar to this one in which I had participated, I was all prepared to be thrilled. I expected to see a new light shed on those moments when a man first goes to Downing Street and first confronts the English Upper House. I expected to find a new essence distilled from them. But I grieve to say that I was not thrilled, and my expectations were not satisfied. I was conscious that I read on, indeed, only because Mr. Bennett is a born story-teller who holds one ineluctably to the page. Even when Lord Raingo, after his apotheosis, went to the flat of his mistress, and found she was not at home, I failed to find the ineffable pathos of the occasion conveyed. Success! Glory! And the one person in all London, in all the world, with whom he wanted secretly to share it, "Not at home!"

But once Lord Raingo was on his back in the great Empire bed at Moze Hall, my interest suddenly increased, I became absorbed, fascinated. There are, I found, even *longueurs* in that second part, but the whole sweep and surge of the story had risen and these *longueurs* did not matter. If in Part I. Mr. Bennett is on the whole not really enjoying himself, not working in the fullest freedom, in Part II. he is, in my opinion, often at his greatest. Surely and strongly he prepares for his last page. Rarely perhaps have a disease and its medical treatment been so minutely described in a story, but that minuteness plays its part in bringing about the poignancy of the final effect.

And as to that final effect itself, I am aware that it is easier to end a novel movingly with a death than with any other event whatever. Nevertheless I believe that this dissolution of Lord Raingo's stands apart from other imaginary deaths. I believe it is one of the remarkable passages in modern fiction, standing beside Mr. Bennett's own famous account of an execution in "The Old Wives' Tale."

The type of the Doves Press, some of the most beautiful ever made, lies at the bottom of the Thames, it became known when the memoirs of the founder of the press—Thomas Cobden Sanderson—were published. The Doves Press, the product of which is highly prized by collectors, was closed in 1916 and Mr. Sanderson decided to throw the type into the Thames. Why he did so is unexplained. Destroying the type, according to his memoirs, caused the writer considerable anxiety as it was in war time and throwing packages into the river might have led to awkward questions by policemen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Prize Novel

MRS. MERIVALE. By PAUL KIMBALL. New York: Edward J. Clode, Inc. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

"MRS. MERIVALE" was selected, out of 6,700 manuscripts submitted, by Harry Hansen and Grant Overton for the Clode prize of $2,500. It is a first novel by Paul Kimball, who is reported to be a Bostonian of some thirty-four years of age. The book is less a novel than a character sketch, and as such will provide diverting entertainment to the sagacious reader who enjoys a bit of irony at the expense of his fellow-men—and himself. Mrs. Merivale is a natural-born go-getter. She is beautiful, she is magnetic, and she is the world's champion bromide. Having been left a wealthy widow, and being utterly bored with maintaining her great sorrow, she flees her beautiful suburb and seeks out New York where no further mourning will be required of her, and where she can exploit her personality unhampered. Her pseudo-musical career, her subtle wooing of the gentle Dr. Platter—one knew he was doomed, the moment he appeared at dinner,—her achievement of social success, her final *débouche* into the literary limelight, give Mr. Kimball ample opportunity for pointing out, not only the appallingly successful superficiality of his heroine, but also the multifarious subterfuges making merry in the realms of art and letters today.

The author breaks into broad farce at will, but this is so nonsensically delightful, and so within the range of Mrs. Merivale's improbability that no one is any the worse off. The book is mildly well-written without any distinction of style, which is very likely merely Mr. Kimball's, concession to his subject. The baiting of Babbittry is no new thing in these post-Lewis days, but as long as the result is as amusing as in this prize novel, it is acceptable. Mr. Kimball's next book will probably be much more than that.

A Prairie Prophet

THE CHARIOT OF FIRE. By BERNARD DE VOTO. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. DE VOTO has written of the frontier fanatic who thought himself a new Messiah. He has taken the same theme which William Dean Howells treated in "The Leatherwood God" and made of it a novel which, if less mellow, wise, and penetrating in its portraiture than Howells's, is more dramatic and spirited. The subject is difficult. It requires a thorough knowledge of backwoods society, a firm grasp of frontier psychology, to make the mere basis of the story convincing. Mr. De Voto has to explain how the Illinois prairie of the twenties or thirties could bring forth a mystic with visions of God and revelations from him, and how he could recruit followers by the score. He has to exhibit the inevitable clash of the new religionists with the equally fanatical Christians of the Peter Cartwright school, and within this clash he must find the personal elements of his narrative. It is a very different task from that involved in the ordinary objective historical novel.

The central achievement of Mr. De Voto is his study of Ohio Boggs, the village drunkard who gets religion at a great orgiastic camp meeting, and begins preaching the imminent Day of Judgment, with his own power to save the chosen few. Boggs, who gathers scores of disciples about him, is a greater villain than Howells's Messiah, Dylks. But he is treated rathed more charitably. He is a sot, an adulterer, and a murderer. He slays his wife when she interferes with his purposes, and uses his position to prey upon the women he wants. His most effective revelations are cunning counsels of crime. By virtue of these counsels his holy city of Lo-Ruhamah ultimately becomes a den of robbers, supporting themselves by raids upon the nearest hamlets and farms. Sometimes these raids are bloody, and Boggs rejoices in the death of the Philistines. But the great merit of Mr. De Voto's character study is the skill with which he shows that Boggs was no conscious impostor. He was self-deluded before he deluded others; his illiterate, drink-dimmed, religion-fuddled brain is convinced of his righteousness. Obscene and ugly as he is, he is comprehensible, not intolerably repulsive, and at times even pitiable.

The story moves at a rapid pace, and follows a logical pattern. Seceding from the rest of their frontier community, the Boggsites soon find themselves in direct hostility to it. Even families are rent asunder. A smouldering feud springs up between the extremists on both sides, and a brutal raid of the Boggsites, with four farmers slain, converts the feud into open war. Among Ohio Boggs's followers is a lovely but foolish girl, whom Boggs himself comes to fancy—a girl whom he has rescued from death by one of his "miracles;" on the other side is the girl's lover, a promising youth. These characters might be called conventional, but the girl is treated with real understanding—her waverings between the prophet and her suitor, between common sense and religious hysteria, are made genuinely real. Still another character is conventional; the free-thinking judge who acts as a tragic chorus for the drama, offering his sardonic comments upon its various phases. But he also takes on individuality when he becomes captain of the Christians who march against the Boggsites. With the battle between the two forces the story reaches a well-planned climax. The girl, the lover, the judge, and Ohio Boggs all play important parts in a rather unexpected dénouement.

Mr. De Voto has written an able study of religious frenzy and of the temperament of the religious fanatic and organizer; he has combined it with a good, if not highly dintinguished, picture of frontier life and a well-knit love story. The result is a novel of varied interest and a real addition to the fiction of pioneer society.

Bridge "Cases"

LENZ ON BRIDGE. By SIDNEY S. LENZ. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLENN F. MITCHELL

IN this latest contribution to the bibliography of Bridge, Mr. Lenz has broken away from precedent and presented an intricate subject in an entirely novel and entertaining manner. It reads more in the style of a work of fiction than a technical study, as will be readily seen from a glance at the chapter headings which are of a character to inspire immediate interest. These include such titles as "Making the Cards Obey." "When a Lost Trick Returns Two-Fold," "Oh, the Deuce," and "Never, Never, Never."

It has long been recognized that a sounder knowledge of many subjects can be acquired by means of a thorough analysis and understanding of actual cases than by the usual method of memorizing principles. This is particularly true of the study of law. Mr. Lenz endeavors to apply the "case" system to Bridge by dispensing with hard and fast rules, injunctions, and minute details, and allowing the principles to reveal themselves in the proper bidding and play of a multiplicity of selected deals.

The book is certain to be of much value to those with some Bridge experience. It is apparently not designed for the absolute beginner. Most of the situations analyzed, including that presented in the very first illustrated deal, are somewhat too complex to be comprehended by the unitiated, and the usual elementary problems that beset the beginner are for the most part passed over entirely. On the other hand, by repeated study of the bidding and play of each hand, he would at least avoid the all too common fault of developing into a mechanical player.

Mr. Lenz considers the play of a hand fully as important as the bidding, and while the steps leading up to the final bid are always stated, the comment and analysis of the play are much more extensive. His point that expert play permits greater freedom in bidding in the later rounds is well taken. Obviously the ability to get the most out of a hand inspires a far greater measure of confidence in the auction.

It is refreshing to find a writer on Bridge who does not burden the student with the usual mass of set formulæ such as systems of "counting up" a hand. Mr. Lenz is content to state what constitutes a trick and a half-trick and the requirements of an initial bid and raises in these terms. In fact, the keynote of the entire book is insistence upon the elasticity of rules and the handling of each situation encountered on its own merits.

A completely indexed copy of the 1926 Laws of Bridge is appended at the close.

Poems by Tu Fu

(A.D. 713-780)

Translated by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

Collaborator with Amy Lowell in "Fir Flower Tablets"

GOING OUT FROM THE FRONTIER

THE misery of separation! the misery of separation!
I go out from my old home.
To the far distance! to the far distance! I pace toward the Chiao River.
I must keep an appointment set by the Imperial House;
To evade the command would envelop me in a net of disaster.
The Princely One has already sufficient districts and territory,
Why should innumerable frontiers be opened?
Renounced, cut short, love of father and mother!
Stifling the sound of sobs; my lance across my back;
I go.

II

THE day I went out from the door is long past,
No more do I endure insult and ridicule from the foot soldiers.
Love of my father and mother, my bones and my flesh, is already severed;
Their son will die at no appointed time.
My fleet horse tosses the bridle from his head;
My hand grasps green raw-silk reins.
Nimbly I clamber down ten thousand ridges,
Bending my body I strive to seize a flag.

III

I GRIND my knife at Wu Yen Waters
The water is red, the blade wounds my hand.
I desire that this cutting bowels sound shall cease—
My heart and mind have long been sunk in this disorder.
Fine men have taken oaths, are promised to their country;
What avails the recurring urge of grief and resentment?
Portraits of those who have attained fame, hang in the Ch'i Lin Pavilion;
Bones on the battlefield rot quickly, and decay.

IV

SINCE there were older people who took leave of the foot-soldier,
It follows that responsibility for his body lies with the far-off frontier guard.
Life? Death? they are before me.
Nor must I rouse the anger of the recruiting officer.
On the road I meet a man. We recognize each other.
I entrust to him a letter for my relations of the six degrees;
Ai-tsai, Alas, alas, we are cut off and severed;
Never again shall we meet the bitterness and struggle of life together.

V

FAR off, Far off, ten thousand *li* and more
They lead me. We pace towards the Three armies,
In the ranks abuse and good treatment differ greatly;
How can the Commander-in-Chief know everything by report,
At the dividing river we see the Hu mounted on horses.
Suddenly there are several hundred groups.
At first I was serving man;
When shall I set up a reputation for service rendered to the State?

VI

WHEN bows are bent, they should be bent strongly;
When arrows are used, they should be long.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

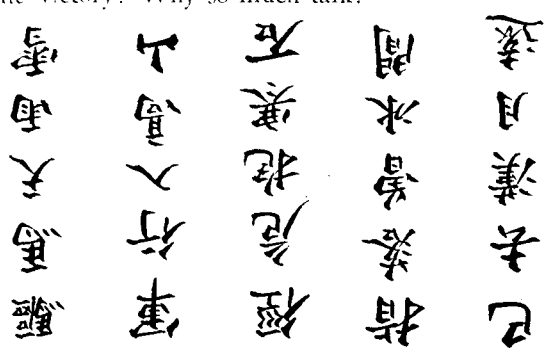
The bow-men should first shoot the horses.
In taking an enemy prisoner, the Leader should first be taken.
There should be no limit to the killing of men
In making a kingdom there must naturally be a boundary.
If it were possible to regulate usurpation,
Would so many be killed and wounded?
(English rendering by Amy Lowell in

VII

WE urge our horses, Heaven rains down snow—
The army moves and enters high hills;
The paths are precipitous; we cling to cold rocks, and
Our fingers break through layers of frost and ice.
We have already gone far from the Moon of Han;
When shall we return, to pound down the foundations of city walls?
At sunset floating clouds pass to the South;
We can gaze upon them. We cannot grasp them with our hands.

VIII

THE Kahn seizes upon our ramparts
A hundred *li* are darkened by the wind-borne dust.
The fierce two-edged swords move in action four and five times;
Those soldiers retire, they stampede from before us.
The famous King of the Tiger Men returns with us;
The famous King of the Tiger Men returns with us;
Tied by the neck we deliver him at the palisade gate,
The insignificant bodies prepare serried ranks.
One victory! Why so much talk?



Facsimile of Tu Fu poem as it appears in Chinese characters.

IX

I HAVE followed the army for ten years and more;
My ability is without a divided inch of recognition!
All men accept readily honour and official rank.
I wish to speak, but blush that my words should re-echo.
On the plains of the Central State are struggles and contests,
With barbarians of the North and Wild Tribes of the West,
The ambitions of men are at the Four Quarters.
How end unending woe?

In A. D. 747 during the reign of Ming Huang, or the Bright Emperor of the T'ang dynasty, his General Ko-shu Han was appointed Governor of the Northwestern provinces. A period of military conquest ensued while Ko-shu Han attempted to extend the frontiers. The poet Tu Fu, then a man of thirty-four, was already noted for his definite ideas and his extreme freedom of speech. In the above cycle of poems which deals with the fighting under Ko-shu Han he expresses his opinion in regard to wars of conquest most clearly.

Several Chinese idioms occur which may seem strange to Western readers. In stanza two the conscript uses the expression, "to go out from the door" which is also used when a daughter marries or when a son enters the priesthood. In each case the individual no longer counts as a member of the Clan. The term "my bones and my flesh" means father and mother. Bones are looked upon as a heritage from one's father while flesh is supposed to be supplied by the maternal line. In stanza three the Ch'i Lin Pavilion referred to was a Hall of Fame where the portraits of great and successful generals were hung. The opening line of stanza four shows that the conscript was a member of a family, not a lone individual; the "elders" spoken of are his own relations, to whom he is responsible for his body since that is simply the property of the Clan. It is laid down in the Book of Rites that a body shall be delivered at death to the World of Shade, in the same condition that it is received from one's parents, which is one reason that the Chinese object so strongly to amputation or any mutilation of the body. The relations of the "six degrees" are father, mother, elder and younger brothers, elder and younger sisters, and the Chinese ideal of happiness is that all shall till the fields and meet the struggle of life together.

In stanza nine Tu Fu closes with the bitter reflection that whereas study and the arts of Peace *should* bring the most highly coveted rewards, under the present condition of strife, the ambitions of men are best realized by military success at the Four Quarters!

The BOWLING GREEN

The Whitman Shelf

THE Walt Whitman shelf is getting very crowded. New editions and new commentaries keep coming along, and I put down here, mostly for my own convenience, a brief digest of some recent memoranda on this matter.

Emory Holloway's compact little "Popular Authorized Edition" of the Leaves, just issued, gives us more than 400 pages at the easy price of $1.25. It is admirable—and I think unique among cheap editions—in containing also a well chosen selection of Whitman's prose. It is an edition intended chiefly for younger readers—"immature students whose poverty of experience handicaps them in judging sanely," Professor Holloway says in his preface. To that end the poems have been carefully sifted and abridged, the howls restrained by decorum (Walt's phrase). Professor Holloway's omissions seem to me sensible enough. What I question is the judiciousness of always indicating the hiatus (by a line of dots) which is often done in just such a way as to rouse the curiosity of our immature student. I firmly believe that wherever ommissions are advisable it is far better simply to go ahead and omit, without anchoring a buoy to mark the foundered passage. That Walt must be edited for the tender reader is a theorem that seems to me beyond dispute. He was like the old-fashioned Buddhist who discards nothing and even preserves the toe-nail parings of a lifetime in a lacquer box so that he may eventually render his corpus complete to its Maker.

That, I suppose, is a problem of editorial policy and may be left *sub judice*. My argument would certainly not be that Professor Holloway has taken out too much, but that here and there he has left in just enough to sharpen the anxious instinct of adolescence. Of course the adult student will insist on his Leaves entire, crying "The Deil run awa' with the excise man."

For his judicious assortment of Walt's prose Professor Holloway deserves nothing but praise. I still cannot convince myself that Democratic Vistas, for instance, is familiar to one per cent of its possible beneficiaries. This gorgeous, magnificent, and sometimes gently ludicrous discussion of the American "literatus," the need of "powerful native philosophs and bards" can afford to be a trifle absurd at times, as only very great things can. It is nine tenths ethos and one tenth bathos; sometimes one feels that the ideal "Philosoph" whom Walt imagines is less literatus than saleratus. The rich meat of Walt's theme is joyously streaked with occasional gristle and fat. But let not any hilariousness at its naivété blind you to its enormous power and purport. It is full of "precious minims," that fine phrase of Walt's that always stuck in Thomas Mosher's mind. Not in the most modernist journalism will you find more arrows sharpened and aimed toward the target of Tomorrow. It is a queer thing that the most violently contemporary of our literatuses is the one who has been dead these thirty-four years. Take, almost at random, a few scraps from Democratic Vistas—would you not say they came from this month's *American Mercury?*—

> The main social, political, spine-character of the States will probably run along the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi rivers. . . .
>
> A nation may hold and circulate rivers and oceans of very readable print, journals, magazines, novels, library-books, "poetry," etc., and yet, all the while, the said nation, strictly speaking, may possess no literature at all. . . .
>
> Do you call those genteel little creatures American poets? Do you term that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work, American art, American drama, taste, verse? I think I hear the scornful laugh of the Genius of these States. . . .
>
> To workmen portraying interior or spiritual life, the audiences are limited, and often laggard—but they last forever. . . .
>
> Of what is called the drama in the United States I should say it deserves to be treated with the same gravity and on a par with the questions of ornamental confectionery at public dinners. . . .
>
> Present literature, while magnificently fulfilling certain popular demands, with plenteous knowledge and verbal smartness, is profoundly sophisticated, insane, and its very joy is morbid. . . .

* * *

Here, you see, is a rather different voice from the robust auto-intoxicant of the leaves. The poetry gives us Walt, but the prose gives us Whitman. He felt pretty low in his mind about America when he wrote Democratic Vistas. The Leaves, he remarked once, were not so much a poem as a "radical utterance out of the Emotions and the Physique." But Emotions and Physique had little to do with the Vistas, when he sat down and began gingerly to contemplate the appalling possibilities of conglomerate democracy. He seemed to have a faint hope that great things might be accomplished by the advance of women (which he endlessly prophesied, though insisting more on fecundity than the modern Minerva would relish.) "A strong and sweet Female Race, a race of Perfect Mothers," was the burden of his song. It was the lady, however, who had the burden of the child, and would have found Walt distressingly inconsecutive as a family head. He complained that Perfect Mothers had not been represented in fiction, but that was before the days of Gene Stratton-Porter.

* * *

I wish cheerfulness wouldn't keep breaking in when one writes about Walt. He said (somewhere in the Vistas, I think) that the Future Literatus must not have any sense of burlesque. Yet nothing would be more humanly entertaining than a consensus of the various opinions that have been uttered about him from the time of Emerson and Thoreau to the present. Perhaps William Sloane Kennedy has done that in his "The Fight of a Book for the World," which I haven't seen. Kennedy says in his circular "Leaves of Grass has had already a sparkling triumph like that of Uncle Tom's Cabin." Against which I find, in a review in the London *Times Literary Supplement* (Jan. 22, 1925) the astonishing statement "Whitman is little read in America and is totally without influence there." The same journal said (Dec. 11, 1924) "Nothing is more certain than that Whitman believed in personal immortality, the survival of bodily death." I doubt whether this is certain. Almost everything in regard to Whitman criticism is still in a state of healthy flux. Sir Edmund Gosse, who has said (like everyone else) things both wise and preposterous about Walt, is particularly offended by the 1855 Preface, which some of us so greatly admire. "What is prodigious in the poetry becomes mean and bumptious in this dreadful prose. That was in the London *Sunday Times* of June 20, 1926; almost on the same date Stuart Sherman, in the *Herald-Tribune*, was saying of the Prefare "a literary document which interests and stirs me more profoundly than any similar prelude to a new age in the annals of literature." Gosse, attributing Walt's ornery taste to the fact that he once worked on the Brooklyn *Eagle*, says "Was all this not responsible for the hideous crudity of phrase which seems to be always lurking to leap out upon Whitman's most ambitious periods?" And at the same moment St. Loe Strachey was writing to the New York *Times* about "Whitman's power and inspiration in the matter of the great phrase."

The justest and most sympathetic balancing of pros and cons in regard to Walt that I have seen lately is John Bailey's excellently shrewd and perceptive little volume in the revived English Men of Letters series. But none of the newer Whitman criticism need make one forget Bliss Perry's fine study, now twenty years old, with its thrilling conclusion—"No American poet now seems more sure to be read, by the fit persons, after one hundred or five hundred years."

I apologize for these too random notes, carried forward from my private Debit and Credit ledger. Nothing that concerns either Walt the poet or Whitman the too-little read artist in prose is wholly unimportant.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Among the forthcoming books of this season is a volume by no less than John James Audubon, the great ornithologist. His monumental work on "The Birds of North America" is known to every bird-lover but few know that in this great and now very expensive work, are incorporated some sixty off-hand sketches which Audubon named his "Delineations of American Scenery and Character." These sketches have now been gathered into one volume to which Professor F. H. Herrick, author of the standard biography of the great ornithologist, has written an introduction.

The sketches mainly relate to events between 1808 and 1834 and as sidelights on pioneer life in America, particularly of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, they have a perennial interest. They are to be published by G. A. Baker & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Essays in Memory of Barrett Wendell

BY HIS ASSISTANTS

Eighteen of Wendell's former associates—all men of distinction in their several fields—have contributed each a paper to this memorial volume. Admirers of the man will naturally turn first to the two sympathetic articles that deal with his personality and his beliefs—"Barrett Wendell—Teacher" and "Wendell and the Philosophers." The other essays, ranging widely over the field of literature treat Dante, Chaucer, Cervantes, and Conrad. Well worth reading by every lover of scholarly criticism, they are in quality and interest worthy of the man in whose honor they are gathered. $5.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Southern Pioneers in Social Interpretation

Edited by HOWARD W. ODUM

This volume contains brief biographical sketches of Southern leaders of contemporary times; it gives a clear and impartial view of Southern leadership—of educational, industrial, and political development.

"I rather think that Dr. Odum's essay, 'A Southern Promise,' and Gerald W. Johnson's capital study of Woodrow Wilson should be mailed like the erstwhile congressional seeds, free of charge to every person who resides south of the Mason and Dixon line. Such true talk on the South and its present condition, it is not vouchsafed us every day to hear." —The Macon *Telegraph. Cloth; postpaid,* $2.00.

At all bookstores or from

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

PEARSON HALL, Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

Comprising INTERESTING MEMOIRS *of the* MOST NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS *who have been convicted of* OUTRAGES *on the* LAWS *of* ENGLAND. *With* SPEECHES, CONFESSIONS *and* LAST EXCLAMATION *of* SUFFERERS.

Elizabeth Brownrigg cruelly flogging her apprentice, Mary Clifford

Profusely illustrated with the original engravings. $3.50

HARTFORD CONNECTICUT
EDWIN VALENTINE MITCHELL

"If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry Elfin Letters to sell;
Elfin Letters to sell, Elfin Letters to sell;
I never would cry Elfin Letters to sell."

Elfin Letters,
Price $1.00

BLAIR, NEBRASKA

Books of Special Interest

Three Leagues in One

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS AS VIEWED FROM GENEVA. By WILLIAM E. RAPPARD. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAMILTON HOLT
Rollins College

PROFESSOR RAPPARD is one of that brilliant group of internationally-minded young men and women of both achievement and promise who comprise the membership of the Secretariat of the League of Nations. A Swiss by birth, a student by training, a cosmopolitan by circumstance, he served as Secretary of the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations from the establishment of the League in 1920, until his elevation a year ago to full membership in the Commission. Last summer he was the chief protagonist of the League of Nations at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. The present volume comprises the six formal lectures he delivered there on the League.

A book compiled from lectures, however brilliant, is usually more compendium than treatise. The volume under review is no exception to the rule. Nevertheless, as a penetrating analysis of the League and its working, it is perhaps the most stimulating and illuminating collection of League essays yet published in English.

Professor Rappard opens his first lecture by declaring that a close study of the Covenant as well as a cursory review of the history of the League shows that what came into being at Paris in 1919 was not one League of Nations, but in reality three Leagues in one: A League to execute the peace treaties; a League to promote progress; and a League to outlaw war.

The first of these functions has been carried out by the few countries most interested. However, "The only member of 'The League to Execute the Peace Treaties' who is in a position to do so in a spirit of independence, impartiality, and disinterestedness is Sweden. Her example has given a foretaste of what a country no less independent, impartial, and disinterested, but incomparably more powerful might be and do in the interests of peace, if she could see her way to accept the moral leadership which awaits her representative at the Council table." Professor Rappard concludes that "The League to Execute the Peace Treaties has weakened rather than strengthened the League as a whole, but it has, on the other hand, strengthened rather than weakened the peace settlement as a whole."

The League to Enforce the Peace Treaties is therefore the League that has principally injured the League of Nations' reputation. But as the post-war issues are settled this League is destined to atrophy and die while the other two Leagues grow in prestige and power.

The League to Promote Progress has already shown extraordinary vitality. All the members of the League of Nations have taken part in its activities. Even the outside nations have joined it or coöperated with it. This is the League to which America has sent her unofficial observers and delegates.

The League to Outlaw War is considered by Professor Rappard under two heads; the substitution of law for war, and the sanctions to preclude war. The States within this League might be divided into three main classes whose dominant policies might be respectively characterized by the mottoes "Security first," "Peace first," and "Justice first." In the first category are France, Belgium, Poland, and Little Entente, and the new Baltic States. The commonwealths of the British Empire constitute almost by themselves the second group. In the third group are the former European neutrals, all the Latin American States, and the Central Powers.

As the effort to substitute justice for war has culminated in the creation of the Permanent Court of International Justice, the progress of the League to Outlaw War will be measured by the gradual transference of its chief functions from the political Council to the judicial Court.

Professor Rappard has not only brought out in clear relief the three Leagues now functioning at Geneva, but he has discussed with some thoroughness the truly remarkable accomplishments of the League in saving Austria from dissolution and bankruptcy, in the regulation of the drug traffic, in the simplification of customs formalities, in the burning question of the forty million minorities, and in the mandates over those conquered territories twice the size of the United States who were not divided up as the spoils of war, but are now held "as a sacred trust of civilization" under the ægis of the League.

There can be no doubt as to the author's belief in the beneficence of the League: "I believe its essential aim," he says "the substitution of law and order for chaos in international relations, to be so absolutely beneficent and so clearly in line with human evolution that no one but a madman or a criminal can repudiate it." But he sees both sides of the shield, for over and over again he points out the imperfections in the structure of the League and the results attempted and attained.

The book is written with lucidity and charm. I commend it to all interested in the greatest political experiment since the establishment of the United States of America.

Japan Resurgent

A HISTORY OF JAPAN, VOLUME III. The Tokugawa Epoch, 1652-1868. By the late JAMES MURDOCH. Revised and edited by JOSEPH H. LONGFORD. New York. Greenberg. 1926.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

ALTHOUGH Japan today is a World Power, it was only seventy-six years ago, that Perry's sometime flagship, the U. S. S. S. Susquehanna was launched on the Delaware; only sixty-seven since the American pioneer teachers (after a voyage from New York, occupying three-fifths of the year) began hiding the Occidental leaven in the Japanese mass; only fifty-eight since the feudal system was abolished and the men of the New Japan—mostly trained American missionaries—introduced modern material forces, sent students, young men and women abroad, and introduced from many a country from 1870 to 1900, no fewer than five thousand *yatoi* (salaried foreigners) to direct the Mikado's subjects in every line of human achievement—army, navy, banks, schools, mills, railways, machinery, etc. (though this fact is not often told about in native histories); while in the same epochal year of 1868, Old Japan passed away forever and New Japan started toward her goal—equality among the nations.

American missionaries of the ablest sort mastered the language, made the dictionaries and grammars, and in many ways, were the *pontifices maximi* in bridging gulfs, linguistic, racial, and ethnic, while the brilliant young university-bred men at the British Legation opened the mines of history.

From the launching of the Susquehanna in 1850 to the coming of the first Japanese embassy in 1860, the vanguard of the army of students to America, and those thrilling years, in both a feudal interior city and the national capital, when ancient Japan through historical research stood forth in resurrection—I remember it all! *Pars fui.*

James Murdoch from the University of Aberdeen, professor of Greek, language-tamer, with prodigious power of memory, after experiences in Australia, China, and South America, and protracted readings in the British Museum, came to Japan as teacher. He soon became an eager inquirer into the past of a fascinating people. Rare was the opportunity of studying this ethnic composite made up of four races, with literature from the eighth century. The Japanese had passed through the political experiences of monarchy, duarchy and a feudal system that was alive and vigorous down to 1868,—and in spirit still lingers. Two great continental religions with civilizations in their train had come to the islands. The reactions of the nation towards these social and religious importations have made Japan, in a sense, an epitome of all Asian history. As surely as the American story throws light on European deevlopment, so Japan reflects light on the Mother Continent.

Thus the tools were ready and the adit to the Japanese mine opened, when Murdoch came about 1889; but none before him had so profound and critical knowledge of the Portuguese and Spanish fathers of the sixteenth century. Great was the assistance given him and most happy was his friendship, as co-worker, with Mr. Isoh Yamagata, now editor of the Seoul Press in Korea.

Murdoch had planned a fourth volume treating of the era from 1868-1912, but he died in Australia in May, 1922. His MS was edited and enriched with notes by the able historian and long resident in Japan, Joseph H. Longford. I was at the home of the latter in London when he was about half through this work. Alas, within a few days, I was mourner at Longford's funeral, on May 16, 1925. Today, of that brilliant group in the Tokio of the seventies, probably only Satow and Chamberlain survive.

The present volume, like its two portly predecessors, is nearly exhaustive of the subject and period treated. Of the general work, one can say little but praise. No book gives so detailed account of events and persons during the Tokugawa era (1604-1868). Every respectable library in the United States should have these three volumes. There is nothing else like Murdoch's volumes and the maps, tables, and indexes lend value.

One notable feature in a British book is the fairness of treatment and space given to the work of American authors. In matters of religion this agnostic author is trustworthy. At the native literature, he scarcely more than glances. Its prose, in size of volumes, is Brobdignagian, its poetry, in form, dwells in "the land of Liliput." It is hard for a Briton to be fair to the Dutch—the only foreigners trusted by the Japanese for over two centuries—but Murdoch gives a fairly judicious summary of their work in preparing for the New Japan. He tells some amusing facts underlying the Perry reception in 1853. He brings out the large part played by Matsudaira of Echizen and is very full—wonderfully so on the interior phases of interior Japanese politics during the era of the double clash, between Yedo and Kioto, Shogun and Mikado, of what was historically a usurpation and a foundation—principle (Camp and Court), and also a modern industrial system, suddenly catapulting a hermit's isolation. Not least is his care to tell what the women have been and done in the national story. For a detailed history of Japan before 1868 there is nothing to be compared to Murdoch's work.

Coal Mining

THE COAL MINER'S STRUGGLE FOR INDUSTRIAL STATUS. By ARTHUR E. SUFFERN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by WINTHROP D. LANE

THE Institute of Economics, established some years ago by the Carnegie Corporation of New York and indebted to it for money with which to make its studies, has started out to tell the people of the United States what is wrong with the industry of coal-mining. Three books have now appeared. One was "Miners' Wages and the Cost of Coal," by Isidor Lubin. The second was "The Case of Bituminous Coal," a brilliantly-written statement of the points at which the organization of the industry falls down, by Walton H. Hamilton and Helen R. Wright. Now comes the third. Mr. Suffern goes back to 1861 and traces the evolution of relations between employer and employee in the industry, both for bituminous and anthracite mining, down to the present time. He tries to state the principles that have governed such relations, and the changes in them.

Mr. Suffern's bok repeats to some extent matter found in both Lubin and in Hamilton and Wright. Unfortunately, Mr. Suffern writes in a dreary style. He sets his face resolutely against allowing any trace of the interest bound up in the coal miners' wars to appear in his book. This was not necessary; economics is no longer a "dismal science." Mr. Hamilton and Miss Wright showed him a better method.

Little that is either new or constructive is offered. Mr. Suffern does not tell how to reduce the confusion of the miner's life to order. He recapitulates some of the conclusions of the late United States Coal Commission. Suggesting that the Federal and state governments ought to keep order in non-union parts of the coal fields, guaranteeing free speech and peaceable persuasion, so that unionism would have a fair chance to make its appeal, he proposes a plan that few operators would willingly accept; nevertheless, he makes it clear that many coal miners are denied ordinary civil rights by their employers. "Employee representation plans" in the industry apparently do not win his favor; he prefers collective bargaining through unions truly representative of the men employed. Mr. Suffern does not discuss the issues involved in private ownership of coal mines, and the merits and demerits of "nationalization"—a step closely related to the status of coal miners.

The book will do little to popularize facts about coal mining—its major justification. Another volume is promised, to include a discussion of "some programs for reconstruction." Perhaps this is "The Control of Bituminous Coal," to be written by Mr. Hamilton and Miss Wright. If so, the previous work of these authors gives hope that their next volume will be genuinely illuminating.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notable Fall Books . . . Houghton Mifflin Company

Fallodon Papers
Viscount Grey

In these stimulating and delightful papers, England's former Foreign Minister writes of those aspects of life from which he has drawn refreshment and lasting pleasure. Written with the simplicity, lucidity and sincerity which characterize all of Lord Grey's life and work, they will prove a source of delight and refreshment to thousands of readers. $2.50

Demosthenes
Georges Clemenceau

Here is a masterly study of the great Athenian orator which is at the same time delicately and symbolically a spiritual autobiography of the "Tiger" himself. In this compelling volume, Clemenceau reveals anew his powers as thinker, student and writer in a manner which attracts world-wide attention. "Demosthenes" is one of the vital publications of the year. $2.50

MEMORIES OF A HAPPY LIFE
William Lawrence

The life story of an effective leader and great citizen, a commanding figure rich in humor, good will, and practical wisdom. $5.00

THE FAMILY LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON
Charles Moore

Much material hitherto unusued is now gathered together to tell the intimate story of George Washington's personal life. $5.00

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY
Charles Moore

These maxims, now reprinted with facsimiles, make a book of unusual interest to all who are historically minded or wish to study the etiquette of an earlier day. $2.00

LETTERS OF A ROMAN GENTLEMAN
Arthur P. McKinlay

Cicero's letters, even more than his essays and orations, furnish a vivid picture of the times, the man, and the world in which he moved. $4.00

APOSTATE
Forrest Reid

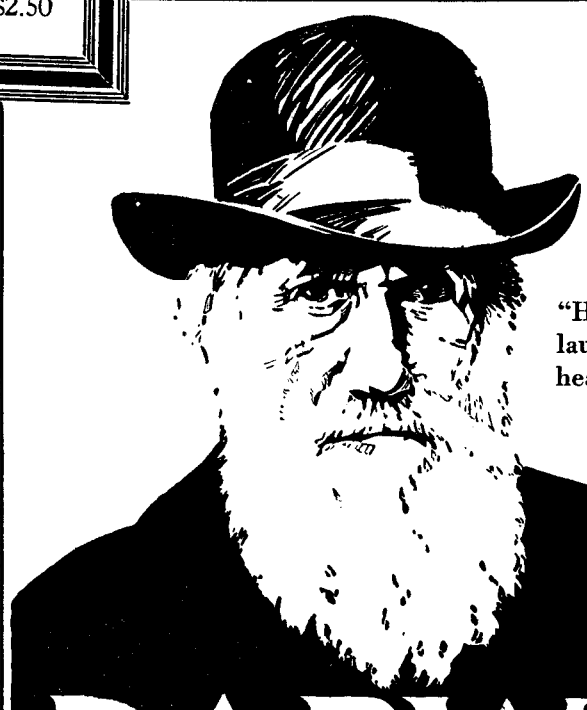
An autobiography of adolescence, "a book that will be a source of much quiet pleasure to those who rejoice in distinguished and imaginative writing."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $4.00

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK
Temple Bodley

A vivid and stirring account of one of the most picturesque men who helped to push forward the American frontier. $5.00

UTOPIA IN CHAINS
Morris Gordin

A young idealist's experiences, as editor, food commissioner, and propagandist in Russia during the Bolshevist regime. $2.00



"He made hell a laughing stock and heaven a dream"

DARWIN
BY
GAMALIEL BRADFORD

The life story of a gentle, tolerant, and lovable man who overturned the world of thought, shifted the whole attitude of science, and upheaved the very foundations of religion and morality. $3.50

East Wind - Amy Lowell

"In 'East Wind' the wanderer has come back to her own kind. The result is a group of thirteen poems, dramatic monologues, dramatic dialogues all dedicated passionately to New England life and character, all . . . stark, and mordant and merciful, drenched with purgative pity and terror."—Joseph Auslander in the *New York Sun.* "Seldom if ever has Miss Lowell so completely reevaled her depth of human feeling and sympathy."—*New York Times.* $2.25

THE MAKING OF THE MODERN MIND
John H. Randall, Jr.

A succinct history of modern thought and philosophy. "Anything better in the way of a summary could not well be imagined."—*Boston Transcript.* $5.00

ON THE STREAM OF TRAVEL
James Norman Hall

A chronicle of adventure, superbly written and filled with the zest for unknown lands that has animated the adventurers of all ages. $3.00

THE WHITE DEVIL'S MATE
Lewis Stanton Palen

This thrilling adventure story is a companion volume to "The White Devil of the Black Sea." $2.50

NORTHERN LIGHTS AND SOUTHERN SHADE
Douglas Goldring

"In Sweden Mr. Goldring finds his high lights; in Brittany, the warmer tones which he reproduces no less deftly."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $5.00

HOMILIES AND RECREATION
John Buchan

A collection of essays, varied but of uniform excellence. Historically they are sound; from the point of view of literature, brilliant. $3.00

THE SOCIAL WORKER IN A HOSPITAL WARD
Elsie Wulkop

A human and helpful book based on the work of the Social Service Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital. With comments by Richard C. Cabot. $3.00

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF EDUCATION
Ellwood P. Cubberley

An illuminating book which analyzes in readable fashion the essential nature of education. $2.50

The New Spirit - The Soul of Spain
By Havelock Ellis

"The Soul of Spain"—"the essential Spain that I have sought to explore"—and "The New Spirit," studies of Heine, Diderot, Whitman, Ibsen, and Tolstoi, are the two latest volumes to be added to our popular edition of the works of this most poised and penetrating student of human nature. Previously published volumes are "The World of Dreams" "Affirmations" and "Impressions and Comments." First and Second Series. Each $2.25. "The Dance of Life," $1.50.

The Heart of Emerson's Journals
By Bliss Perry

The great wealth of material found hitherto in the ten volumes of the Journals has now been made accessible in this notable book. The result is not only a vivid self-portrait of the Concord philosopher, but a superb picture of American life in the last century. "An informal, but truer and more intimate picture of Emersonian thought than in the more elaborate Essays."—Ernest Boyd in the *Independent.* "It is loaded with nuggets."—Harry Hansen in the *New York World.* $3.00

O GENTEEL LADY!
Esther Forbes

Piquant story of crinoline days which holds a mirror to the changeless heart of woman. $2.00

THE SARDONIC SMILE
Ludwig Diehl

Based on the life of Heinrich Heine, the wandering poet and apostle of freedom. $2.50

MY ANTONIA
Willa Cather

A new edition of what Hugh Walpole calls "one of the finest of all American novels." $2.50

THE BIG HOUSE
Mildred Wasson

"Brilliant, masterly, original, featured by charm and keen humor."—*Brooklyn Eagle.* $2.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outstanding books on the list of

Henry Holt & Co., *One Park Avenue New York City*

Custody Children

by EVERETT YOUNG

Author of *"A Gentleman of Sorts"*

The chronicle of a splendid girl, born to wealth and position but brought up under the deteriorating influence of scandalous parentage, living her childhood part of each year with her mother and part with her father. Years later she finds herself with a child of her own facing the same dilemma. A brilliant picture of New York society as it struggles out of the Age of Innocence into the flamboyant post-war period. $2.50

Hilda Ware *by* L. ALLEN HARKER

In which a wronged wife assists her husband in eloping with another.

"In the gallery of excellent portraits of women who have seen through their pedestalled husbands, Hilda Ware deserves the place of honor . . . involving delightful people placed in a charming setting . . . it will surely delight those who appreciate the technical perfection of the novelist."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

Mitya's Love . . .

by IVAN BUNIN

With an introduction by ERNEST BOYD

The first love of a 17-year-old boy most beautifully told. The scenes are laid in Russia before the Revolution. "Mitya's Love" is proof that real masterpieces can still be written in the Russian tongue."—*New York Times.* $2.00

The American in England

DURING THE FIRST HALF CENTURY OF INDEPENDENCE

An important contribution to our early history. A study of the activities of the thousands of Americans living in England during the half century after the Revolution. Rich in anecdote, social gossip, literary and political history. $4.00

by ROBERT E. SPILLER

Real Dogs *by* CHARLES WRIGHT GRAY

A sequel to the great success, "Dawgs!" published a year ago. Albert Payson Terhune, Zane Grey, Hugh Walpole, Stephen Crane, Ellis Parker Butler, Gouverneur Morris, Donn Byrne, James Oliver Curwood, John Taintor Foote, and many other famous authors, contribute some of their best dog stories to this excellent volume. $2.50

"A Great Musician and His Loves"

Franz Liszt

(L'Homme d'Amour)

by

GUY DE POURTALÈS

The love life of the great virtuoso-composer, a biography which is attracting unusual attention. The story of one of the most romantic existences the world has known.

"Fascinating . . . attractive . . . very readable . . . entertaining."—Harry Hansen in *Harper's Magazine.* "Glowing . . . excellent . . . enlightening . . . enthralling."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.50

Issues of European Statesmanship

by B. G. DE MONTGOMERY

Author of "British and Continental Labor Policy," etc.

An informing study of the modern state, based on the problems of present-day Europe. It deals not only with the object of the State, the limits of State-Interference, the rights and duties of the State, the claim to sovereignty of groups, but also with such problems as industrial ownership, unemployment, capital levy, prohibition, and modern diplomacy. The author develops a theory of constructive belief, and points out some of the chief dangers which threaten European civilization today. $3.50

Books of Special Interest

Concord's Great Days

CLASSIC CONCORD. By CAROLINE TICKNOR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY
Vassar College

CONCORD is indeed a classic town pictured by Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and the Alcotts. No rural community in the country can boast such a list of literary lights. "The shot heard round the world" is matched by the books read round the world. However, the selections here given from the Sage of Concord are unfortunately not up to his more familiar works, for most of them were written after his mental decline, following the shock to his system suffered in the burning of his house. One exception is the opening chapter on "The Planting" where the settling of the village in early colonial days is described. Here the best is made of the "good old times" when the pioneers "were more healthy than they are now" despite the fact that "many were forced to go barefoot and bareleg, and some in time of frost and snow." The best is also made of a veritable communistic spirit which reigned from the start. In that "open democracy" not a school house, a public pew, a bridge, a pound, a mill dam, was set up, or pulled down, or altered, or bought, or sold without the whole population of the town having a voice in the affair.

This statement is in curious contrast to our traditional views. The New England town meeting has been fondly remembered as the cradle of our free institutions, but it certainly quenched individual initiative and left many a village remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, at least according to modern standards. But this very conservatism, which later opposed the building of the railroad through the town, had its compensations. Hardly another Puritan community had the air of quiet contentment possessed by Concord. So Emerson remarks that the town has deserved the name it wears, for he could find no ridiculous laws, no eaves-dropping legislators, no hanging of witches, no ghosts, no whipping of Quakers, no unnatural crimes.

This unpretentious spot, then, attracted Hawthorne who, after his return from England and Italy, settled there and wrote "The Marble Faun." At the Old Manse he found "the pleasures of Paradise. It was that to him because he had as neighbors Emerson and Thoreau, the one "a great original thinker," the other the naturalist who "knew the country like a fox or bird, recognizing every track in the snow, and knowing what creature had passed that way." Thoreau was certainly a magician, for his two volumes, ignored in his lifetime, are perhaps the best native guide books we possess for those who desire a veritable return to nature. Thoreau should be the patron saint of the American Boy Scouts. Before a projected canoe trip every scout-master should saturate himself in "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers." As for Indian antiquities no description is finer than that here quoted. Thus Thoreau declared:

> When I walk in the fields of Concord and meditate on the destiny of this prosperous slip of the Saxon family, the unexhausted energies of this new country, I forget that this which is now Concord was once Musketaquid, and that the American race has had its destiny also. Everywhere in the fields, in the corn and grain land, the earth is strewn with the relics of a race which has vanished as completely as if trodden in with the earth. . . . As sportsmen go in pursuit of duck and musquash, and scholars of rare books, and poets of ideas, and all men of money, I go in search of arrow-heads . . . Many as I have found, methinks the last one gave me about the same delight that the first did. Some time or other, you should say it rained arrow-heads, for they lie all over the surface of America.

These are forgotten pages of our past. The Concord "Bachelor of Nature" who could wander miles "without meeting a soul," had certain unique advantages in the way of healthy exercise. But his fellow townsmen did not, for the very title of Louisa Alcott's chapter on "Gymnastic Fever and Education" betrays the typical ignorance of the times as to the value of athletics. The picture is supposed to be amusing, but it is really pathetic. A certain Dr. Turner stirred up the "quiet old village" by advocating the sun cure and calisthenics. For the latter Indian clubs, dumb bells, and even bean bags were employed. As for gymnastic clothing a kind of Zouave uniform was used. As the matter is described: "A sort of heathen revival took place, for even the minister and deacons turned Musselmen, and five-and-twenty ladies were all arrayed in the gray tunics and Turkish continuations."

Such is the restrained language of the famous spinster and this mid-Victorian point of view is unfortunately accentuated in the volume. The book is illustrated with drawings by May Alcott, described as "pretty pen and ink work," a sad reminder of our early Pullman style of art. But the 'Sixties were not all prisms and prunes as shown in the final chapter, "Memories of War and Peace." Here the work might have been supplemented by Sanborn's "Recollections," which give a full account of anti-slavery days and describe in detail the attempted kidnapping of this abolitionist by a pro-slavery gang. Sanborn also describes the times when the latter day embattled farmer, like John Brown, was backed up by Thoreau the recluse, and Emerson the philosopher. "Fighting Concord" might be a fitting title for another chapter, for like the other New England towns, whose draft quota was the first to be sent over seas, it was hard hit in the world war.

Opinion on Fielding

FIELDING THE NOVELIST. By FREDERIC T. BLANCHARD. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $6.

Reviewed by EDWARD S. NOYES
Yale University

ACCORDING to Professor Blanchard's Preface, the purpose of his work is "to treat at length of the opinions that have been passed upon Fielding's novels." In the 645 generous pages which follow the preface are grouped such an overwhelming number of opinions of Fielding the novelist as to convince the most casual reader that this purpose has been fulfilled. The trail of his hero's reputation has been indefatigably followed not only through the wide domains of formal literary criticism, but also through that vast Serbonian bog of eighteenth century pamphlets and newspapers, and the dense thickets of private correspondence. If any person of any literary or historical importance, from 1750 to the present time, ever expressed an opinion of Fielding's novels, that estimate will be pretty sure to be found, duly quoted and commented upon, in this volume. The amount of reading involved in accumulating such a crowd of witnesses must have been immense.

The book has as its sub-title "A Study in Literary Reputation." It is, however, more than that. It provides material not only for the study of the vicissitudes of Fielding's fame, but also for an examen of the progress of criticism. It contains, for instance, nearly as many estimates of Richardson and Smollett as of Fielding. And the critics of successive generations, through their inevitable comparisons of these three pioneers of fiction, reveal themselves and the standards of their age far more than they do the novelists they criticized. The fact—which Professor Blanchard's abundance of quotations makes clear—that most of Fielding's contemporaries failed to understand the underlying purpose of his novels in itself shows to what an extent the criticism of the period concerned itself with superficial details and missed the main point. In a similar fashion, the agreement of the writers of the 1850's with Thackeray's brilliant but unfair portrait of Fielding, the libertine, exposes the fallacy of their own critical standards. Professor Cross and others have already fully acquitted Fielding of the unjust accusation; Professor Blanchard's service lies in revealing how widespread that accusation was, and how much light it throws on the state of Victorian criticism.

His book represents a vast deal of labor, but it was a labor of love. If anything, Professor Blanchard is too pronounced a partisan. He has no use for the people who have not appreciated Fielding, and such persons, surely, are more to be pitied than censured. He cannot understand how anyone could maintain the superiority of Samuel Richardson even in psychology.

His partiality, however, does not materially affect the value of the book in so far as it is a summary of other people's estimates. Admirably printed and indexed, it is a mine of information, rendered easily accessible. The illustrations, taken from various eighteenth-century editions of the novels, are in themselves a source of delight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Especially Selected List of New Books from Beacon Hill

LABELS

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

In this dramatic new novel the brilliant young author of "Soundings" (the best selling novel of 1925) has written the story of two brothers and a sister—one of the brothers a conscientious objector and the other a winner of the D.S.O.—struggling to adjust themselves to post-War conditions.

John Farrar, editor of The Bookman, says: "In 'Labels' A. Hamilton Gibbs analyzes the tremendous forces and emotions which are disturbing the modern post-War world in an amazing way. He shows in a powerful story great understanding of the cleavage between modern young people and their parents."

Fourth large printing. $2.00

WAYS OF ESCAPE

By NOEL FORREST

A splendid first novel that is sure to be one of the most widely discussed books of the autumn season.

The New York Times says: " 'Ways of Escape' is a solid and convincing novel which leaves the reader with a feeling that the time spent upon it well worth while."

The International Book Review says: "It is a novel of solid and fine achievement, of such brilliant portrayal of character, that it ought to win for its author a place well toward the front in the ranks of English-writing novelists."

The American Review of Reviews says: " 'Ways of Escape' might well be considered the coup of the season."

Fourth large printing. $2.00

WALLS OF GLASS

By
Larry Barretto

"As interesting a story as I have read in months. In 'Walls of Glass' Larry Barretto proves himself to be a first class novelist."—*John Farrar.*

Third large printing. $2.00

SAVIOURS OF SOCIETY

By Stephen McKenna

The rise of Ambrose Sheridan, great newspaper owner and a power in English politics—hated by many men and loved by at least three women.

Second printing. $2.50

OKLAHOMA

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

"Must be listed among the historical romances of our recent past as one of such color, vigor, truth and interest that it deserves special attention."—*New York Times Book Review.* $2.00

THE WOMAN WHO DID

By Grant Allen

A new edition of a famous book which aroused a storm of controversy and criticism when first published in 1895. Introduction by Ernest Boyd.

Second printing. $2.00

*INTO THE VOID

By
Florence Converse

Miss Converse has written a mystery story, gay and sophisticated, woven about a college bookshop. The atmosphere is bookish and the tale is witty and unusual. $2.00

*MY IDEA OF GOD

A Symposium of Faith

Edited by JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

In these days of widespread interest in religion, when religious traditions are being sifted and men are searching for grounds of belief, it is appropriate that leaders of thought be asked their own conceptions of God. Voicing their beliefs in this volume are such men as Rabbi Enelow, Bertrand L. Conway, Rufus M. Jones, John Haynes Holmes, Albert F. Gilmore, Samuel McChord Crothers, Douglas C. Macintosh, Edward Scribner Ames, Francis J. McConnell, J. Gresham Machen, Richard Roberts, Horace James Bridges, Henry Sloane Coffin, Charles W. Harvey, E. Y. Mullins and other leaders of the principal churches and denominations, as well as independent religious or ethical movements. Besides introducing each contributor with a short biographical notice, Dr. Newton has written a foreword. (*October 22*) $2.50

THE SUPREME COURT IN UNITED STATES HISTORY

By Charles Warren

A new, revised edition of the famous work which won the $2000 Pulitzer Prize in 1922.

2 volumes. In box. $10.00

PORTIA MARRIES

By Jeannette Phillips Gibbs

The wife of Major A. Hamilton Gibbs tells what happens when a brilliant woman lawyer, believing marriage and a career not incompatible, marries a successful business man.

Second printing. $2.00

FIGURES OF THE PAST

By Josiah Quincy

Piquant and witty reminiscences of John Adams, Lafayette, Webster, and other "worthies", and of Harvard one hundred years ago. $4.00

SO THIS IS JAZZ

By Henry O. Osgood

A serious account of jazz in music, tracing the development of jazz orchestras and jazz orchestration, and also considering Spirituals and Blues, dance music and concert numbers. $3.00

*LEAVES FROM A SECRET JOURNAL

By Jane Steger

A helpful sharing of "hidden experiences" in which the author communicates her adventures of the inner life with great sincerity. $2.00

*WALTER CAMP

By Harford Powel, Jr.

To young and old of this sport-loving race, and particularly to college graduates, there is unquestionable appeal in this life story of Walter Camp, the father of American football. $2.00

ANOTHER TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

Edited by Montrose J. Moses

A companion volume to the author's first "Treasury" containing twelve plays to be read or acted by children. $3.00

IN QUEST OF THE PERFECT BOOK

By WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

Mr. Orcutt, combining an expert knowledge of typography with a facile pen, makes this search throughout the world for the perfect book a fascinating study of books as the product of an art and of the personalities he encountered in this pilgrimage. Set in type designed in 1499, with its cover an adaptation of a Grolier binding design used in 1533, the book holds an irresistible allure for both general reader and collector.

With a frontispiece in color and 84 remarkable illustrations, many of them reproduced from old and rare books and manuscripts. *Second printing.* $5.00

FIFTY YEARS OF BRITISH PARLIAMENT

By THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

An authoritative interpretation of an epoch-making half-century of British political life, of its achievements, its crises, its parties and its personalities, by the former Prime Minister Herbert H. Asquith, whose long service as a Cabinet Minister gives him an inner knowledge of British state affairs not surpassed by that of any living man. *The Sunday Times, London, says:* "The work is a valuable historical document. . . . A splendid example of English prose." *With 16 illustrations of British statesmen in gravure.* *2 volumes.* $8.00

*Indicates "An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication"

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Publishers 34 Beacon Street Boston

These books are for sale at all booksellers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG THE BEST AND NEWEST ARE:

GREEN GOLD
of
YUCATAN

Gregory Mason

The thrilling story of an engineer and his archæological companion in Central America; of love, intrigue and mystery amid the sinister ruins of an ancient civilization. The battle of wits and arms between the revolutionary government, agrarians and capitalistic planters are portrayed with an almost historical, if highly romantic vividness, against a most unusual and picturesque background. $2.00

BLOOD OF KINGS

Reginald Wright Kauffman

Rollicking romance with a thrill. A hero always up to his neck in trouble and adventure; a lovely and elusive heroine; American ingenuity pitted against the wiles of a strange, ceremonial, bitter and conniving old world court—"The Blood of Kings" is a *good* story! $2.00

The
AUTUMN SAINT

Maud H. Chapin

Of unforgettable charm is this story of a grave little child who makes one want to laugh and cry at the same time and of a curious old man with an absorbing love for his trees. $2.00

DUFFIELD & COMPANY
200 Madison Ave., N. Y.

By the Author of
"The Sea and the Jungle"
H. M. TOMLINSON

Gifts of Fortune

The record of vivid, unconventional voyages to the islands of the East, the Malay forests, the South American jungle and other obscure corners of the world.

Illustrated, $4.00
HARPER & BROTHERS

Books of Special Interest

Lectures on Science

CONCERNING EVOLUTION. By J. ARTHUR THOMSON. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LORANDE LOSS WOODRUFF
Yale University

IT is particularly appropriate that the first series of lectures on the Dwight Harrington Terry Foundation at Yale University—lectures on religion in the light of science and philosophy—should appear at the present moment when one is beginning to rub his eyes and doubt whether

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for
We breathe cheaply in the common air.

But one has hopes when the deed of gift of the Lectureship declares that its object is not the promotion of scientific investigation and discovery, but rather the assimilation and interpretation of that which has been or shall be hereafter discovered, and its application to human welfare, especially by the building of the truths of science and philosophy into the structure of a broader and purified religion to the end that the Christian spirit may be nurtured in the fullest light of the world's knowledge. The founder realizes that the liberalism of one generation is often conservatism in the next, and that many an apostle of true liberty has suffered martyrdom at the hands of the orthodox, and therefore lays special emphasis on complete freedom of utterance, and welcomes expressions of conviction from sincere thinkers of different standpoints.

The highest ideals of the founder are epitomized in the first lecturer, Dr. J. Arthur Thomson, the distinguished Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen, whose audience for the past quarter century has been the world. His genius for putting biological problems in a form at once accurate, interesting, and readily intelligible to the layman recalls one facet of the versatile Huxley.

"Concerning Evolution" is the title which Professor Thomson has happily chosen for his lectures in book form, thus tacitly implying, what is often overlooked, that the problems of Evolution are so broad and complicated that within the limits of a small volume for the interested layman, the judgment of the expert must be exerted to the full in crystallizing a few of the outstanding points of most general significance. This the author essays under three general headings, "The Making of Worlds," "Organic Evolution," and "The Evolution of Man."

At once assuring the reader "that it does not affect the dignity of anything to have its history unravelled," Professor Thomson surveys the existing views current among astronomers and geologists in regard to the genesis of the solar system, and the earth in particular. "The first picture is of a nebula and the elusive spirit thereof. The irreducibles are electrons and protons with electro-magnetic and other waves spreading through space, perhaps through the continuous medium of the ether. Behind the kinetic, however, was the primordial metakinetic, behind the physical, the psychical. The Order of Nature was such that out of a few threads a wonderful fabric was woven. There seems to have been an integrative urge in things which led to the fashioning of an earth suitable to become a cradle and home of life. What science gives us is a descriptive cosmography, which seems to be congruent with a philosophical or religious cosmology. There is nothing inconsistent, so far as we can see, between empirical formulation in terms of Lowest Common Denominators, like electrons and feelings, and transcendental interpretation in terms of the Greatest Common Measure, which is God. But when we pass from scientific description to religious interpretation, we must be very humble, seeking for Vision, for his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts."

And then the author passes to his main thesis, Organic Evolution to which he devotes the bulk of the book. Into this exposition the author has put the best of his long experience as a popular expounder of biological thought and his concluding paragraph should give pause to those who feel that science is intrinsically irreverent.

> The process of evolution from invisible animalcules has a magnificence that cannot be exaggerated. It has been a process in which the time required has been, as it were, of no consideration, in which for many millions of years there has been neither rest nor haste, in which broad foundations have been laid so that a splendid superstructure has been secure, in which in spite of the disappearance of many masterpieces, there has been a conservation of great gains. It has had its outcome in personalities who have discerned its magnificent sweep, who are seeking to understand its factors, who are learning some of its lessons, who cannot cease trying to interpret it. It looks as if Nature were Nature for a purpose, and as we cannot predicate purpose in a vast system, we must reverently ascribe it to a Creator. We plead that the evolutionist picture is in harmony with the Vision of God.

And then Professor Thomson gives a synoptic view of known facts in regard to the "Evolution of Man," emphasizing man's solidarity with the rest of creation. Whatever man was and is and will be, "he is zoölogically affiliated with the highest order of mammals." "The plain fact must be recognized that it is not open to us to pick and choose scientific conclusions. If we have a quarrel with the Law of Gravitation, it will prove the stronger. If we resolve to ignore the Descent of Man because we do not like it, we shall be left behind."

The book is well written, of course; it is well illustrated, remarkably so; it is brief, purposely. But why commonplaces when it is not an exaggeration to say that, if it was in the hands—and understanding—of all who are honestly troubled about science and religion, there would be no "evolution question."

Canada's Viewpoint

THE UNITED STATES AS A NEIGHBOUR FROM A CANADIAN POINT OF VIEW. By SIR RORERT FALCONER. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1926.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

IT is always interesting to see how successfully the wrinkles of history can be ironed out when a writer chooses to tell the story in a calm and genial fashion. Most readers of American history are probably of the opinion that the political incidents which have arisen to trouble the relations between Canada and the United States must have been, from the Canadian point of view, somewhat irritating. The loyalists, for example, upon whom the weight of resentment fell in revolutionary days, were treated with a harshness which held little promise of early forgetfulness or reconciliation, and almost until the end of the revolutionary war there was still hope on the American side of conquering Canada. The successive boundary disputes, again, served admirably the designs of political agitators in this country, the fisheries and sealing disputes were long and vexatious, and a good deal of partisan heat was engendered by the reciprocity controversy. The President of Toronto University, however, addressing British audiences on the United States as a neighbor, treats all of these disturbing episodes with a quiet generosity which, if it does not abate any essentials of the Canadian claims, does rather more than justice to the American temper and American methods, and leaves the impression that underneath the dust and clamor of the moment a spirit of international comity was always effectively working.

If the narrative portion of the book contains little that is new, the setting nevertheless offers much that is suggestive. It is along the border, as President Falconer points out, that international contacts are chiefly to be looked for, but one who follows the Canadian border from east to west perceives at once a racial and social variation not parallelled in the United States. While the maritime provinces received the bulk of the enforced loyalist migration, Quebec province still remains largely French. The habits of the mother country are most in evidence in Ontario, while in the newer western provinces the streams of migration, Canadian, British, Continental, and American, have made that region much like the western part of the United States. A double movement of population is also noted, a disquieting stream flowing southward from the maritime provinces and Quebec being matched, if not wholly equalled, by migration from the western States to western Canada. What might have happened to population and trade if reciprocity had been established is a matter of speculation, but in spite of the impediment of tariff walls Canada contrives to send some forty per cent of its exports to the United States, and stands second in the list of America's foreign customers. The frontier has not been obliterated, but it is easily crossed.

It would have been strange if Canada, overshadowed in industry and trade by its larger neighbor, had not been greatly influenced in those directions by its proximity to the United States. In certain other aspects of its national life, however, it has followed more independent lines. The idea of the American public school has been borrowed and adapted, but Canadian higher education still preserves the essential virtues of the British system and the high standards of British scholarship. Canada reads American books and attends American plays and film shows, but it has nevertheless developed a literature of its own which is all too little known on this side of the border. The religious controversies which from time to time have agitated American thought and vitiated American politics have no counterpart in the Dominion, and Protestantism, a sadly divided force here, remains a potent influence there.

What is the outlook for the future? President Falconer concludes his book with an expression of hope that Canada, respected by the United States "as a nation within the British Commonwealth and as a neighbor who will take her own way to success," may serve as an interpreter to the United States of the Commonwealth of which it is the oldest member. "In so far as she plays such a part," however, he hastens to add, "it will be simply by being true to herself and by living her own life where she is." Allusions to annexation may now and then disturb her serenity, and the lure of American prosperity may continue to draw more of her people than she would like to see go, but the hope of "sympathetic coöperation" between the United States and the Empire may still be cherished. One would gladly believe that regard for the Dominion's independent status and confidence in its independent future were as general in this country as President Falconer generously thinks they are, but at least there should be no begrudging the hope that, with the growth of mutual understanding and sympathy, the structure of a genuine internationalism in the relations between the two peoples may in time be completed.

In Varied Mood

THE WOODEN MAN: And Other Stories and Essays. By GILBERT NORWOOD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

THIS is the book of a highly literate Englishman who writes as a brilliant and versatile amateur rather than a professional maker of salable copy. His style on the whole is not only "scriptive," to use William Watson's fine word, but bookish. It belongs, not always gracefully, to the Stevensonian tradition. It is artfully ordered and adorned, a hand-made vehicle rather than a spirited mount. Its pace and load are carefully arranged in advance, and allow for a good deal of variation between liveliness and whimsicality at one extreme, and a somewhat ponderous erudition at the other. They were originally written, the Prefatory Note intimates, for publications as different as the London *Mercury* and the *Hibbert Journal*.

Of the fifteen items in the volume, three are stories, four or five are familiar essays and sketches, and the rest formal papers with titles like "The Impact of Reality," and "Is There a Case Against Modern Classical Scholarship?" These last are good, heavily ballasted discourses of the type which distinguishes if not endears the *Hibbert Journal*. The three short stories are cleverly constructed round their several ideas. "The Wooden Man" is a satire of Folk Research. "The Remote Witness" is a pseudo-scientific yarn turning (as a certain recent mystery novel) on the theory of wave-indestructibility. "Everything, including every action, impresses itself upon the vibrating ether. It is in virtue of its conveyance to our eyes by those vibrations that we obtain sense-perception." Bingley-Chadd's machine is built to recover these "emanations of history," to reflect back from some remote point in the universe those vibrations which are even now recording remote incidents out of the past: Columbus sighting the new world, or the Turks scaling the ramparts of Constantinople, or Antony and Cleopatra embarking for Greece. The yarn is plausibly worked out, with the aid of some ingenious scientific patter. "Above the Pass" is a little drama, or perhaps melodrama, of destiny.

But for me this clever performer is at his best as a familiar essayist in less consciously literary mood. The two chapters in the book which are worth all the rest are lively skits on the current book market, and on advertising. "Too Many Books" is a most amusing composition on a familiar theme.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BORZOI BOOKS

A Memorable Season

The Borzoi list has never before included, in one season, so many American books of permanent vitality—books which are widely read at the time of publication, and which will continue to be widely read many years hence.

Ten years ago, there was an immitigable cleavage, in American literature, between literary value and popular appeal. The two elements were not known to exist between the covers of one book; and the national letters were vociferously deplored by a rising group of critics. Then, in the autumn of 1917, Alfred A. Knopf published a novel by Joseph Hergesheimer called THE THREE BLACK PENNYS. It was recognized at the time by readers of discernment as a work of enduring merit: what is more, its celebrity spread. Hundreds of copies are still sold every year, and THE THREE BLACK PENNYS remains a landmark in American literature.

There have been other landmarks, between the publication of THE THREE BLACK PENNYS and that of Mr. Hergesheimer's latest novel, TAMPICO, too numerous to mention. Willa Cather's ONE OF OURS, the Pulitzer Prize novel for 1922; Carl Van Vechten's delicious, original PETER WHIFFLE; James Stevens's American epics, PAUL BUNYAN and BRAWNYMAN; such books as Katharine Anthony's biography of CATHERINE THE GREAT (which has just entered its seventh large printing), Joseph Wood Krutch's EDGAR ALLAN POE, and Thomas Beer's THE MAUVE DECADE, flourishing throughout the United States—these are a few of the American landmarks which bear the Borzoi imprint.

Four of America's foremost novelists—Willa Cather, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Carl Van Vechten—are represented on the Borzoi list for this fall, with novels which in each instance stand among the author's best.

TAMPICO is Joseph Hergesheimer's greatest novel in years—a thrilling story of the Mexican oil-fields, an American business man, and his subordinate's wife. Thus far, CYTHEREA has been the most popular of Joseph Hergesheimer's novels, principally because its setting is contemporary and its theme modern. TAMPICO shares these advantages, and tells an unusual story of conquest and passion.

As for NIGGER HEAVEN, as soon as everyone got over his surprise that Carl Van Vechten had written a tragic novel, commendations began to pour in. James Branch Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Anita Loos, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Ellen Glasgow all agree that NIGGER HEAVEN is Carl Van Vechten's best novel. Several years ago, when Negro spirituals and Negro art first became widely known, it was predicted that a novel should be written to interpret the amazing, inscrutable field of Negro life. NIGGER HEAVEN is that novel; and every reader is an enthusiast.

Willa Cather's new book, MY MORTAL ENEMY (published October 20), is the concise story of a woman's life and the astounding study of her heart. More in the mood of A LOST LADY than of any other among her novels, MY MORTAL ENEMY will be called Miss Cather's best novel by many readers for its picture of nineteenth-century New York, its subtle revelation of a marriage, and the direct, unforgettable manner of its telling. MY MORTAL ENEMY is published in a beautiful edition, designed by W. A. Dwiggins and printed under the supervision of the Pynson Printers.

On October 29th, Elinor Wylie's new novel will be published. The author of JENNIFER LORN and THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW has surpassed herself in THE ORPHAN ANGEL, a book of charm and fantasy, which supposes that a great English literary genius who was reported dead a century ago eluded his actual fate and came to America. The identity of the central character is going to be the subject of widespread and absorbing speculation, and the story, imaginative, humorous, and wise, will be a delight to many generations of readers.

And don't overlook two new and significant American biographies, a definitive life of WHITMAN, and a life of EDISON, which is unique in that it brings the subject to date. Professor Emory Holloway has written a narrative embodying all the known facts of Whitman's life from his first flights as Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle to the last, tragic days at Camden. He shows the facts of the poet's life to be even more interesting than the romantic fictions which have been woven around him.

EDISON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK, by George S. Bryan, is a full length portrait and a fascinating, intelligible record of the inventions which have done more to change Western living than the achievements of any other living individual.

TAMPICO

by Joseph Hergesheimer

$2.50

MY MORTAL ENEMY

by Willa Cather

$2.50

THE ORPHAN ANGEL

by Elinor Wylie

$2.50

NIGGER HEAVEN

by Carl Van Vechten

$2.50

EDISON:

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

by George S. Bryan

Illustrated

$4.00

WHITMAN:

An Interpretation in Narrative

by Emory Holloway

With numerous illustrations, including rare facsimiles

$5.00

Alfred A. Knopf · 730 Fifth Ave · New York

BORZOI BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Homer of the Transsiberian

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

AT the Paris exposition of 1900—but perhaps this is all a dream, perhaps I heard someone tell about it; no it must have happened at the Paris Exposition Universelle of 1900—somewhere between the Eiffel tower and the Trocadero there was a long shed. In that shed was a brand new train of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, engine, tender, baggage coach, sleeping cars, restaurant car. The shed was dark, and girdered like a station. You walked up wooden steps into the huge dark varnished car. It was terrible. The train was going to start. As you followed the swish of dresses along the corridor the new smell gave you gooseflesh. The train smelt of fresh rubber, of just bought toys, of something huge and whirring and oily. The little beds were made up, there were mirrors, glittering washbasins, a bathtub. The engine whistled. No don't be afraid, look out of the window. We are moving. No outside a picture is moving, houses slipping by, blueish-greenish hills. The Urals. Somebody says names in my ear. Lake Baikal. Irkutsk. Siberia. Yanktse, Mongolia, pagodas, Peking. Rivers twisting into the blueish-greenish hills and the close electric smell of something varnished and whirring and oily, moving hugely, people in boats, junks, Yellow Sea, pagodas, Peking.

And the elevator boy said the trains in the Metro never stopped, you jumped on and off while they were going, and they showed magic lantern slides and cinematograph pictures in the Grande Roue and at the top of the Eiffel Towel . . . but that must have been years later because I was afraid to go up.

I've often wondered about the others who had tickets taken for them on that immovable train of the Trans-Siberian in the first year of the century, whose childhood was also full of "Twenty Thousand Leagues" and Jules Verne's sportsmen and globetrottairs (if only the ice holds on Lake Baikal) and Chinese Gordon stuttering his last words over the telegraph at Khartoum; and Carlotta come back mad from Mexico setting fire to the palace at Terveuren full of Congolese curiosities, fetishes of human hair, ithiphallic idols with shells for teeth and arms akimbo, specimens of crude rubber in jars; and those magnates in panama hats shunted slowly in private cars reeking with mint and old Bourbon down new lines across the Rio Grande, shooting jackasses, prairie dogs, and an occasional greaser from the platform, and the Twentieth Century and Harvey lunchrooms and Buffalo Bill and the Indians holding up the stage and ocean greyhounds racing to Bishop's Rock and pictures of the world's leading locomotives on cigarette cards. O, Thos. Cook and Son, here's meat for your hopper. Uniformed employees meet all the leading trains. Now that Peary and Amundsen have sealed the world at the top and the bottom and there's an American bar in Baghdad and the Grand Llama of Thibet listens in on Paul Whiteman ragging the Blue Danube and the caterpillar Citroëns chug up and down the dusty streets of Timbuctoo, there's no place for the Rover Boys but the Statler hotels and the Dollar Line (sleep every night in your own brass bed) round the world cruises.

That stationary Trans-Siberian where the panorama unrolled Asia every hour was the last vestige of the homeric age of railroading. Now's the time for the hymns and the catalogues of the ships. The railsplitting and the hacking and hewing, the great odysseys are over. The legendary names that stirred our childhood with their shadows and rumble are only stations in small print on a time table. And still . . . Or is it just the myth humming in our drowsy backward turned brains?

Does anything ever come of this constant dragging of a ruptured suitcase from dock to railway station and railway station to dock? All the sages say its nonsense. In the countries of Islam they know you're mad.

In the countries of Islam they know you're mad, but they have a wistful respect for madness. Only today I was fed lunch, beef stewed in olives and sour oranges, couscous and cakes, seven glasses of tea and a pipe of kif, by the extremely ugly man with a cast in his eye and a face like a snapping turtle who hangs round the souks buying up fox skins, in the company of his friend the tailor, a merry and philosophic individual like a tailor in the Arabian Knights, all because I'd been to Baghdad, the burial place of our lord Sidi Abd el Kadr el Djilani (here you kiss your hand and murmur something about peace and God's blessing); for they feel that even a kaffir passing by the tomb may have brought away a faint whif of the marabout's holiness. So a pilgrim has a certain importance in their eyes.

They may be right, but more likely this craze for transportation, steamboats, trains, motorbuses, mules, camels, is only a vicious and intricate form of kif, a bad habit contracted in infancy, fit only to delight a psychoanalyst cataloguing manias. Like all drugs you have to constantly increase the dose. One soothing thought; while our bodies are tortured in what Blaise Cendrars calls the squirrel cage of the meridians, maybe our childish souls sit quiet in that immovable train, in the dark-varnished new-smelling trans-Siberian watching the panorama of rivers and seas and mountains endlessly unroll.

Now's the time for the homeric hymns of the railroads, Blaise Cendrars has written some of them already in salty French sonorous and direct as the rattle of the Grands Express Européens. Carl Sandburg has written one or two. I'm going to try to strin galong some hastily translated fragments of Cendrars "Pros du Trans-Siberien et de la Petite Jeanne de France." It fits somehow in this hotel room with its varnished pine furniture and its blue slop-jar and its faded dust-eaten window curtains. Under the balcony are some trees I don't know the name of, the empty tracks of the narrow gauge, a road churned by motor trucks. It's raining. A toad is shrilling in the bushes. As the old earth-shaking engines are scrapped one by one, the myth-makers are at work. Eventually they will be all ranged like Homer's rambling gods in the rosy light of an orderly Olympus. Here's the hymn of the Trans-Siberian.

I think I should not have known what to make of her performance, of her first number indeed, if I had never seen the pictures of Manet, Picasso, Cezanne and other moderns, far and near from us in time and place. I should have recognized of course the presence of design. But the language of this design would have been strange to me without the training of modern painting. . . . What she creates is never dependent on the music. . . . The completeness of Miss Enters's achievemnt consists in what very artist's achievement must consist in when it is successful: the whole translation of every element employed into her art.

In those days I was still a youngster
Only sixteen and already I couldn't remember my childhood
I was sixteen thousand leagues away from my birthplace
I was in Moscow, in the city of a thousand and three belfries and seven railroad stations
And the seven railroad stations and the thousand and three belfries were not enough for me
For my youth was then so flaming and so mad
That my heart sometimes burned like the temple of Ephesus, and sometimes like the Red Square at Moscow
At sunset.
And my eyes lit up the ancient ways.
And I was already such a bad poet
That I never knew how to get to the last word.
I spent my childhood in the hanging gardens of Babylon
Played hookey in railway stations in front of the trains that were going to leave
Now, all the trains have had to speed to keep up with me
Bale-Timbuctoo
I've played the races too at Auteuil and Longchamps
Paris-New York
Now, I've made all the trains run the whole length of my life
Madrid-Stockholm
And I've lost all my bets
And there's only Patagonia, Patagonia left for my enormous gloom, Patagonia and a trip in the South Seas.

I'm travelling
I've always been travelling
I'm travelling with little Jehanne of France
The train makes a perilous leap and lands on all its wheels
The train lands on its wheels.

"Say Blaise are we very far from Montmartre?"

We are far, Jeanne, seven days on the rails.
We are far from Montmartre, from the Butte that raised you, from the Sacred Heart you huddled against
Paris has vanished and its enormous flare in the sky.
There's nothing left but continual cinders
Falling rain
Swelling clouds
And Siberia spinning
The rise of heavy banks of snow
The crazy sleighbells shivering like a last lust in the blue air
The train throbbing to the heart of lead horizons
And your giggling grief. . . .
"Say Blaise are we very far from Montmartre?"
The worries
Forget the worries
All the cracked stations raticornered to the right of way
The telegraph wires they hang by
The grimace of the poles that wave their arms and strangle them
The earth stretches elongates and snaps back like an accordion tortured by a sadic hand
In the rips in the sky insane locomotives
Take flight
In the gaps
Whirling wheels mouths voices
And the dogs of disaster howling at our heels. . . .

And so he goes on piling up memories of torn hurtling metal, of trains of sixty locomotives at full steam disappearing in the direction of Port Arthur, of hospitals and jewelry merchants, memories of the first great exploit of the Twentieth Century seen through sooty panes, beaten into his brain by the uneven rumble of the broad-gauge Trans-Siberian. Crows in the sky, bodies of men in heaps along the tracks burning hospitals, an embroidery unforseen in that stately panorama unfolding rivers and lakes and mountains in the greenish dusk of the shed at the Exposition Universelle.

Then there's "Le Panama ou Les Aventures de Mes Septs Oncles," seven runaway uncles, dedicated to the last Frenchman in Panama, the barkeep at Matachine, the death place of Chinamen where live oaks have grown up among the abandoned locomotives, where every vestige of the de esseps attempt is rotten and rusted and overgrown with lianas except a huge anchor in the middle of the forest stamped with the arms of Louis XV.

It is about this time too, that I read the history of the earthquake at Lisbon.

But I think
The Panama panic is of a more universal importance
Because it turned my childhood topsyturvy.

I had a fine picture-book
And I was seeing for the first time
The whale
The big cloud
The walrus
The Sun
The great walrus
The bear the lion the chimpanzee the rattlesnake and the fly
The fly
The terrible fly
"Mother, the flies, the flies and the trunks of trees!"
"Go to sleep, child, go to sleep."
Ahasuerus is an idiot

It's the Panama panic that made me a poet!
Amazing
All these of my generation are like that
Youngsters
Victims of strange ricochets
We don't play any more with the furniture
We don't play any more with antiques
We're always and everywhere breaking crockery
We ship
Go whaling
Kill walrus
We're always afraid of the tse-tse fly
Because we're not very fond of sleep. . . .

Fantastic uncles they are; one of them was a butcher in Galveston lost in the cyclone of '95, another washed gold in the Klondike, another one turned Buddhist and was arrested trying to blow up the Britishers in Bombay, the fourth was the valet of a general in the Boer War, the fifth was a *cordon bleu* in palace hotels, number six disappeared in Patagonia with a lot of electromagnetic instruments of precision; no one ever knew what happened to the seventh uncle.

It was uncle number two who wrote verse modelled on Musset and read in San Francisco the history of General Sutor, the man who conquered California for the United States and was ruined by the discovery of gold on his plantation. This uncle married the woman who made the best bread in a thousand square kilometers and was found one day with a rifle bullet through his head. Aunty disappeared. Aunty married again. Aunty is now the wife of a rich jam manufacturer.

And Blaise Cendrars has since written the history of General Johann August Sutor, "L'Or," a narrative that traces the swiftest leanest parabola of anything I've ever read, a narrative that cuts like a knife through the washy rubbish of most French writing of the present time, with its lemon-colored gloves and its rosewater and its holywater and its *policier-gentleman* cosmopolitan affectation. It's probably because he really is, what the Quai d'Orsai school pretended to be, an international vagabond, that Cendrars has managed to capture the grandiose rhythms of America of seventy-five years ago, the myths of which our generation is just beginning to create. (As if anybody *really was* anything. He's a good writer, leave it at that.) In "L'Or" he's packed the tragic and turbulent absurdity of '49 into a skyrocket. It's over so soon you have to read it again for fear you have missed something.

But the seven uncles. Here's some more of the hymn to transportation that runs through all his work, crystallizing the torture and delight of a train-mad, steamship-mad generation.

I'm thirsty
Damn it
Goddamn it to hell
I want to read the Feuille d'Avis of Neuchatel or the Pamplona Courrier
In the middle of the Atlantic you're no more at home than in an editorial office
I go round and round inside the meridians like a squirrel in a squirrel cage
Wait there's a Russian looks like he might be worth talking to
Where to go
He doesn't know either where to deposit his baggage
At Leopoldville or at the Sedjerah near Nazareth, with Mr. Junod or at the house of my old friend Perl
In the Congo in Bessarabia on Samoa
I know all the time tables
All the trains and their connections
The time they arrive the time they leave
All the liners all the fares all the taxes
It's all the same to me
Live by grafting
I'm on my way back from America on board the Volturno, for thirty-five francs from New York to Rotterdam.

Blaise Cendrars seems to have a special taste for the Americas, in the U. S. preferring the sappier Southern and Western sections to the bible-worn hills of New England. Here's a poem about the Mississippi, for which Old Kentucky must have supplied the profusion of alligators, that still is an honorable addition to that superb set of old prints of sternwheel steamboats racing with a nigger or on the safety valve.

At this place the stream is a wide lake
Rolling yellow muddy waters between marshy banks
Water-plants merging into acres of cotton
Here and there appear towns and villages carpeting the bottom of some little bay with their factories with their tall black chimneys
with their long wharves jutting out their long wharves on piles jutting out very far into the water
Staggering heat
The bell on board rings for lunch
The passengers are rigged up in checked suits howling cravats vests loud as the incendiary cocktails and the corrosive sauces
We begin to see alligators
Young ones alert and frisky
Big fellows drifting with greenish moss on their backs
Luxuriant vegetation announces the approach of the tropical zone
Bamboos giant palms tulip-trees laurel cedars
The river itself has doubled in width
It is sown with floating islands from which at the approach of the boat water-birds start up in flocks
Steamers sailboats barges all kinds of craft and immense rafts of logs
A yellow vapor rises from the too warm water of the river
It's hundreds now that the 'gators play round us
You can hear the dry snap of their jaws and can make out very well their small fierce eyes
The passengers pass the time shooting at them with rifles
When a particularly good shot manages to kill or mortally wound one of the beasts
Its fellows rush at it and tear it to pieces
Ferociously
With little cries rather like the wail of a newborn baby.

In "Kodak" there are poems about New York, Alaska, Florida, hunting wild turkey and duck in a country of birchtrees off in the direction of Winnipeg, a foggy night in Vancouver, a junk in a Pacific harbor unloading porcelain and swallows' nests, bamboo tips and ginger, the stars melting like sugar in the sky of some island passed to windward by Captain Cook, elephant hunting in the jungle roaring with torrents of rain; and at the end a list of menus featuring iguana and green turtle, Red River salmon and shark's fins, suckling pig with fried bananas, crayfish in pimento, breadfruit, fried oysters, and guavas, dated en voyage 1887-1923. 1887 must be the date of his birth.

Dix-Neuf Poémes Elastiques. Paris. After all, Paris, whether we like it or not has been so far the center of unrest, of building up and the tearing down of this century. From Paris has spread in every direction a certain esperanto of the arts that has "modern" for its trademark. Blaise Cendrars is an itinerant Parisian well-versed in this as in many other dialects. He is a kind of medicine man trying to evoke the things that are our cruel and avenging gods. Turbines, triple-expansion engines, dynamite, high tension coils, navigation, speed, flight, annihilation. No medicine has been found yet strong enough to cope with them, but in

(*Continued on page 222*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DODD MEAD

THE DARK DAWN
by Martha Ostenso, the author of "Wild Geese"

A powerful and distinguished novel of American life, set in Northern Minnesota revealing the same beauty, richness and passion which made "Wild Geese" notable. $2.00

GABRIELLE: *A Romance*
By W. B. Maxwell, the author of "Fernande." The romance of a radiant girl in conflict with modern conventions. $2.00

KINDLING AND ASHES
By George Barr McCutcheon. An original and tense feud story of Indiana. $2.00

PERELLA *by William J. Locke*
Locke at his best. "A tale of new love fragrant as the loves of olden times."—*Boston Transcript.* $2.00

THE INCREDULITY OF FATHER BROWN
By G. K. Chesterton. More adventures of the inimitable priest-detective. $2.00

THE ALLBRIGHTS
By Archibald Marshall. Another wholly delightful novel of English rural life in the vein of the "Clinton" novels. $2.00

THREE WOMEN
By Faith Baldwin. Conflict of three women of three generations in one family. $2.00

THE HORTON TWINS
By Fannie Kilbourne. Adventures of Dot and Will Horton, parents of twins. $2.00

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA *by E. Barrington*
The story of the beautiful actress who captivated the Prince of Wales. Uniform with "Glorious Apollo," "The Divine Lady." $2.50

DREAMS AND DELIGHTS
By L. Adams Beck. Fascinating new stories of the mysterious Far East. $2.50

WINNOWED WISDOM
By Stephen Leacock. A new book of humor about our pet fads and foibles. $2.00

THE MURDER OF ROGER ACKROYD
by Agatha Christie
"Most ingenious mystery story I have read in a year."—*Heywood Broun.* $2.00

THE BOWL OF HEAVEN
By Evangeline Adams. The life story of the foremost living astrologer and the presentation of a new horary astrology. $3.00

TEN WEEKS WITH CHINESE BANDITS
By H. J. Howard, M.D. Harrowing experiences of an American in captivity. $3.00

THE PEARL THIEF
By Berta Ruck. The pearls, a Countess, mystery and a charming romance. $2.00

BY WATERWAYS TO GOTHAM
By Lewis R. Freeman. From Milwaukee to New York in a small motor skiff. An exhilarating account. Illustrated. $3.50

GOLDEN TALES OF ANATOLE FRANCE
A careful selection of his best-known stories, now collected in one volume for the first time. $3.00

THAIS
By Anatole France. Superb gift edition with 12 photogravure illustrations and many pictures by Frank C. Pape, illustrator of "Penguin Island," "Jurgen." $5.00

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT *by Frank T. Bullen*
One of the world's famous whaling stories with Meade Schaeffer's colored pictures. Uniform with the Schaeffer editions of "Moby Dick," etc. $3.50

Important New Publications Obtainable at All Bookstores

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

449 Fourth Avenue, New York — 215 Victoria Street, Toronto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbus
whom the whole nation is honoring, appears in a vital re-creation in
VIRGIN SPAIN
by Waldo Frank
Critics in Spain and Spanish America hail it as the finest book about Spain ever written outside of Spain. American critics hail it as a fascinating insight into a romantic people.
"The book is an achievement! Wise and suggestive, and replete with amazing discoveries . . . I congratulate Waldo Frank, and I congratulate Spain, which, this time, has been understood."— Ramon Carande, *Professor of Spanish Economic History at the University of Seville, Spain.*
"The land and the artist understood one another, and the land gave him of her best. Waldo Frank has opened magic casements on Spain; his book abounds in beauty as constructive as it is illuminating."— Laura Benét, *International Book Review.*
"'VIRGIN SPAIN' is the truest picture of Spain I know in the English language."— Adela R. Munoz, *The Phila. Public Ledger.*
Special format, $3.00
BONI & LIVERIGHT N.Y.
GOOD BOOKS

A Very Distinguished Publication
A SELECTION of the LETTERS of
HORACE WALPOLE
Edited by W. S. LEWIS
The finest of these famous letters, selected with scholarly discrimination and illustrated with over 50 contemporary prints, engraving, and facsimiles. A rich and fascinating mine of intimate information about Eighteenth Century life.
Two handsome volumes Boxed, $10.00
HARPER & BROTHERS

The Kingdom of DREAMS
by Russell E. O'Hara
"The anecdotes are classics. One would have to go to Dickens to find their equal."
—*The Book Chat*
At all bookstores, $2.00
Macaulay
PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK

A London Letter

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

THE younger men and women among British imaginative writers are all now striving, often with a surprising measure of success, for originality. Thus in a sense it is true that "there is nothing new under the sun," one would have to go much farther back than the Victorian age to seek applause for the kind of themes treated in say, "Lady Into Fox," or "Antic Hay."

G. B. Stern has found an amazingly unusual plot for her next novel. The title itself, "The Dark Gentleman," is "intreeging," and a friend in whose judgment I have great faith tells me that it is not only comic in the best sense, but unusual and curious to as great a degree as was Mr. Garnett's now famous first story.

An arresting first novel which is to be published here in November is entitled "Man's World. A Tract for Posterity." Written by Charlotte Haldane, the wife of the brilliant author of "Dædalus," "Man's World" is what the French call *un livre à thème*, the theme or themes developed being to a certain extent similar to those treated by Renan in his ironic and stimulating "Dialogues Philosophiques." Mrs. John Haldane has conceived an original and most attractive form of preface for her story, for it consists of a discussion between the shades of Renan and Anatole France. The novel concerns the lives of a brother and sister, Christopher and Nicolette, whose adventures take place in the strange world that comes into being after the next great war.

The spiritual, mental, and even physical, effects of the last war on those quite young men who "came through" apparently unscathed, is dealt with in a novel published this last week. The writer, Vibart Dixon, who is of the young war generation, has called his story "Joan and Three." It is the three men who love the beautiful girl who gives her name to the novel who really matter, and her close analysis of their outlook on the problems of life give the book a strength and truth too often denied to the post-war studies of life written by women novelists. To my thinking Vibart Dixon may prove a real addition to the promising list of British Georgian novelists.

Another forthcoming story which will deal with an abnormal side of feminine human nature is by Miss Naomi Royde-Smith, who wrote "The Tortoiseshell Cat." Her novel is to be called "Skin Deep," and I have heard it very highly praised by a publisher's reader who is also himself a noted novelist. The central figure of "Skin Deep" is a reincarnation of Emma, Lady Hamilton, but there is no Nelson in the story.

Of new and forthcoming books concerning famous authors and their private lives there seems no end. After Mrs. Conrad's intimate picture of her husband, we are now to have a diary kept by Stevenson's old nurse, "My Second Mother, My First Wife," to whom he dedicated "A Child's Garden of Verses." This remarkable Scotch-woman kept a journal of a continental tour she made with her nurseling in 1863, and among the illustrations will be a sketch made by Stevenson at Mentone. Yet another book, which however different may be described as of the same type, will be "Samuel Butler and his Family Relations," written by a cousin of Butler's through his mother. This volume will contain a certain number of new letters and documents.

For my own part, when reading, as I always do with intense interest, compilations of this kind, I always ask myself if what the French call *la verité vraie* has really been told. Some years ago a brilliant writer, Miss Colburn Mayne, only now coming into her own, published a striking collection of short stories called "Things That No One Tells." There are passages in all human lives which remain untold. And often, even when a carefully guarded secret leaps out, only half or even a fraction of the truth is revealed. I have been reading with great pleasure and a nerved heart, these last few days, the curious and touching letters of the great philosopher, Diderot, to Mademoiselle Volland, the woman whom he loved for round about twenty years with a passionate tenderness, and yet, if we are to believe the evidence of the letters, with only a platonic ardor. Even so, there is no amusing, reflective, timely written epistle lacking its word of exalted affection. After they had known each other for twelve years, he concludes a long, philosophical, and in no sense love-letter, with the words: "*Mademoiselle . . . c'est comme le premier jour. Et quant nous nous verrons, ce sera comme la première fois.*"

Writers sometimes debate among themselves as to whether there are, at the present moment in the world's history, certain unrecognized geniuses who will come to their own when those now hailed as the modern masters of imaginative art have faded away into unread obscurity. How amazed the brilliant group of French Romantics would have been in the thirties had they been told that two of their three little discussed contemporaries would be eagerly read when their own famous names would remain but faintly marked on the tablets of time. These two, I need hardly say, were Stendhal and Balzac. There was another writer, Alexandre Dumas, then living and working prodigiously hard, who was looked upon by his contemporaries if with affection, then also with a measure of good-humored contempt. Yet of him it may probably truly be declared that he will live as long as our globe endures, as one of the world's greatest story-tellers. Many of us, not yet old, have lived to see several writers who were thought poorly of when their genius was, as we now believe, in full flower, assured of their niches in the temple of fame—especially in this connection may be remembered George Gissing and W. H. Hudson.

As to the living, we are on more delicate ground. But it is not long ago since the name of Walter de la Mare was unknown, save to a tiny group of intelligent readers. And, among those who have not yet won the recognition which is their due I count high a certain Irishman, Bart Kennedy by name, who, I see, has just published a volume called "Golden Green," described as "a book of Kent and the countryside, of reflection and vision, of walks and dreams." I first heard of Bart Kennedy, and first saw a book of his, in the London house of John Masefield, at a time when the host was himself scarcely known to the great public of readers, and that although he had already published some of his most distinguished verse, and at least two most remarkable novels.

Bart Kennedy is a notable man quite apart from his books. Every month he brings out a curious Broadsheet giving his views and opinions on contemporary life, morals, and manners. These are always original, and often startlingly unconventional. It is strange that a man who has not only been highly praised, but actually quoted, by such famous writers as Wells in "Mr. Polly" and "The New Utopia,"—Sir Philip Gibbs in one of his best known works—Edward Candler in "Youth and the East," and E. V. Lucas, who described him in a public speech as "the finest living descriptive writer in the English language," should yet be, as I fear he is, practically unknown to the great cultivated world of American readers.

With regard to next year's books I have just heard two interesting items of news. One is that Margaret Kennedy's new novel is to be called "Red Sky at Morning," the other that Francis Brett Young will break quite new ground in a long quiet study of English life entitled "The Portrait of Clare."

Another work of importance to be added to the steadily increasing number of authoritative studies on the war has appeared in General Krafft von Dellmensngen's "Schlachten des Weltkrieges: Der Durchbruch am Isonzo" (Oldenburg: Sterling). The book is an official monograph presenting the German account of the genesis of the offensive and the course of the first four days of battle. It is a clear record, written in a fashion to be of interest to the layman as well as the student, and illustrated by excellent photographs.

The second volume of Alfred Mortier's scholarly biography of Angelo Beolco, otherwise Il Ruzzante (Paris: Peyronnet), the Renaissance playwright and actor of Padua, has just made its appearance. The book contains the first translation of Beolco's complete works, which, since they are written in the "old rustic Paduan dialect" are practically unavailable even to scholars. M. Mortier's version of the plays is an admirable one.

A Leyden Family

DE OPSTANDIGEN. Roman Door. Jo VAN AMMERS-KULLER. Amsterdam: J. M Meulenhoff. 1926.

Reviewed by A. J. BARNOUW
Columbia University

THIS is the story of a Leyden family during three successive generations. The author's interest, however, is not in the family but in its women, and not in these individually but as representatives of their sex, for the destinies of the sex, tyrannized over in the first of the three generations, emancipating itself from the men's control in the second, and disillusioned in the third, is the main theme of Mrs. Van Ammers-Küller's story. In other words, it is a history of the Dutch women's fight for freedom told in the form of a novel. There is nothing novel in that history, for the facts are well known, and do not differ materially from those in England, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries.

The old patrician house where, in the forties of the last century, old Lodewijk Coornvelt ruled like a despotic patriarch over his wife and eight children remains the central scene of the spreading family's fortunes during the four-score years covered by the story, as first one of his married daughters, and subsequently a great-grandson Coornvelt gets possession of the place. The severity of its architecture is in keeping with the strict, puritanical life that old Lodewijk enforces in his home, but that harmony between the scene and its setting is lost when his daughter's daughters turn the house into a workshop and his great-grandson's children stage jazz parties in what once was his parlor. The changeless Coornvelt house, more than the Coornvelt name, reminds the reader of the bond that unites the diversified posterity of old Lodewijk. Its permanence is the standard by which the changes in Holland's social life are measured.

The most vivid characters in the story are those that Mrs. Van Ammers-Küller herself regards with the least affection: old Lodewijk and his sons, men who demand from their women folk domesticity and obedience. The women who revolt seldom achieve the same reality. They are exponents of the writer's theories or, at any rate, of the theories in which she once believed. This is especially true of Marie Elizabeth Sylvain, the little Parisian niece of old Lodewijk, who finds a home under his roof after the death of her parents. In the first part, as the disturbing element in the Coornvelt family, recalcitrant to her uncle, desirable to his sons, she bids fair to endear herself to the reader as the heroine of a romantic story. But in the second part she reappears stripped of all that made her lovable and real. She has become a dull, pedantic, phrase-mongering feminist, a personified treatise on the emancipation of women. She takes up her residence at Leyden, not far from the house of Professor David Coornvelt, who had wooed her and been loved by her when he was a student and she a girl in her teens. But the writer has not cared, or not dared, to bring about a meeting of the two.

In the third part the present generation is drawn in the children of Stevens Coornvelt, great-grandson of old Lodewijk and successor to the ancestral spinning mill. But here again, these children seldom come to life under the rapid touches with which their personalities are sketched. Each represents a type of modern youth. There is the self-supporting clever female, disillusioned before her twenty-fifth year, the domestic girl, who, in an age of disintegrating family life, seems out of date and place, the enthusiastic parlor bolshevik, the sensual flapper who reads Freud and goes in for nude dancing, and the blasé victim of precocious boredom. They are one after the other presented to the reader, are given their say, and dismissed, not to be heard of again, unsolved problems to their parents and themselves. Only the self-supporting female is granted a return at the eleventh hour. She drops into a lover's arms as the story draws to a close and she concludes it with the sentiment, revealed to her in the flash of her new ecstasy, that the women of today, in their heart of hearts, are not much different from their mothers and grandmothers.

The merits of the book are in its pictures of the *vie intime* in a Dutch town, and the picturesque the description. Hence the first part, which tells of the Coornvelts in the forties, has greater charm than its sequels. It is an excellent document of local history, which reveals on every page the writer's intimate knowledge of the period.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Viking Books — For More than a Season

LOLLY WILLOWES :: Sylvia Townsend Warner

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST :: James Joyce

SANINE :: Michael Artzibashev

TWO LIVES :: William Ellery Leonard

THE SONG OF SONGS :: Hermann Sudermann

THE WORKS OF THORSTEIN VEBLEN

THE WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN

THE TIME OF MAN :: Elizabeth Roberts

A STORY-TELLER'S STORY :: Sherwood Anderson

BOOKS OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS

POWER :: Lion Feucht-Wanger

NEW AGE OF FAITH :: Langdon-Davies

"A beautiful work of art"—Carl Van Doren

THE TIME OF MAN

By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

A new name has been added to the small and distinguished list of American authors whose reputations outlive a season. A more enthusistic reception could hardly be conceived than that accorded to this first novel. Critics and readers universally hail it as a beautiful and moving story. It will be read by every cultured American, by everyone who appreciates greatness and the thrill of its discovery.

"A wonderful performance. I am humble before it."—Sherwood Anderson. "Brim full of beauty. A born artist steps with her first novel to the front rank of American writers."—Keith Preston, *Chicago Daily News.* "A work of genius, beautifully written and full of light."—Edward Garnett. "An important novelist, one that deserves to be watched, that surely will be remembered.''—Harry Hansen, *The World.* *Second printing,* $2.50

"We unreservedly recommend it as the season's biography."—The World.

MOHAMMED

by R. F. Dibble

M. R. Werner, author of "Brigham Young," says in *The Sun:* "Mr. Dibble's book is a fascinating account of a man's life. . . . Vivid and entertaining." The dramatic biography of the prophet, warrior, politician, lover and man. $3.00

TRANSITION

by Edwin Muir

With the deft skill of one of the finest of modern critics Mr. Muir has shown the trend of modern literature and cast penetrating light on the complex meanings of the most interesting and baffling of modern writers: Joyce, Lawrence, Huxley, Strachey, etc. $2.00

The SECOND BOOK *of* NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Hailed as "America's greatest contribution to art" the Negro Spiritual has become a part of our national heritage. This volume, a companion of *The Book of American Negro Spirituals,* contains a new introduction by James Weldon Johnson and sixty-one more songs, arranged by J. Rosamond Johnson—songs as fine as those in the first volume which set a nation singing and talking. *Uniform with first volume.* $3.50

"It makes its appeal to real lovers of literature."
—New York Times.

THE TWO SISTERS

by H. E. Bates

The dean of the English critics, Edward Garnett, who has been responsible for the discoveries of Conrad, Galsworthy and W. H. Hudson, introduces H. E. Bates with this first novel which has already won for itself the plaudits of the press of two countries: England and America. $2.00

GAUTIER

by John Garber Palache

A happy blend of biography, anecdote and criticism make this volume a treasure trove of information and entertainment. Mr. Palache has successfully depicted the life of Gautier and of his circle, Flaubert, Balzac, Turgenev, George Sand and many others. In addition he has brought to his task a keen critical appreciation and narrative art. Illustrated. $3.00

EUROPEAN REVIEWS:
"Filled with the breath of eternity."
"What a colossal picture of a soul! What a recreation of a dead era. Its court, customs, women, Jews, peasants—even animals pass plastically, almost tangibly before the eyes of the reader."
"A work of a poet. . . . Powerful and impressive."

"To read *Power,* one is again in the grip of Scott and Dumas."—*N. Y. Times.*

POWER

by LION FEUCHTWANGER

Hailed by European critics as one of the greatest romances of the past decade, *Power* is the story of an actual historical character, a Jew in the court of Württemberg in the early eighteenth century. His dizzying rise to the position of potential king maker and sudden fall form a theme huge in scope and conception. It comes to American readers in the fine translation by Willa and Edwin Muir as a work of art that will withstand the years. $2.50

EUROPEAN REVIEWS:
"One of the most important works of contemporary literature."
"A work of tremendous power and unusual depth."
"Particularly important is the marvelous technique which makes the reading of this voluminous book a complete joy. The entire novel lingers in the memory long after reading it."

30 Irving Place **THE VIKING PRESS** *New York City*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DORAN BOOKS

Certain Books of Importance

E. V. LUCAS

A Wanderer in Rome

With E. V. Lucas at one's elbow as guide to the rich field of Roman history and legend, the ancient city takes on new color and vividness and its storied past lives again. There is no better guide book for the traveler, and no more fascinating volume for the stay-at-home than this new "wanderer" book. Illustrated. *$5.00*

ALDOUS HUXLEY

Jesting Pilate:
An Intellectual Holiday

Rarer than a good travel book, this is a book of great personality, the adventures of the brilliant English writer round the world. The romantic color evoked from strange corners of the globe matches the author's zest for new sights, customs and ideas. *October 22. $2.50*

JOSEPH COLLINS

The Doctor Looks at Love and Life

The famous doctor-critic speaks openly of the delicate problems of sex as they confront men and women, and the whole fabric of society, today. Modern problems, the course and fate of love, the relative values in American life, these are elements in a discussion whose viewpoint and conclusions are as unusual and up-to-date as the problems themselves. *$3.00*

T. EARLE WELBY

A Study of Swinburne

A famous scholar's life of the great poet. It is packed with dramatic incident set against the background of one of the most colorful groups in the history of English letters. A fine critical understanding of Swinburne's flowing verse marks this volume as one of extraordinary interest from the literary as well as the historical viewpoint. Illustrated. *October 22. $5.00*

HERVEY ALLEN

Israfel:
The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe

The most notable biography of our year. For the first time the complete story of the most lonely, mysterious, and romantic figure in American literature is given a memorable and convincing form. Much research has produced a most original book and one which shows the biographer as a powerful narrator of dramatic event as well as a critic and scholar. Illustrated. 2 Vols. *Nov. 5. $10.00*

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The History of Spiritualism

This is the first comprehensive history of an amazing and vital movement which has occupied both scientists and mystics for centuries. It details the successes and failures of investigation, and all the research of the present scientific day. 2 Vols. Illustrated. Boxed. *$7.50*

HERBERT GORMAN

A Victorian American—
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

This first modern life of Longfellow not only shows the famous poet in a new and intensely human light, but it details richly a period in American history replete with color. Mr. Gorman has made excellent use of new material and has produced a readable and vastly entertaining study. Illustrated. *$5.00*

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Nomad's Land

The best-loved writer in America goes adventuring, with romance in her saddlebags, over trails that lead from the mountains of Wyoming to Bagdad and the deserts of the East. This is Mary Roberts Rinehart's finest book of travel. *$2.50*

DORAN BOOKS

VIOLA TREE

Castles in the Air

The daughter of Sir Beerbohm Tree, close friend of half the great of England, writes a modern memoir of social and theatrical London. The author's wit and charm and zest for life make the story of her career one of unusual distinction. Illustrated. *$2.50*

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

All Summer and a Day
An Autobiographical Fantasia

A glowing portrait of the ruthless, imaginative youth of today by one of the most brilliant of the moderns. Special format Octavo. *October 29. $3.50*

JAMES A. B. SCHERER

The Romance of Japan

The story of Japan is the story of her heroes. In this vivid romantic history whose narrative takes on the color of legendry in the march of events, Mr. Scherer writes with an unusual blend of heroic fact and stirring poetry. Illustrated. *October 22. $3.50*

L. P. JACKS

The Legends of Smokeover
The Heroes of Smokeover

A powerful social satire from the pen of the great humanist Principal Jacks. In Smokeover he constructs a city renowned for its size and momentum, a busy city of today whose materialism and idealism are delightfully taken off. *Each $3.00*

JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D., LL.D.

The Truth About Mormonism

Founder of a civilization in the desert, the most picturesque in history and setting of all the great western sects, Mormonism presents a subject for the historian at once romantic and thrilling. Illustrated with photographs. *$2.50*

STEPHEN GRAHAM

London Nights

The London of romantic byways, of glamorous twilights and thrilling darks, comes to life under the pen of a famous wanderer in strange places. LONDON NIGHTS is the true poetry of a great city, for it combines adventure with a knowledge of hidden beauty. Illustrated by Rick Elmes. *$4.00*

ARNOLD GENTHE

Impressions of Old New Orleans

Arnold Genthe's photography is world famous. In this luxurious volume he has caught the charm and spirit of fast-vanishing old New Orleans in studies that are remarkable in their glimpses of characters and places. There are hundreds of pictures, each distinctive. *With an Introduction by Grace King* *October 29. $5.00*

CHARLES STELZLE

A Son of the Bowery:
The Life Story of An East Side American

Born of immigrant parents on New York's East Side, Charles Stelzle is known today from coast to coast. The dramatic story of his rise is told here, of his boyhood, his days as a machinist, his great constructive work for the Labor Movement, his development of new methods of social welfare. *$3.50*

Wherever Books are Sold—GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, *Publishers*, 244 Madison Avenue, New York

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DORAN BOOKS

FICTION: A *Very Distinguished List*

H. G. WELLS

The World of William Clissold

With the humanity of "Mr. Polly" and the sweep of "The Outline of History," Mr. Wells has written his masterpiece. In one absorbing rich character portrait, against a background of life in all its challenging perplexity, he creates the twentieth century modern and his world-entire. 2 Vols. Boxed. *$5.00*

DU BOSE HEYWARD

Angel

"Porgy" has been called one of the great books of America. From the Negro of South Carolina, Mr. Heyward turns his remarkable talent to a tense story of the mountain folk of North Carolina. Angel, a woman of the hills, strong, powerful, primitive, is an unforgettable figure. *$2.00* *(Autographed, Carolina Edition $3.50)*

ARNOLD BENNETT

Lord Raingo

Since "The Old Wive's Tale" and "Clayhanger" Mr. Bennett has written nothing which suggests the scope and vision of this life and death of Lord Raingo, born a commoner, dying a lord. It is a theme perfectly suited to the play of his characteristic genius, and he has taken full advantage of all its possibilities. *$2.00*

LEONARD NASON

Chevrons

The great public that acclaimed "What Price Glory" and "The Big Parade" will find in this robust, Rabelaisian novel of doughboy life, bubbling over with instinctive wit and pungent dialogue, the very essence of ourselves, our daily speech, loves and life. *$2.00*

DORAN BOOKS

FLOYD DELL

An Old Man's Folly

In this rich and glowing story of an amazing character, Floyd Dell proves himself a master craftsman. The story of a Mr. Windle, himself the timidest of men, thrown suddenly into a group of rebellious young people, is a finely diverting tale of vicarious but beautiful adventure. *$2.00*

NALBRO BARTLEY

Her Mother's Daughter

The author of "Bread and Jam" again demonstrates her real power as a highly dramatic romanticist. Her delineation of feminine character, her keen realization of the problems and foibles of American social life give a zest and piquancy to a highly entertaining novel. *$2.00*

LEO WALMSLEY

Toro of the Little People

The peer of Kipling's Jungle Books in its remarkable delineation of forest life. In this heroic story of a Congo pigmy Mr. Walmsley has created a tale of adventure and romance as sturdy as it is unusual and has added a new chapter to the literature of the jungle. *$2.00*

A fantasy by **HELEN BEAUCLERK**

Illustrated by **EDMUND DULAC**

The Green Lacquer Pavilion

In this Chinese night's entertainment Miss Beauclerk has achieved, and Edmund Dulac has aptly caught the spirit, of the sophistication of the moment. A novel whose elusive charm and beauty mark it as the last word in "fiction a la mode." *$2.50*

HUGH WALPOLE

Harmer John

A great romance of man, woman and love, a novel of the Cathedral City of Polchester, the scene of Walpole's hitherto most popular book, "The Cathedral." It is at once his most finished and his most striking story, a drama of sweeping power and of finely contrasted temperaments. *$2.00*

CYRIL HUME

The Golden Dancer

A new novel brilliantly indicative of this young author's real genius. In it he has imprisoned the elusive spirit of romance. As astonishing as his other novels, it is more beautiful, as he broadens his manner to tell a fine, tender story of youth in quest of a dream. *$2.00*

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The Casuarina Tree

The mastery of W. Somerset Maugham in painting great emotional climaxes against exotic backgrounds is at its height in these intense tales of the white men who live in Borneo and the Peninsula. As in "Rain," he has selected with uncanny insight the moments in the lives of his characters that sum up not only the drama of their lives but of all human existence. *$2.00*

FRANK SWINNERTON

Summer Storm

With restraint, humor, passion and poignancy, Frank Swinnerton has written a swift, dramatic story of two young women in the summer time of life. Amazing deftness marks his painting of the environment and struggles of these two in their fascinating growth from girlhood to understanding womanhood. *$2.00*

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Tish Plays the Game

Immortal, indomitable Tish, best loved of all the character creations of Mrs. Rinehart, most humorous of all women fiction characters, plays the game whatever the hazards, and is ever the friendly, amusing Tish of wholesome philosophy and exuberant fun. *October 29.* *$2.00*

THOMAS BURKE

The Sun in Splendour

In a novel as rich in characterization as any by Dickens, there is strikingly displayed the great beauty of atmosphere, the pathos and drama which have illumined Thomas Burke's work from the start, and which give him in this first long novel an immediate place among the greatest novelists of the day. *$2.50*

COMPTON MacKENZIE

Fairy Gold

A romantic and glamorous tale of love and enchantment under the spell of Celtic legend. Against the bright tapestry of his background, the author of "Sinister Street" has told a love story, simple and beautiful and magical with the fine irridescence of youth. *$2.00*

HULBERT FOOTNER

Antennae

The author of detective and adventure stories shows a new facet of his genius in this powerful, unforgettable study of the development of two men of unalterably opposed characters in a background at once unusual and compelling, in a story of breathless suspense and extraordinary characterization. *$2.50*

Wherever Books are Sold—GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, *Publishers*, 244 Madison Avenue, New York

DORAN BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

I'M afraid Jocunda is an irreverent child. I found her cackling merriment over the Fall Announcement Number of the *Publisher's Weekly*—a solid compilation of some 360 pages, enormously valuable to the bookseller and not at all intended for mirth. It seemed to be the announcement of still another book on Etiquette that caused her elation—and indeed anything that causes that small crystalline disorder Jocunda calls laughter is worthy of admiration.

"The Complete Book of Etiquette, by Hallie Erminie Rives," she read to us, "deals with many topics that have never been discussed by any of its predecessors: The Woman with Her Own Apartment Unchaperoned, Over-Visiting Friends in the Country, Meeting Husbands Downtown for

Luncheon, How a Woman Governor Should Be Announced. That must be priceless, P. E. G.," she exclaimed. "Send to Winston's for a copy, we'll read it aloud here in the evenings. The days are getting shorter, and I might want to know how to meet a husband downtown for luncheon. And here's another thing: a book by some English professor that gives a psychological explanation of how science has destroyed poetry—did you ever hear such thomasrot?"

"Look here, P. E. G.," she continued, "which are you, a Spenglerian or a Behaviorist? You've got to be one or the other, all the real people are. And why don't you get busy and read the things everyone else has? Suppose you were invited out to dinner, why you'd be helpless, you haven't read Will Durant or This Believing World or even William Clissold. Listen what Johnny Farrar says in his speech reprinted in the *Publishers' Weekly*—'For many years I have sat in the offices of a publishing house and watched the reports of sales cross my desk. I predict that the season now opening before us will be the most prosperous in the history of American publishing.' You know what Doctor Joe Collins says in his new book, that there are more adult-infants in America than anywhere else, in proportion. That's what you are, P. E. G., an infantilist. Here's the most prosperous season in history right upon us, and you're mulling over the Nonesuch Press edition of Milton."

When Jocunda adopts the ironical vein I always let her run on, for sooner or later one may divine what sort of trouble is fretting her inwardly.

"Here's a book that sounds to me significant," she said, turning to another page of her fat *Publishers' Weekly*. "Speaking of Store Teeth, it's called. That's about what the reading public needs, store teeth to chew their canned goods with. Golly, how much good it does me when a book comes along where a man really tries to think. Did you ever hear anything so vulgar as the protests against Wells's book in the English papers? Oh Lord, I don't know just what it is, but to me there's an extraordinary kind of decency in William Clissold, an attempt to tell how things really happen. The best of the book is laid at a place called Grasse, in the south of France, and Clissold writes a sort of Leaves of Grasse."

Poor Jocunda! She looks so deliciously wild and agonized when she gets into one of her intellectual storms. There she sat on the three new volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, a more vivid problem than any they discuss. I remembered how she had warned me vigorously against going to some French perversion play now running in town, because (she said) I wouldn't understand it. Bless her, she believes, I dare say, that no one before Doctor Joe Collins ever "looked at life."

"Well, my dear," I said, "I shall probably get round to Mr. Wells's book sooner or later, although I'm fairly familiar with most of his ideas. After all, he's only written one novel, but he's rewritten it so many times it's beginning to get mighty good. It won't bother me if there are streaks of grossness or *lèse majesté* in it—those are among Wells's most honorable virtues. As for the newspapers, thoughtful people find them very valuable as a kind of storm signal. When they run up their red sensation flags, it is usually a sign that someone, somewhere, has been trying to think for himself, which always causes alarm. But meanwhile I'm feeling my way, slowly and gently, through a very beautiful book, The Time of Man, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. It really *is* a beautiful book, with an extraordinary clear, sweet, translucent quality in it; you seem to breathe real air, it's like walking in autumn fields. I can't help smiling to think how it will bore some readers."

As usual, she was ahead of me. "The Time of Man!" she cried. "Oh now you're talking. Remember the peddler who sits on the porch playing tunes on the jew's harp—they call it juice-harp in the country, because it gets so spitty—and saying 'Before I forget it I better tell you, I'm a plumb fool about you.'—I could love that peddler. Then there's Naomi Mitchison's book of poetry—there's an immoral writer for you, if you like. And I'm amused to see that in the first six of the new Pamphlet Poets two of 'em come from Brooklyn—Walt Whitman and Nathalia Crane. It's the girls who are writing the real poetry nowadays—did I tell you what a kick I got out of Virginia Moore's Not Poppy, and Dorothy Reid's Coach Into Pumpkin? But I wouldn't dare show them to Young Amherst. He wouldn't get it at all. That's the worst of it, P. E. G., that's what troubles me so. I adore the boy, but he just doesn't feel. He took me to Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and laughed his head off. I thought it was terrible, even though

I'd primed myself with a couple of cocktails. I'd rather spend an evening the way Stephen Graham does in the Gentle Art of Tramping. You go out at random, take the first turn to the left, the next to the right, the next to the left, and so on. You listen to longshoremen talking at lunch-wagons and wind up at a dance hall in the Bowery. I'm going to write to Stephen and ask him to take me along some evening. I wonder what Hallie Erminie Rives would say to that? And I think I'll ask Frank Crowninshield to take me out to dinner. I gather from his introduction to Brillat-Savarin that he knows something about wine. I'm fed up with cocktails."

"You're just as unscrupulous as Lorelei Lee herself," I said.

"I'm not!" she cried angrily. "Oh, it's no use, I can't tell you, I can't even express it to myself, but life is too beautiful and too thrilling, and I want the best of it—like it is in that new little pocket edition of Emily Dickinson you gave me—I'm going to sell a lot of that in the Christmas trade, you watch me."

"I'm going to give you a copy of Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage, too, I said. Your grammar——"

"Oh, there *is* one good touch in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," she interrupted. "Where Lorelei always calls Dorothy *Dorthy*. Exactly what the girls do at Saks's. Have you seen the Shepard illustrations for Everybody's Pepys? They're delicious."

"The only illustrations I've been dreaming about are the William Blakes, in the Nonesuch Milton." I got out my two precious volumes, and showed her those glorious drawings for *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso*, never published before. She was silent a while.

"That's the sort of thing I mean," she said presently. "When I have a raving spell, that's what I'm trying to feel my way towards. Things that are lovely, like that; things that are big. It's a pity to work in a bookshop, the customers are always coming in to ask how many of Anatole France's secretaries have written books about him. But anyhow there's a new Today and Tomorrow book. It's delightful, Plato's American Republic. Don't tell Amherst I liked it, that'll put him off and I want him to read it."

Young Amherst was just coming in. "Well," he remarked, all smiles, "what do you think of the old college, darn near beat Princeton."

Jocunda grinned amiably at him, and turned away to put on the shelf the new edition of the Portrait of Zélide. I'm afraid that I under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

London Notes

By GEORGE BLAKE
John O'London's Weekly

WE are, as I write, in the thick of a peculiarly busy autumn season. The shelves in my room are laden with books—at least two hundred, on a modest computation. Of these about seventy per cent are novels. Of the total we shall review, I suppose, about twenty per cent—and it is our business to review as many as possible!

I am continually bewildered by this problem; I am always trying to assess the percentage of books published that pay their way. If you only saw the sort of thing that comes in! Obscure works on spiritualism. Wan collections of verse. Bad—O so bad!—novels. It is tragic. One has a vision of poor souls drawing their all from the Savings Bank to see themselves in print. And there must be many hard-up publishers gambling fiercely on the chance of a "best-seller." Yet most of it is waste, waste.

And yet—Fleet Street is gasping for serial stories. I happen to be looking for one just now, and the agents tell me that the demand is greater than the supply. You could reasonably tell an ambitious young man that fortune awaits him in the *feuilleton*. How to square this fact with the obvious fact of so many redundant novels is beyond me. Perhaps I have not the sort of mind that can distinguish between degrees of badness. One can only conclude that the bulk of the mediocre novels are amateur work. The professional knows his market or employs an agent who knows it better; and his fiction is serialized. He is in demand. And the agent has a bad habit of taking up the amateur only if and when he makes a name with independent work. Altogether, it is a curiously irregular and unscientific process of elimination. One wonders how much genius has fallen by the wayside in our modern Gold Rush. Probably not much, on the whole—but some. Publishers lack the faith they used to have. The agent is master. His influence is not always for the best.

There is another factor in this competition—a factor of which the importance has not yet been fully realized. Borrowing an idea from the States, London magazine publishers have taken to the reprinting of established works; second serial rights. I had myself something to do with this. A periodical for which I am largely responsible made some stir by republishing Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The experiment was amazingly successful. Rivals followed suit. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" is at this moment enjoying a new lease of life. Rider Haggard's "She," Hichens's "Bella Donna," and "The Rosary"—these tales have been retold, to the evident pleasure of readers and the profit of publishers; and as for short stories, Poe, Maupassant, O. Henry, Daudet, Hawthorne, Chekov, and the rest of them are charming a new generation. It is all very interesting. The joy of the average magazine-reader in these resurrections is almost pathetic to behold. The classics are vindicated. But it must be a grave blow for the living writer.

* * *

Take it this way. I myself was wont to disburse something like £800 a year in payment for small weekly fragments of fiction. That is now lost to the living writer; it goes to executors, agents, publishers, or back into my paper bank-balance. Then multiply my very modest figure by twenty, and you get a very substantial sum lost to the brotherhood of scribblers today.

There is one consolation for the writer, one threat to the publisher. It cannot last. The available surplus of serializable matter is limited in quantity. Already, in certain directions, one marks obvious signs of strain. One sees that competing publications are apt to "double" the same item. A good agent will save an editor from that sort of calamity. But all agents are not good.

Meanwhile, the Old Brigade of living novelists is well to the fore in the Autumn parade. Mr. Galsworthy and his "Silver Spoon" got a good press; rather better, I thought, than the book deserved. But we respect our Galsworthy. He is by far the most respected of our literary figures. He is a kind man. He is an honest man. And who would turn on him? Mr. Wells and his "Clissold" in three volumes, on the other hand, have been received with a sort of bewildered hostility. We feel that we ought to applaud, and that we honestly cannot. At the moment of writing, Volume II of "The World of William Clissold" is about to be published. I have read it, and it seems to make the confusion of Volume I worse confounded. When Volume III appears, it will either be fobbed off with brief paragraphs, or the whole affair will be roundly attacked as a tedious experiment. Probably we shall see only the non-committal paragraphs—unless the small reviewers get a rousing lead from their betters. There remain "Mr. Bennett" and his "Lord Raingo." It is not yet published in full. A few instalments have appeared in the *Evening Standard*, but sane judgment of the work is vitiated by the noisy fashion in which that periodical has pushed the thing down the throats of its readers. "Who Is Lord Raingo?" we are cunningly asked. The point being that he is supposed to represent a living, or recently-living, personality, who served in the Cabinet during the war. We all think we know, and it doesn't matter whether we are right or wrong. What does matter is that the blurbs and the posters do nothing to sustain the dignity of either H. M. Government or Mr. Arnold Bennett—to say nothing of the sadly-battered dignity of English letters. One fancies that Mr. Bennett, at least, does not particularly like the publicity methods of his editor, even if the latter be the employee of his particular friend, Lord Beaverbrook.

You will have with you soon in New York the stage-version of Miss Kennedy's "Constant Nymph." Good judges declare it to be just as effective as a play as it is as a novel, skilful adaptation and production by Nigel Playfair having given it, what it had to be given, a touch of the Russian manner. Noel Coward, the playwright, was born to play the part of the genius-composer, and his forthcoming departure from the cast—he goes to the States within a week or two—is much to be regretted. Meanwhile, the reading-public is agog for the appearance of Miss Kennedy's—one should say Mrs. Davies's—new novel, "Red Sky at Morning." They say that this quiet, unassuming lady has not yet fully accommodated herself to being a thundering "best seller."

M. Georges Courteline (whose real name is Georges Moineaux) was given, at the end of June the "Grand Prix" of the French Academy—a supreme recognition which this writer, now approaching seventy, deserved. Courteline belongs, in a sense, to the great French line which Molière typifies: his characteristic is an admixture of seriousness, sometimes almost bitter, with an irresistible comic touch, and nothing can be more French. Courteline defended that kind of humor when Zola was the champion of unrelieved gloom. Without him the exquisite *auteurs gais* who charmed France twenty-five years ago and still continue to charm—Capus, Lavedan, Donnay—would perhaps have developed less spontaneously. But Courteline's success did not come either from contrast or a capacity for amusing: he has created types, notably the incomparable Boubouroche, and literary reputations live largely by that achievement. Among his books are "Les Gaietés de l'Escadron," "Potiron," "Le Train de 8.47," "Messieurs les Ronds-de-Cuirs," "Boubouroche," etc.

Maurice Donnay's new book is a little group of verses, humorous and amorous, with several of the reviews which were given at the "Theatre d'Ombres" at the famous cabaret of the Chat Noir in the year 1891, and a chapter on the place, its habitués, and their curious and hilarious proceedings when Donnay was a member. These are fascinating memories. It was in reading one of his youthful poems there that Donnay tasted his first fame and glory. He was then a student and would have been much surprised to know that he would one day be a member of the French Academy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among the SIMON and SCHUSTER Fall Publications

The History of the Motion Picture

A MILLION AND ONE NIGHTS

by Terry Ramsaye

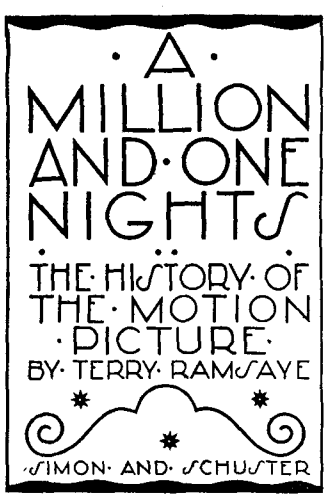
A de luxe prepublication edition autographed by Thomas A. Edison and the author was released on October 1st. As this is written no reviews have yet been printed, but as evidence of its merit the following is of interest:

Mr. Alexander Black, the well known novelist, purchased a copy and immediately wrote to the publishers as follows.

This is a brilliantly able work. It is like Mr. Ramsaye that the whole spectacular history of this most widely popular agency of entertainment and instruction is unfolded with consummate discernment, fairness, alertness and humor. Yes, these two markedly handsome volumes are, to my thinking, jolly as well as judicial, littered with incidents worth reading aloud, while everywhere suggesting indispensable authority and bookshelf comfort. To you as publisher I feel not less of wish to offer heartiest congratulations. You should be proud of this accomplishment."

We believe that the book will be generally well thought of. The author has spent eleven years in digging out his material. It is completely a "source" book, brimful of amazing facts about our most amazing industry.

In two extraordinarily well written volumes, a thousand pages in all, and with a hundred full page half-tones. $10.00



HAVE YOU READ

[ ] Fräulein Else *by Arthur Schnitzler* $1.50

[ ] Beatrice *by Arthur Schnitzler* $1.50

[ ] Verdi *by Franz Werfel* $3.00

[ ] Joseph Pulitzer—His Life and Letters *by Don C. Seitz* $5.00

[ ] The Viaduct Murder *by Ronald A. Knox* $2.00

[ ] The Windy Hill *by Jennings Perry* $2.00

[ ] The Man Mencken *by Isaac Goldberg* $4.00

[ ] Havelock Ellis *by Isaac Goldberg* $4.00

[ ] The Art of the Printer *by Stanley Morison* $10.00

[ ] Poems *by Irwin Edman* $2.00

[ ] You Who Have Dreams *by Maxwell Anderson* $2.00

[ ] The Common Sense of Money and Investments by *Merryle S. Kukeyser* $2.85

[ ] The Common Sense of Tennis *by William T. Tilden* $1.50

[ ] The Poker Book *by H. T. Webster* $2.50

[ ] So They Played Bridge—and How *by Hugh Tuite* $1.50

A TOUCH OF EARTH

by Lella Warren

The editor-in-chief of all of the Hearst magazines reads about as many manuscripts and books as anyone in the country. Upon reading *A Touch of Earth* he wrote to the author:

Dear Miss Warren:

It has been a long, long time since I read a novel which fascinated me as much as your "A Touch of Earth." Just how a writer as young as you knows people as well as you do is a mystery to me; but there is no doubt about it, you do know them. You not only know the women, but you know men; you even know the emotions a young man experiences when he makes love to a girl, and the thoughts of an older man when women interfere with his comfort.

It is a fine book. I congratulate you sincerely.

RAY LONG.

(*A Touch of Earth* has appeared nowhere in serial form.) $2.50

Lella Warren

NONE BUT THE BRAVE

by Arthur Schnitzler

Published a few weeks ago, people are already debating whether a cad like the hero of this tale could exist in this country. Some call him scurrilous names, some stoutly defend him and feel sorry for "the fathhead."

The story is written in interior dialogue, like *Fräulein Else,* and is less tragic and far more ironic. $1.25

(If you have enjoyed *Beatrice* and *Fräulein Else,* this is a book for your immediate *must* list. If you have read none of these Schnitzler books, your bookseller will be glad to show you a set of the three volumes boxed—price $4.00).

Arthur Schnitzler

LENZ ON BRIDGE

by Sidney S. Lenz

This is a book for the average and better-than-average bridge player. Every phase of bridge is taken up in the form of lessons written in a delightful easy-going style.

After you have read and profited by Ferguson, Whitehead and Work, read Lenz. He writes charmingly, bringing out the fine points of play and psychology that have made him the greatest player in the world.

Bridge players throughout the country have awaited this book for some years. $2.50

Sydney S. Lenz

SWEET AND LOW

by Liggett Reynolds

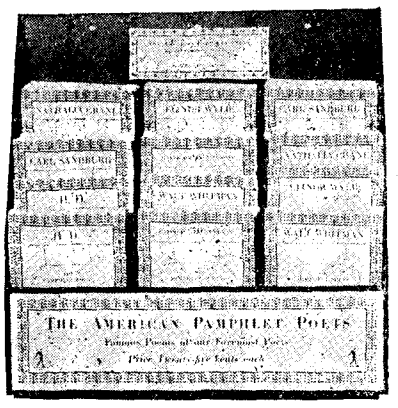
The dimensions of this tome are 9¾ by 3½, and the author think it "shapes up as the big book of the year." What's it all about? . . . .

From page 10 . . . Hazelhurst is one of a series of Hursts named after the wives of real estate agents. There is, for instance, Annettehurst, as well as Emmahurst, Bellahurst, Fanniehurst, Joanhurst and Amhurst, the latter being short for Ameliahurst. Perhaps you will be puzzled by a particularly exclusive municipality known as Houndhurst . . .

From page 41 . . . Right here is where you may exercise your option, although it's advisable not to do it immediately after eating. I did that a week ago and it hasn't been the same since. So having paid your money, unless this is a gift book, the inevitable alternative is yours. You may skip this chapter to follow the intricacies of the plot, or you may stay with me while I plumb the mind and soul of Abigail Goldsmith. And when I put my mind on it, what a plumber I am! $1.25

Liggett Reynolds

THE PAMPHLET POETS



PRICE 25 CENTS EACH

This series makes available the best American poetry in convenient reprints distributed at the popular price of 25 cents. Each pamphlet consists of the most enduring and most representative poetry of one eminent poet, together with a brief biography, a critical estimate by a recognzed authoritv, and a stimulating guide to the poet's complete work.

It is hoped that the outstanding work of the American poets, selected and edited with care by critics of repute, and presented in compact and distinguished format, will appeal to that "audience interminable" of which Walt Whitman spoke.

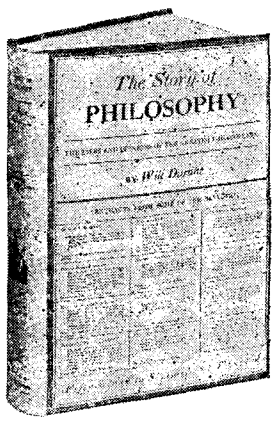
Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to the editorial committee, Messrs. Hughes Mearns, John Erskine, Louis Untermeyer, Laurence Jordan and Joseph Anthony and to the publishers of the poets' original works without whose coöperation this series would not be possible.

Now Ready	*In Preparation*
CARL SANDBURG	EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
ELINOR WYLIE	HENRY W. LONGFELLOW
WALT WHITMAN	THE NEW YORK WITS
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	EDGAR ALLEN POE
NATHALIA CRANE	EMILY DICKINSON
H. D.	WITTER BYNNER
	CONRAD AIKEN

A complete catalogue describing the above and other publications will be sent upon application to the publishers, Simon and Schuster, Inc., New York, N. Y.

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY

by Will Durant



Published on May 29th, *The Story of Philosophy* has gone into one edition after another and now, four and a half months after publication, 62,000 copies have already been printed. Some recent interesting reviews follow:

"What with everybody either reading or having read Will Durant's 'The Story of Philosophy,' there is quite a revival of interest in Utopia—From an advertisement for The Sulgrave Apartment Hotel, 67th Street and Park Avenue.

"It is my sincere impression that Will Durant's book is the best general writing on philosophy that has been done since Schopenhauer. Before I finish the book, I may revise this by saying that it is the best since Plato. If only I could have had it in the days when I tried to teach you fellows the History of Philosophy, Civilization and Points West at the rate of one century per lecture minute!"—From a letter written by Professor Walter B. Pitkin to a former student of his

The Story of Philsophy is now the fastest selling non-fiction book in the country and at many stores like Brentano's in New York, its sales are even greater than any book of fiction. $5.00

The Prince of Wails

by Pauline Felix Geffen

A truly charming book of children's verses, superbly illustrated in three colors by Claude Millard. $3.00

Hales Layer Poster BuilderStoryBook

A book in five colors for children, which they themselves can cut and paste into posters of three dimensions. $1.00

Cross Word Puzzle Book—Series 6

by Buranelli, Hartswick and Pethebridge

Hooray, another one! Over a million copies of these books have been sold. Same old editors! Same old format! Same old Venus pencil! Same old price! $1.35

101 New Ways for Women to Make Money

by Ruth Leigh

"Her book is so cleverly written, and so carefully planned that it should prove invaluable to the untrained woman, anxious to make the best possible use of what ability she possesses."—*Hartford Courant.* $2.50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

Sage of East Aurora

To the Editor of The Saturday Review.
SIR:

It may be recalled by those who know their Lewis Carroll that in one of his less well-known poems there occur the lines:

I turned and looked in some surprise,
And there, before my very eyes,
A little Ghost was standing.

It was with something of this surprise that this correspondent found that supposedly well-laid ghosts may on occasion rise to new hauntings, and that youthful ideals have an uncomfortable and Maud Muller-ish way of getting themselves into the sad subjunctive category of "if" and "might have." Thus it happened:

Writing of an advertising expert who knew the game better than any man who has lived in the last fifty years, Felix Shay, another good advertising man, in "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora" (Wm. H. Wise & Co., New York, 1926), has accomplished what he set out to do. He has furthered the establishment of a tradition. Those who worshipped at the shrine of the "Sage" will find in Mr. Shay's book a certain justification of faith. Laodiceans, however, will discover in it no reason for increasing lukewarmth to excessive heat.

That Hubbard was a genius in adopting his own wherever he found it, he himself has said on more than one occasion. Shay goes about proving this with naïve ingenuousness. It is unfortunate that the ancient and entirely unreasonable dictum of *nil nisi bonum* concerning men whom it has pleased God to translate to other worlds has still so strong hold on the minds of those who seem called upon to write biographically. Mr. Strachey, Mr. Minnigerode, and certain other gentlemen with dusters are pointing a better and surely a more civilized way to understanding, but Mr. Shay clings to the older method and makes his hero a saint—a little queer, a bit off-color, slightly stale, to be sure, but still distinctly saintly in the vision of those to whom the gilded brick is a solid investment. He tells the story of *The Philistine* and the Roycroft Shop much as Hubbard used to tell it on the lecture platform. That this story is elementally untrue has little bearing on the case. It is tradition and will stand.

Mr. Shay would have us believe his hero a humorist. Slight observation of the chapter, "The Stories He Told," will prove that somebody's judgment as to what constitutes humor is all wrong. Yet Hubbard was a humorist of parts. He knew how Mr. Barnum's one-a-minute brood increases, and he approached buyers of second-hand culture with the assurance of a Bryan, coupled with his own suave method of flattery. He believed in the clothing of slang—and worse—in imitation Biblical and Shakespearean English, and he believed that this passed as superlative and highly sophisticated smartness with the Sons of the House of Babbitt. He laughed when he found his belief well founded.

Mr. Shay touches briefly on the subject of some of the quarrels Hubbard had with various persons. These are dignified with the term "historic." He tells of Fred Gardner and his advertising contract, something of Michael Monahan, Upton Sinclair, Jack London, and Richard Le Gallienne. He tells how Hubbard, finding an idea of Le Gallienne's, took it for his own and used it in *The Philistine*. This resulted in one of the "historic" quarrels. Quite.

But the biographer says nothing of some of the tragic happenings. As instance: he forgets to mention how Hubbard found Walter Blackburn Harte and his "Fly Leaf" in Boston, induced him to give up his venture and come to East Aurora as editor of *The Philistine*. Harte came. He also went away on the celebrated four-o'clock train. His story has been told in part by the late Percival Pollard in "Their Day in Court."

Mr. Shay tells how Hubbard wrote "A Message to Garcia" in a moment of temporary inspiration of an evening. The first draft of this article, with different names and a different setting, was written by the late William Mackintosh, managing editor of the *Buffalo Evening News*, in 1895. It was waiting for publication in the desk of the first editor and founder of *The Philistine* when there occurred one of the "historic" quarrels, unrecorded, however, by the biographer. Later this idea of the brilliant Scotchman, whose work appeared regularly under the initials W. M. in the early numbers of *The Philistine*, was fitted to the Rowan adventure in the Cuban insurrection, and published in *The Philistine* in March, 1899. Through this the magazine and the Roycroft Shop gained fame with the help of the late Mr. George H. Daniels, of the New York Central, who used millions of copies of it in advertising his railroad and its efficiency.

The idea of *The Philistine* was hatched in the police reporters' room at headquarters in Denver in 1893. It was based on the fact that something more than 99 per cent of the great American mind is addicted to the joining habit. Given a lodge or an association or a clan, the average citizen wants, oh so much, to belong. Hence: The Society of *The Philistines* and their Periodical of Protest. At the beginning it was impossible to carry the idea into effect, but when the first editor of *The Philistine* returned to East Aurora—his home town—and secured an interest in a printing establishment, the Society, its magazine, and the Roycroft Shop came into being. The first number appeared in June, 1895. The following August Hubbard achieved his financial interest in the project. The first dollar paid for a subscription came from the late Mr. Samuel Bancroft, of Wilmington, Delaware, and in his library there are to this day the original copyright papers showing who was the first owner of the magazine and the name.

In another library in Wilmington there is a copy of the first volume of "Little Journeys" with the following inscription in Hubbard's handwriting:

To H. P. Taber, on whose head be the blame for the existence of this book, having first suggested it and with his own hand set the first "Journey" in type. E. H.

The first—and only—completely hand-printed book ever turned out of the Roycroft Shop—"The Song of Songs"—was set in type and printed by the founder and editor of *The Philistine*. Mr. Shay says "good taste was shown," and that "before the edition was well off the press it was exhausted—sold out." And Mr. Henry Ford, —a curiously appropriate foreworder to Mr. Shay's book,—writes: "Elbert Hubbard demonstrated the power of an idea when conceived by an independent mind." That he did demonstrate the power of an idea is true, and by this one may achieve, though vicariously, what the late and greatly beloved Herbert Quick used to call "permanent immortality." Thus one is tempted to thank Mr. Ford and Mr. Shay for the advertisement and the suggestion that perhaps there was an idea, and that it was conceived by an independent mind.

And so, a bit self-consciously perhaps, one may set down here the name of the man who brought the idea of the Society of the Philistines to East Aurora; who edited and set in type the first eight numbers of *The Philistine;* who founded the Roycroft Shop; who suggested (and rewrote the first few) "Little Journeys;" and who, when Hubbard without benefit of clergy adopted all ideas appertaining to the establishment as his own, had a part in an unrecorded "historic" quarrel, and came out in a better place. The name appears above in Hubbard's dedication of the first volume of "Little Journeys." It is the name of the present correspondent.

HARRY PERSONS TABER.

Wilmington, September, 1926.

More Helen

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

With reference to the letter appearing in your issue of September 11th:

The romanticism advocated by Llewelyn Powys has, on this earth, been outgrown. John Erskine has done a great thing in his "Private Life of Helen of Troy," for he has reminded us that beauty must have human background and even the most god-like mortals are from the same mold as the less favored.

Romance is deathless and as much a part of man as need for food, and true romance need never worry about extinction from fearless and scientific insight into human affairs. A humorous touch only illumines delightfully the scientific spirit.

Erskine's etching throws some new lights and shadows on the heroic figures with perhaps a slight straightening of lines too rounded for our present ideal of truth and beauty.

I fail to see how his book could hurt anyone's æsthetic appreciation of the beauty of the poetry of Homer.

WILLIAM J. LUKRESHUS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

On the Trail of Ancient Man

By Roy Chapman Andrews

The romantic account of the adventures and discoveries of the American Museum Central Asiatic Expeditions to the Gobi Desert of Mongolia. Profusely illustrated. $6.00

New Fiction

Candaules' Wife and Other Stories
By Emily James Putnam
$2.00

The Charwoman's Shadow
By Lord Dunsany
$2.00

Bill Grimm's Progress
By H. C. Witwer
$2.00

Off to a flying start!

A coming Best Seller

CORDELIA CHANTRELL

By Meade Minnigerode

A romance of Charleston in the days when America's bluest blood fused with the reddest, with as pretty a tale of love and honor and adventure as the period has produced. "No one will deny the perfection of Mr. Minnigerode's setting. No one will deny the pathos, the intensity, the dramatic appeal of the many situations which carry forward Cordelia's fate. The final scene is magnificently absorbing. It has a beautiful harmony. It should provide pleasure to even the most exacting taste."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

By William Beebe

The Arcturus Adventure

"A kaleidoscopic glittering book, bright with Beebe's joy in color, swift with his joy in action. A book for everyone who is stirred by the strange and beautiful in nature, by exciting and decidedly unconventional adventure, and by a true tale well told."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* Profusely illustrated. $6.00

For Sale at All Bookstores, or at the Putnam Store, Two West Forty-fifth Street, just off Fifth Avenue

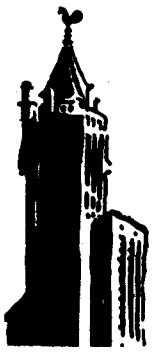
New York ⟍ G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS ⟍ London

By the author of "When We Were Very Young"

Once on a Time

By A. A. Milne

A fantastic tale of fairyland, where princes were not all good or all bad, where fairy rings and magic swords were not always helpful, but where the people were real men and women. Charming illustrations by Charles Robinson. $2.00



The Cubical City

By Janet Flanner

A novel of Manhattan, written with complete originality and individuality of style. The reader finds himself caught in a remarkable skein of emotional and intellectual adventurers. $2.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Art

AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS, 1870-1925. By A. Ludovici. New York: Milton, Balch & Co. 1926. $3.75.

In an unaffected style and untroubled by critical or philosophical considerations the painter tells of his life and friends. Companioned by Besnard, Bastien-Lepage, Boutet de Monvel, he studies under Cabanel in the days "before the invasion of the Americans when Paris belonged to the Parisians." He turns from this academic schooling to an admiration for the men who were later to be known as the Impressionists. Upon his return to his native England he enrolls himself among the advanced few, becomes a member of the R.B.A. and later of the Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. As an official delegate of the latter he renews his contacts with many of the important artists of France. He finds Whistler a warm friend and an inspiring leader whose legend he augments considerably.

There are memorable anecdotes and opinions. Especially interesting are Puvis de Chavannes's admiration for Whistler, Whistler's disparagement of Rodin, Mary Cassatt's annoyance at Joe Pennell's officiousness, Besnard's enthusiasm over Cézanne's first "one man show." Sir John Millais betrays the sorry academic ideal of the 80's by his praise of a skilfully tinted photograph which had been foisted without detection upon an official exhibition. Whistler is discovered a few weeks before his death seated in reverent contemplation before Franz Hals's last "Regent" group. The Prince of Wales finds the youthful Toulouse-Lautrec asleep in a pathetically deserted gallery of his own pictures.

Edmund Gosse, Oscar Wilde, Henry James were among the author's literary friends. He quotes a very Shavian letter from Bernard Shaw, written while the dramatist was still an art-critic. He was even reproved by George Moore for laughing at the *right* moment during the first performance of "Arms and the Man." Moore afterwards apologized.

The rise and fall of artistic fashions are reflected in a most intimate and vivid manner. The author leaving the Paris of Manet and Gautier returns to the England of Millais and Ruskin where he is shocked by the anecdotal intention of English painters whose exhibitions "are like nurseries filled with picture-books full of pretty stories." Naturally he turns to Whistler who becomes the Master with a capital M, the rebel flinging his "pot of paint in the face of the public" and of Ruskin. Yet sixty pages further on—and thirty years later—we find Whistler scoffing at a portrait by Cézanne: "If a child of ten had drawn that on her slate, her mother, if she had been a good mother, ought to have slapped her." Durand-Ruel the dealer who in the 70's had so boldly carried the revolutionary banner of Impressionism, in 1900 is equally ardent in his belief that Vollard and Bernheim are mad because they exhibit the works of Cézanne, Matisse, and Van Gogh. The author himself is amazingly flexible in his attitude. In his admiration for Post-impressionism he ran counter not only to British taste as a whole but even to that of his revered Whistler. He was far ahead of his time in his efforts to introduce Renoir, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin to the contemptuous London public. For a painter who had been trained in the sixties under Cabanel to write tolerantly and even understandingly of Cubism displays an openmindedness and capacity for growth which some of our complacent American critics and academicians might well ponder.

Biography

STEPHEN GARDINER AND THE TUDOR REACTION. By James Arthur Muller. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Perhaps religious history is the most fundamental anyhow. And certainly biography remains, for most of us, the livest form history can take: the history of persons somehow exceeds the history of things. The excellent piece of scholarship here reviewed is a fragment of religious history seen through the eyes of an important participant; and combines the virtues of both religious history and biography. Assuming, however, that the English Reformation under Henry VIII and the Catholic reaction under "Bloody" Mary are worth study and that a good way to study them will be to know at first hand some person really involved in those movements, whom to pick? It is so easy to pick a dummy, some famous fellow whose only claim to immortality is that of a figure-head. What we want is a man with a mind of his own, a human being first, and a "public" man afterwards; or to put it plainly, let him first be important in the eyes of God and then later of his contemporaries. Dr. Muller picked Stephen Gardiner, whose biography incidentally had never been written.

Gardner was an advocate, a judge, an ambassador, Bishop of Winchester, a royal counsellor, Lord Chancellor, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was eminent as a humanist, a legist, a theologian, a diplomatist, and in every capacity as a conservative. He knew everybody. As he truthfully remarked, "almost all that have been notable have been of my special acquaintance." Wolsey called him his "other half" when Gardiner went to Rome to secure Henry VIII's annulment; and Henry himself, after Wolsey's fall, called Gardiner his own "right hand." On the face of it, then, Gardiner's reaction to the persons and events of his time should prove interesting. This powerful if unoriginal thinker, this conservative in all things, "very loth to condescend to any innovations," is moreover typical of a class of sixteenth-century churchmen who ardently persecuted Protestants, regretfully but positively, as one persecutes pacifists today. "Living in a commonwealth, men must conform themselves to the more part in authority." We think so today, but since the religious questions that agitated Tudor England have been largely shelved, not solved, or have assumed other forms—economic, for instance—we are inclined to condemn Gardiner and his sort for their brisk surgical attacks on heresy.

"Besides, he is easy to attack, this "arrogant bishop" with his "proud stomach," this Jesuitical diplomat—"wily Winchester," as John Foxe called him. Aside from his posts and honors he really was a masterful and energetic personality. For example, when he was locked in the Tower in Edward's reign, "busy Gardiner" wrote six books in five years, setting forth his theological position.

Altogether an excellent work, sane, interesting to any thoughtful person, and genuinely scholarly, this book has passed relatively unnoticed and will so continue. One admires the publishers' courage for leading so forlorn a hope. On the one hand it is not the vital, dynamic, and synthetic stuff with which American history-purveyors are now so generous to a gaping and credulous public, eager as always for "the dope." On the other hand, it is not the "newer biography." Gardiner had no complexes, or anyhow Dr. Miller never discusses them.

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS. Translated by J. S. Shedlock. Selected and Edited by Eaglefield-Hall. E. P. Dutton. 1926.

Valuable additions are rapidly being made to Dent's "International Library of

(*Continued on next page*)

THE GREAT

ISLAND

by Don C. Seitz

A history and portrayal of the Crown Island of Newfoundland, set down by a famous American journalist-historian. *Illustrated.* $3.00

CENTURY—*Enduring Books*

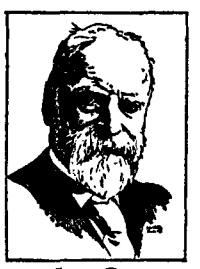
NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

This Believing World
by Lewis Browne
Author of "Stranger Than Fiction"
Will Durant says in the *New York Herald Tribune:* "The complex story of the rise and fall of supernatural belief . . . written . . . with transparent clearness. He has brought the entire procession of the world's faiths upon one canvas . . . Will add to the enlightenment of its readers."
Illustrated by the author $3.50

From "This Believing World"

The New Outline of History
by H. G. Wells
This is not the original Wells *Outline* brought up to date, but a new, rewritten text, with many additions and emendations. More than 800 pictures and color plates make it a pictorial story of mankind. It is printed by the litho offset process and handsomely bound in a new format. 2 vols. $15.00

Religion in the Making
by Alfred North Whitehead
A brilliant examination of the flux of the religious conceptions and thought of the present day, by the author of "Science and the Modern World." $1.50



James Bryce

James Bryce
A Biography
by H. A. L. Fisher
The first full-length portrait of an unusual person — Lord Bryce, former Ambassador to the United States, and known to thousands as author of "The American Commonwealth."
2 vols. $8.00

Holism and Evolution
by Gen. Jan C. Smuts
An original and suggestive essay in philosophy by a distinguished soldier and statesman. $3.50

A Short History of Marriage
by Edward Westermarck
The monumental "History of Human Marriage" has been written into a new one-volume edition, which is handy and comprehensive. $5.00

The Collecting of Antiques
by Esther Singleton
An expert on antiques has put the accurate knowledge gained from a lifetime of study into this authoritative guide for collectors. Profusely illustrated $7.50

My Own Story
by Fremont Older
The editor of the San Francisco *Call* relates a chapter in the history of one of our great cities. It is vigorous and colorful. $3.50

Fremont Older

Trail Makers of the Middle Border
by Hamlin Garland
In this wholesome, charming story of the Middle Border he knows so well, Hamlin Garland has written another classic of the pioneers who conquered the continent. Illustrated $2.50

You Can't Win
by Jack Black
Harry Leon Wilson says: "I found myself at the end wanting more." $2.00

The World That Was
by John G. Bowman
The most tender and wistful picture of childhood since "When We Were Very Young". $1.50

Jack Black

Good Bye Stranger
by Stella Benson
A clever novel by one of the cleverest of women writers. $2.00

Far End
by May Sinclair
"Concise.. brilliant.. clothed with life." Harry Hansen in *N. Y. World.* $2.00

King Goshawk and the Birds
by Eimar O'Duffy
A fantasy in the manner of James Stephens, spiced with wit and satire. A brilliant first book by a young Irish writer. $2.50

The Chariot of Fire
by Bernard De Voto
A dramatic story of religious fanaticism on the frontier — evangelical excess portrayed with unsparing realism. $2.50

Sara Teasdale
Dark of the Moon
The first volume of poetry from Sara Teasdale in five years. $1.50

James Stephens
Collected Poems
A beautiful edition, containing all of James Stephens verse. $3.00

Thomas Hardy
Collected Poems
"Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles" is added to this edition. $4.00

John G. Neihardt
Collected Poems
The first collection of the works of America's epic poet. $4.00

Edgar Lee Masters
Lee: A Dramatic Poem
General Robert E. Lee portrayed in an original and dramatic work. $2.00

New York Boston Chicago **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** Atlanta Dallas San Francisco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published

LOUIS BROMFIELD'S

bold and brilliant chronicle of New England

EARLY AUTUMN

By the author of "The Green Bay Tree" and "Possession"

This third panel in the author's "screen" of American life pictures an old New England family, drained of its vigor, yet fighting desperately to preserve its worn-out traditions in the turbulence of modern life. Against this stormy background moves a double love story. John Clair Minot of the *Boston Herald* says, *"Here is a novel that will make New England sit up and take notice. . . . A big and sobering pageant of our changing New England.* $2.00

IT HAPPENED IN PEKING — *By LOUISE JORDAN MILN, Author of "Mr. Wu," etc.*

China during the Boxer rebellion is the thrilling background for as delightful a love story as Mrs. Miln has ever written. $2.00

SHOT TOWERS — *By JOHN T. McINTYRE, Author of "Blowing Weather," etc.*

A hearty novel of the early 80's of which the *Philadelphia Record* says: "Here is the real woof of enduring romance, lavish with color and wit and irony." $2.50

WEST WIND — *By CROSBIE GARSTIN, Author of "The Owls' House," etc.*

Bold deeds on land and sea. "Read 'West Wind.' Its red blood is hot and human, its poesy and romance are true."—*Philadelphia Ledger.* $2.00

THE BLUE CASTLE — *By L. M. MONTGOMERY, Author of "Anne of Green Gables," etc.*

A delightful romance of the North Woods of which the *St. Paul News* says, "For sheer pleasure in reading a good story, fresh and clean, this novel is hard to beat." $2.00

For complete descriptions of these and our many other unusually interesting new books, write for a free, postpaid, Holiday Catalog, 48 pages, illustrated.

Publishers FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY New York

The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Books on Music." The latest to hand is a new abridged edition of J. S. Shedlock's translation of Beethoven's letters together with the explanatory notes of Dr. A. C. Kalischer. This is much handier than the original edition of 1909 in two volumes, and saves the general reader the trouble of weeding out the less significant letters. The preface by Shedlock is very worth while.

Dr. Kalischer's notes are full of information, but they tend to explain away anything which would put Beethoven in an unfavorable light, or to be totally lacking when explanations would of necessity reveal unwelcome truths, as in the case of Beethoven's letters to prospective publishers of his great Mass, or his appeals for help from the London Philharmonic Society. Those who care to know the whole story of these matters should consult the third volume of Thayer's "Life of Beethoven."

The identity of the "Immortal Beloved" becomes less and less important with the passage of time, while it will always be interesting to know that Beethoven expressed in a letter to some unnamed person the same kind of emotion that is felt in his most romantic music. But Kalischer in his lengthy note on the subject shows a so much more exclusive devotion to the idea of the Countess Guicciardi than Beethoven himself did, that the reader must be put on his guard. When Krehbiel edited Thayer's "Life of Beethoven" in 1920, at least twelve years after Kalischer had written his notes, he weighed all the evidence and considered the question still unsettled.

In the letters as a whole one has to plough through a good many prosaic details of business, housekeeping, personal quarrels, and legal disputes. These prove that Beethoven was not always driven against his will to descend from a dream-world to attack the problems of everyday life, but that they were vividly present to his mind and furnished an outlet for that extraordinary energy which music alone could not consume. And in the midst of humdrum communications there are sentences and paragraphs which, like a number of Beethoven's entire letters, reveal the thoughts of a great artist and the emotions of a great heart.

A GIRL FROM CHINA (SOUMAY TCHENG). By B. VAN VORST. Stokes. 1926. $2.

Unique among contemporary autobiographies seems to be this life-story of a Chinese girl, the rebel daughter of an ancient and powerful family of the Mandarin class. Miss Tcheng in early childhood first evinced signs of revolt against Celestial traditions by refusing to subject her feet to the custom of binding. When the revolution of 1911 broke again at the Manchu dynasty, though but seventeen, she was conspicuously active in organizing the patriots of Young China, in planning and carrying out for the attainment of their cause projects which frequently entailed the risk of her life. During the last decade, while residing principally in Paris, she has worked ceaselessly for the advancement of her country, for the emancipation and enlightenment of China's womankind, for the liberalizing of education, for a unified government, and for fair dealing by the Powers in their relations with her native land. In all truth, a remarkable personality, she is the first Oriental woman to gain the degree of Doctor of Law at the University of Paris.

THE LIFE OF STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, FOUNDER OF TEXAS, 1793-1826. A Chapter in the Westward Movement of the Anglo-American People. By EUGENE C. BARKER. Nashville: Cokesbury Press. 1925. $5.

Students of the frontier in American history have long felt the need of a biography of Stephen F. Austin. The paucity of literature concerning Austin has been due rather to the absence of published sources than to a lack of appreciation by historical scholars of the importance of his career. Not until 1924 was a considerable portion of the inedited material respecting the Austin family published under the editorship of Professor Barker. The bulk of the sources concerning this enterprising family was preserved in the Austin papers which were given by descendants of Moses Austin to the University of Texas. These manuscripts were composed of such material as letters, petitions, and business memoranda. In the preparation of this book the author has supplemented that valuable collection by means of documents secured from other archival collections located in the former Spanish dominions in America.

In one of those quotations which enliven this book Austin appropriately likened his work to that of a pioneer farmer in the western wilderness: "I have been clearing away brambles, laying foundations, sowing the seed." The biography begins with an account of the lineage and migrations of the Austin family. It sketches the career of Moses Austin, the Connecticut Yankee who merely caught a glimpse of the promised land in New Spain. It gives a detailed narrative of his son, Stephen F. Austin, and of his part in the enactment of the imperial colonization law of January 4, 1823, under which he became the first American impresario in Texas. The manner in which Austin bade "an everlasting farewell" to his native land and became a citizen of Mexico is vividly described as well as the way in which he planted a colony in Texas and tried to make the Anglo-American community a model state in the Mexican system. In many of its pages the biography describes with a wealth of detail the manner in which Austin acted for several years as chief magistrate in the most important American colony in Texas. The character and ideals of the hero are discussed in a luminous chapter entitled "Austin and His Work as Seen by Himself."

Not the least interesting part of this volume is that which reveals how Austin was gradually converted from one who originally believed in a magnificent future for a Mexican province peopled by enterprising Americans to one who became convinced that the future of Texas could only be insured by annexation to the United States. Seldom is it given to a man to epitomize his career more accurately than did this entrepreneur of colonization: "The prosperity of Texas has been the object of my labors, the idol of my existence. It has assumed the character of a *religion* for the guidance of my thoughts and actions, for fifteen years."

This monographic biography is a most useful contribution to the literature concerning American expansion. It furnishes an interesting and reliable life of one who was foremost among those frontiersmen who with ax and plow and rifle won the Hispanic Southwest for the United States.

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE FIRST CIVILIZED AMERICAN

BY PHILLIPS RUSSELL

DO YOU KNOW ?

WHY Franklin signed his first writings with a woman's name?

WHY Franklin helped to revise the English Prayer Book?

WHY Franklin quarreled with John Adams?

WHY Franklin avoided drafting the Declaration of Independence?

WHY Franklin, in his youth, was never able to save money?

WHAT French woman wrote Franklin one hundred and nineteen love letters?

WHAT attracted Franklin to the famous "Hell Fire Club" in London?

WHAT was Franklin's most troublesome, self-confessed weakness?

WHAT were the principles of Franklin's "Art of Virtue"?

IN this unconventional biography, you encounter an undiscovered Franklin. It reveals phases of his life unknown to most of his countrymen. Incidents previously unchronicled and documents hitherto unpublished serve to rescue the great man from the myth-makers.

While a complete narrative of Franklin's life and career is given, even to the so-called "suppressed Franklin letters", its effect is but to increase his stature.

Richly and profusely illustrated with rare photographs, engravings and fac-simile letters. Gold stamped cover, superbly printed and bound. ($5.00)

N. B.

THIS advertisement was prepared according to the principles of Franklin's "Socratic method."

Publisher BRENTANO'S New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The reviewer believes that its value to historical investigators would have been somewhat enhanced if the author had included in his bibliographical essay the complete titles of items which are mentioned in his footnotes. The occasional lack of correlation between the footnotes and the bibliography is likewise to be deplored. Yet such faults of technic scarcely lessen the interest or value of the book to the general reader. In the main the patient and industrious author has done his work well. It will not be his fault if legends should arise about Stephen Austin resembling those which developed about Daniel Boone or Marcus Whitman. Future historians may perhaps describe the career of the Founder of the Texan Commonwealth in more glowing words or felicitous phrases than those employed by Professor Barker, but they will not soon be able to dispense with the solid foundations of fact which he has so carefully laid in this pioneer biography.

Drama

THE OSTRICHES. A Political Fantasy after The Frogs of Aristophanes. By GORDON KING. New York: Milton I. D. Einstein. 1926.

The sub-title Mr. King has given his closet drama sounds like an ambitious gesture. But as a matter of fact, it is exact and descriptive. In "The Frogs" Aristophanes makes Dionysius descend into Hades because he has urgent need of a poet to reform the manners and morals in the Athens of 406 B. C. The consequence is a highly comic scramble between Euripides and Æschylus for the place of first tragic poet.

Mr. King, taking his formula from Aristophanes, and, perhaps, his elaborate stage directions and his engaging perversity from Shaw, sends an old line Republican, a Republican insurgent, and a Democratic National Committeeman down to Hades. They want to bring back Roosevelt to save the nation. The scene is laid in the Mount Vernon Political Club where, under portraits of John Locke, Hume, Shaftsbury, Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Bishop Berkeley, the great eighteenth century Americans play chess, bet, philosophize, and sip wine, rum, and champagne.

It is a pleasant conception. Mr. King makes much of the opportunity to show Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Franklin in intimate and unguarded moments and of the opportunity to confront them with their—extremely distant—disciples who conduct the political affairs of our own generation.

The delegates interview Roosevelt in the presence of the fathers, and Jefferson and Hamilton utter opinions widely at variance with the Jeffersonian and Hamiltonian canons—to the great perplexity and consternation of the modern demagogues who have so long found the great names convenient for generating political enthusiasms. Jefferson and Hamilton unite in thinking well of the Socialist party, Eugene Debs, and pacifists. When Hamilton deprecates his great financial reputation, King, with real wit, makes Roosevelt say, "Let us lay aside matters of finances, for recently the Republican party has never lacked the best financial counsel in the world."

In "The Frogs" Aristophanes wrote to correct abuses in the state, and Mr. King, too, sets up in a modest way as a censor. The parallel should not be forced; what Mr. King did was in effect to borrow a form, as the seventeenth century character writers did when they wrote satirical skits after the classical manner on human foibles. Under the student's lamp this "Political Fantasy," if the student be politically minded, exhibits an amusing employment of the American fathers and the American scene to show that we are not what we seem, and that biography, like history, is but fiction agreed upon.

Education

STORY WRITING. By F. M. PERRY. Holt. 1926.

Professor Perry's volume is specifically designed for classes in advanced short story courses, but it may be owned with profit by any writer or interested reader of short stories, irrespective of academic status. Although there are brief and suggestive lesson outlines in fine print at the end of each chapter, the bulk of the work consists of critical essays on such masters of the craft as Poe, Chekhov, Conrad, Henry James, Sherwood Anderson, and Katherine Mansfield. The author's chief interest is, befittingly, in technique. Professor Perry, however, is much too able a critic to suppose that technique can ever be divorced from content. A splendid effort is made in each case to get at just what the writer is trying to say and just why he says it in this particular form. Less success is achieved with Poe than with the others, as justice is not done to the genuine mysticism in Poe's make-up, a defect, however, which Professor Perry shares with nearly every other critic of Poe. The chapter on the Russian Realists and the analytic studies of Conrad and Henry James are written with subtle penetration, while the treatment of Sherwood Anderson is quite the best thing that this reviewer has ever read on that much-discussed author. One is even willing to forgive the intrusion of Michael Arlen among his betters in the book when Professor Perry writes of him as appreciatively and persuasively as he does.

One lays down his volume with an unregenerate regret that it should have appeared as a text-book rather than as a work of literary criticism. Yet this very regret is in reality the highest testimonial of praise, since it is only when a textbook is more than a text-book that it can be regarded as of genuine educational value.

STATEMENT AND INFERENCE. By JOHN COOK WILSON. Edited by A. S. L. Farquharson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. 2 vols.

John Cook Wilson, Professor of Logic in Oxford University from 1889 to his death in 1915, left a profound impression as a scholar and teacher on the Oxford of his generation. It was said of him at the time of his death that "for many years he had been by far the most influential philosophical teacher at Oxford," and that "since Green no one had held a place so important in these studies." The two volumes, "Statement and Inference," give to the world Professor Wilson's lectures on logic, as brought together from many manuscripts and notes (sometimes, the notes of students) dating from 1874 to 1904. Other philosophical papers of later date on metaphysical and logical topics, *e.g.*, the nature of Universals, of Classes, of a "Thing," of Divine and Human Consciousness, Rational Grounds of a Belief in God, are included, together with a number of familiar letters and some philosophical correspondence with Bernard Bosanquet, and Mr. H. A. Prichard. The editor prefaces the two volumes with a biographical memoir, which gives an intimate picture of Professor Wilson against the background of the Oxford of his day. Thus the volumes have interest not only as a collection of philosophical studies, but as a record of Oxford life in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Though he was a pupil of T. H. Green, Professor Wilson is somewhat out of line with the idealistic tradition in philosophy which prevailed at Oxford during that period. The editor remarks that Professor Wilson expressed in private grave doubts of the idealistic position, though he continued to give a formal exposition of it in his lectures. Yet, on the other hand, the logical doctrines of these published writings are not sympathetic with the modern movement of mathematical logic. Professor Wilson believes that "the method of logic cannot be mathematical, because mathematics is a special science and the methods of the sciences are a part of logic's object matter." But this argument can have little weight in the face of the actual achievement of a work such as Messrs. Whitehead and Russell's "Principia Mathematica," which shows that pure mathematics is an extension of formal logic, by a strict process of analysis of the basic ideas of logic. Professor Wilson's logic remains within the Aristotelian tradition; indeed, some of his most able scholarly work is found in his comments on Aristotle.

No philosophical system and no single point of view emerges from this collection of lectures and papers, but as a series of detailed examinations of difficult logical and metaphysical questions, it will be of value to all students of philosophy.

Fiction

THE DOOR WITH SEVEN LOCKS. By EDGAR WALLACE. Doubleday, Page. 1926.

This story cannot hurt its author's reputation for eerie mystery tales. It has an obvious villain, Dr. Stalletti, whose biological experiments tend toward the creation of human monsters, and it has an even more evil villain whose outward life is open and respectable. It takes young Dick Martin to unmask him, but not until one horror after another has attended the opening of the seven locks of the sinister Selford tomb. Mr. Wallace has a *flair* for the gruesome and is a master of the art of suspense. And one must not demand too great a degree of plausibility in stories designed to create

(*Continued on page 216*)

The Third in——

"A SERIES that is, to put it mildly, a breath taking, Herculanean project, to which Mr. Ford thus far has done complete justice. They are the summation of the close of an epoch. One of the notable important contributions of the present century to the English novel."—*New York Times.*

FORD MADOX FORD is considered one of the finest masters of the art of writing today In embarking upon the cycle of novels beginning with *Some Do Not . . .* and continuing with *No More Parades and A Man Could Stand Up,* he achieves a picture of British society from prewar days to the present. Comparable only to the undertakings of Proust and Galsworthy, Ford runs through his epic the whole gamut of human nature.

A Mirror To France is "one of the best books that has appeared of late years, showing in a flash what volumes of labored history could not do."

A MAN COULD STAND UP

FORD MADOX FORD

SOME DO NOT . . .

NO MORE PARADES

A MIRROR TO FRANCE

Each volume $2.50

JARNEGAN

By JIM TULLY

By the author of "Beggars of Life"

For thirteen years, or since the hobo days described in his classic of biographies, *Beggars of Life,* Jim Tully has lived in Hollywood as writer, player, reader for the studios. *Jarnegan* is the first honestly written novel of Hollywood. The central character, a man who rises to the position of the greatest director in the picture industry, is a type new to fiction.

George Jean Nathan says:

"There is no more interesting and alive writer in the country today than Jim Tully. If you need proof, consult his *Jarnegan.* You will have to search far in contemporary fiction to find a character so brilliantly pinned to life."

Was Jesus a Myth?

"Georg Brandes, the world-famous Danish author and critic, has once more flung a challenge in the face of established ideas. The thesis of his new book is that Jesus is a wholly fictitious and legendary a figure as Hercules, Prometheus or William Tell."—*The World.*

JESUS

A MYTH

By GEORG BRANDES

Translated from the Danish by EDWIN BJORKMAN $2.00

Another Inspector French Story

THE CHEYNE MYSTERY

by F. WILLS CROFTS

Inspector French, the Sherlock Holmes of today, solves his problems by sound, common sense with a touch of genius. This is the most puzzling mystery the author of *The Cask* and *The Groote Park Murder* has yet written. $2.00

STYRBIORN THE STRONG

by E. R. EDDISON

"By some magic far different from the common magic of the art I know, I am made aware of and become a part of a new world."

This tribute to Mr. Eddison's Prowess in the unknown magic of romance can be made with equal justice to his new novel—a tale of mighty adventure, of love and high conquest in the Norse lands of old. Truly a story that will keep children from play and old men from the chimney corner. *Illustrated by Keith Henderson.* $2.00

ANNOUNCEMENT

On October 25th,

WILL ROGERS' new book of humor,

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

will be published. There are many illustrations by Herbert Johnson. The price will be $2.00.

Also to be published on October 25th will be

THE SINGING CROW

the latest book of poetry by the wonder girl of Brooklyn,

NATHALIA CRANE

It is beautifully illustrated in color and black and white by Mac Harshberger. $2.00

Albert & Charles Boni 66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY – Letters to Eliza & other pieces

by Laurence Sterne

With an Introduction by Wilbur L. Cross

Contains the complete, unabridged text of A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, the noted letters to Eliza, and selections from Sterne's other correspondence, his Journals and his Sermons. With the previously published TRISTRAM SHANDY, it makes a virtually complete edition of Laurence Sterne. Each volume $3.50. 2 vols. boxed $7.00.

CLASSICS WORTHILY MADE

BONI & LIVERIGHT are publishing a series of classics, beautifully made, clearly printed and so priced that they are within the means of the average book buyer. For this series, such great books are chosen as are either difficult to obtain, or are available only in cheap, small print editions.

Already Published

The Travels of Marco Polo
(The Venetian) 3rd Edition
Octavo—$3.50

Tristram Shandy
by Laurence Sterne
With an Introduction by Wilbur L. Cross
3rd Edition
8 vo. $3.50

BONI & LIVERIGHT

Published This Season

The Physiology of Taste
by Brillat-Savarin
Holds the same place in the literature of table pleasures that the Compleat Angler holds in the literature of fishing.
Octavo—$3.50

The Complete Poems of Villon
The famous new, complete and unabridged translation by John Heron Lepper together with the complete John Payne version and renderings by Swinburne, Rossetti, Symons, and Ezra Pound. Not in the same format.
Special 12 mo. $3.50

61 W. 48th St., N.Y.

GOOD BOOKS

A new star is reported in the brilliant galaxy of English writers.

Miss Tiverton Goes Out

is a very remarkable novel indeed. It holds aloft, beautifully and proudly, the depressed banner of the psychological novel. —*New York Times*

$2.50 at all Stores BOBBS-MERRILL

SHOW BOAT

SHOW BOAT, Edna Ferber's story of the ol' Mississip', is not only the best-selling novel of the year, but according to the Baker & Taylor Co., it is twice as popular as the "best-seller" last year. At bookstores, $2. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

TRAILS of the TROUBADOURS

Raimon de Loi

Gloriously informal stories of princes and poets, kings of fighting men and kings of love . . . stories of lovely ladies, as fair as they were frail . . . of many a glorious hour of life and many a romance known beneath the rose. . . . Mr. de Loi has caused to live again the Age of Romance, and with it gallant lovers long ago turned dust. Illus. $3.00

CENTURY— *Enduring Books*

Books of the Fall

By Amy Loveman

NO LONGER ago than when he finished the Preface to "Eminent Victorians" Mr. Lytton Strachey could bemoan the fact that the writing of biography had fallen upon evil days in England. And Mr. Philip Guedalla not much later could level the shafts of his insolent wit upon the "historians' English" which was not "a style but an industrial disease," and which was at its unhappiest to his mind when it dealt with character. But both Mr. Strachey and Mr. Guedalla were writing before themselves; since their emergence pungency and Freud have lent an immense vogue to biography, and the general hospitality toward biographical writing has stimulated scholarship to vivacity. The most notable fact of the fall publishing season is the prominence to which biography has attained in its lists, and the variety of its memoirs.

In the general interest in personality commoner and nobility share. Here on the one hand, for instance, are a life of Charles II, the Merry Monarch, by John Drinkwater (Doran), a revolutionary study of George IV, by Shane Leslie (Little, Brown), a translation of Emil Ludwig's "Napoleon" (Boni & Liveright), and another of the "War Diary of Emperor Frederick III" (Stokes), a journal covering the portentous year, 1870-1871, while there on the other hand, are Bob Sherwood's "Here We Are Again" (Bobbs-Merrill), a volume in which a circus clown reveals some of the labor, the triumphs, and the pathos of the "mud opera," Charles Stelzle's "A Son of the Bowery" (Doran), Jack Black's "You Can't Win," wherein is set forth the futility of attempting to capture the world by strong-arm methods and the manner in which a criminal became an honest man, and "Lord" George Sanger's "Seventy Years a Showman" (Dutton), another personal narrative of circus life. By way of contrast to these latter books are the biographies of two Renaissance notabilities; against the colorful background of their age Carlo Gesualdo, a prince who in addition to being one of the greatest musicians of his day boasts the distinction of having committed a "perfect murder," and Vespasiano da Bisticci, a bookseller of the Italian Renaissance, whose memoirs have now first been translated into English, stand out in high relief. The life of Gesualdo has been chronicled by Cecil Gray and Philip Heseltine (Dial), and the "Vespasiano Memoirs" (Dial), of course, are autobiographical.

Napoleon, we believe, has had more written about him than any other single figure in history, but Washington and Lincoln are piling up a respectable literature in their own right. Under the title "George Washington: The Image and the Man," (Boni & Liveright), William E. Woodward has furnished an interesting interpretation, while Rupert Hughes in his "George Washington" (Morrow), has set forth the personality of the first President in the unvarnished guise which called forth so much newspaper publicity at the time that the gist of his material was enunciated in an address. Of different type is the pictorial biography of Washington, by Walter Edwin Peck, which Macmillan is shortly to issue. Despite the fact that Sandburg's "Lincoln" is not yet a year old, new books on the Civil War President are making their appearance. By weaving together material from letters, public utterances, and documents of various kinds, Nathaniel Wright Stephenson has produced what he calls "The Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln" (Bobbs-Merrill), a volume which has interest but which is of less importance than Mr. Stephenson's forthcoming book of his own on Lincoln (Bobbs-Merrill). Lincoln, regarded not as the man, but in his relation to public life, is the subject of another volume announced for fall publication, C. Ballard's "Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln" (Oxford), while his administration comes in for notice in "Constitutional Problems under Lincoln," by J. G. Randall (Appleton). Still another biography that promises much of interest is Phillips Russell's study of what he terms the "first Civilized American," Benjamin Franklin (Brentanos), a work which contains many heretofore unpublished documents such as "Advice to Young Men," the love letters of celebrated Frenchwomen addressed to Franklin, and other material of piquant character. A less known American, but one whose life was full of adventure and interest, moves with vivacity in the pages of the narrative, (McBride) now published for the first time, in which Samuel Hancock recounts his overland journey to Oregon in 1845, his exploration of Puget Sound, and his part in the gold rush. Americans so long since took Lord Bryce to their hearts that the biography of him by the former Minister of Education of Great Britain," H. A. L. Fisher (Macmillan), should find an enthusiastic welcome. There should be much of interest in the volume which the former Editor of the London *Daily News*, Alfred G. Gardiner, is soon to issue under the title "Portraits and Portents" (Harpers), and also in Ford K. Brown's "Life of William Godwin" (Dutton), a work which despite the fact that its author is rather acridly critical of his hero is nevertheless an excellent handling of his personality and influence. Perhaps most piquant of the studies of great men in its conjunction of subject and authorship is Clemenceau's "Demosthenes," a book in which the Grand Old Man of France finds opportunity, under the guise of recounting the ideas of the Greek statesman, to set forth some of his own theories.

Among the diversified collection of memoirs which the present season has brought forth, no single group equals in extent that of the literary biography. From "The Letters of Horace Walpole" (Harpers), and the "Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni" (Knopf), the list ranges to Rider Haggard's "The Days of My Life" (Little, Brown), and Jerome K. Jerome's "My Life and Times" (Harpers.) The New England School of American literature is represented by Bliss Perry's selection from the ten volumes of Emerson's journals entitled "The Heart of Emerson's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin); Hervey Allen's, "Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe" (Doran), a biography full of meat; Mary E. Phillips's two-volume essay in vindication of Poe's character (Winston), "The Letters of Louise Imogene Guiney" (Harpers), and Herbert Gorman's "A Victorian American" (Doran), a study of the poet against the background of his epoch. The poet of Manhattan comes in for his share of attention in Emory Holloway's "Walt Whitman" (Knopf).

Since his death Anatole France has been *the subject of a steadily growing literature.* The present season adds to it Barry Cerf's scathing portrayal of what he terms the degeneration of an artist (Dial), and the more anecdotal and picturesque "Anatole France, Voyageur" (Holt), an account by his secretary, Jean Jacques Brousson, of his journey to South America. France, the country this time not the man, claims also a life of "The Young Voltaire" (Longmans, Green), by Cleveland B. Chase, and two volumes on Maupassant, one Robert E. Sherrard's "The Life, the Work, and the Evil Fate of Guy de Maupassant" (Brentanos), and the other the study of Maupassant by Ernest Boyd (Knopf), who has for some time past been editing an edition of his works. One of the most vivid of the current biographies is by a Frenchman, Blaise Cendrars, but is itself not concerned with one of the dramatic figures of American gold rush days. In vividness, picturesqueness, and literary quality, "Sutter's Gold," stands out as one of the most noteworthy books in the current biographical list.

Among the most impressive of its publications is the Julian Edition of the complete works of Percy Bysshe Shelley (Scribners), a set in ten volumes newly edited, with introduction and critical and biographical notes, by Roger Ingpen and Walter E. Peck. As the edition, which includes the correspondence as well as the prose works and poems of Shelley, is the production of Mr. Stanley Morison, it is notable for its appearance as well as its contents. A less ambitious venture in the same field is the "Shelley: His Life and Work" (Small, Maynard), of Walter Edward Peck. In "The Life of Swinburne," by T. Earle Welby (Doran), another English poet of importance is studied, while students of more recent literary history will be interested in "The Letters of Maurice Hewlett" (Small, Maynard). For the lovers of Russian fiction is a life of Turgenev (Century), by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Readers whose taste is for biography with a religious bearing will welcome Paul Van Dyke's "Ignatius Loyola" (Scribner), R. F. Dibble's "Mohammed," (Viking), Middleton Murry's "Jesus, Man of Genius" (Harpers), Bishop Lawrence's and Bishop Brown's "My Heresy: The Autobiology of an Idea," (Day), "Memories of a Happy Life" (Houghton Mifflin), while those to whom the drama makes appeal will want Charles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edward Russell's "Julia Marlowe" (Appleton), and those again whose fancy is for history will desire Henry Dwight Sedgwick's "Cortés the Conqueror" (Bobbs-Merrill) and Albert Mathiez's "Robespierre" (Knopf). Those who were interested in "The Education of Henry Adams" will find in "The Great American Ass" (Brentanos), an anonymous biography portraying the sufferings and revolt of a soul writhing against the restraints of Puritan tradition that should hold their attention. The scientifically inclined will secure food for their liking in Gamaliel Bradford's "Darwin" (Houghton Mifflin), though the book, to be sure, deals rather with the personal aspects of its subject than with his doctrine, and in Frederic William Wile's "Life of Emile Berliner" (Bobbs-Merrill), inventor of the telephone transmitter, the lateral disc talking machine, and the microphone. For that group which enjoys a dash of gossip in its memoirs are Lewis Melville's "Regency Ladies" (Doran), Cyril Hughes Hartmann's "The Vagabond Duchess" (Dutton), the chronicle of that Duchess Mazarin who left the court of France to become the mistress of Charles II of England; Emile Magne's "Ninon de Lanclos" (Holt), and "The Book Without a Name" (Brentanos), which is also a book without an author, for it is the anonymously published journal of an English lady of the eighteenth century, containing the letters of this unmarried mother to her son. Quite apart from these books both in character and time, but one which is of pertinence as well as interest, is Helen R. Woodward's "Through Many Windows" (Harpers), the account of a business woman's career and struggle to success. Mrs. Woodward's volume is one that should repeat the success of such a book as "The Long Day," which many years ago attained wide popularity.

Passing from biography to history we reach first those books that lie on the borderland between the two works such as "Fifty Years of the British Parliament" (Little, Brown), in which the Earl of Oxford and Asquith recounts the events of which he was a part and depicts the procession of great personalities who for the past half century have made history in Great Britain, and "Eight Years with Wilson's Cabinet" (Doubleday, Page), in which one of its members, David F. Houston, narrates the discussions of an eventful period. Less recent years find historical record in such books as George M. Trevelyan's admirable "History of England" (Longmans, Green), in Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker's "The American People" (Scribners); Hilaire Belloc's "Miniatures of French History" (Harpers), William Stearns Davis's "Europe Since Waterloo' (Century); William R. Stephens's "The Story of New Amsterdam" (Knopf); Sir Frederic Maurice's "Statesmen and Soldiers of the Civil War" (Little, Brown); "Social Theories of the Middle Ages," by Rede Jarrett (Little, Brown); and P. E. Byrne's "Soldiers of the Plains" (Minton, Balch).

There is this year an unusual number of books on classical times, and those books of considerable importance. Among them are included such works as Jean Capart's "Thebes: The Glory of a Great Past" (Dial); "The Culture of Ancient Greece and Rome," by Frank Poland, Ernest Reisinger, and Richard Wagner (Little, Brown); and the "Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire," by M. Rostovtzeff (Oxford). James Henry Breasted's "Conquest of Civilization" has now been published together with James Harvey Robinson's "Ordeal of Civilization" in a two-volume set under the title "The Human Adventure" (Harpers). Another work that has had a recasting is H. G. Wells's "best-seller," which now under the name "The New Outline of History" (Macmillan), comes forth with many additions and revisions. Readers whose taste is for history of later times rather than for that of ancient days will find much of interest in G. F. Young's "The Medici" (Dutton), Julian Klazco's "Rome and the Renaissance" (Putnams), Selwyn Brinton's "The Golden Age of the Medici" (Small, Maynard), and James T. Shotwell's important "The See of Peter" (Columbia). At once historical and scientific in its bearing is Ellsworth Huntington's "The Pulse of Progress" (Scribners). An odd bit of historical writing is Lincoln Steffens's "Moses in Red," and a picturesque narrative is "Mississippi Steamboatin' " (Holt), by Herbert and Edward Quick.

Impinging on the field of history is the group of books which may be more properly described as belonging to the domain of international affairs. Into this category fall Hamilton J. Armstrong's forthcoming "The New Balkans" (Harpers), Lindsay Rogers's "The American Senate" (Knopf), André Tardieu's "Sisters of Democracy: A Study of Franco-American Relations" (Houghton Mifflin), and Vernon L. Parrington's "Democracy in American Thought" (Harcourt, Brace). Though of different bearing, to this group, too, belong Ford Madox Ford's "A Mirror to France," and J. St. Loe Strachey's "American Soundings" (Appleton); J. Noel Baker's "Disarmament" (Harcourt, Brace), an excellent book in its field; John Carter's "Man Is War" (Bobbs-Merrill); William Ernest Hocking's "Man and the State" (Yale), Nicolai Lenin's "War and Revolution" (International), and "The Political Ideas of the Greeks," by John L. Myers (Abingdon).

The enormous popularity of Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy" has doubtless stirred up an interest in the lay public in a realm that hitherto has been approached with wariness by all but the scholar. For those who wish to pursue further the paths thus opened there is a considerable group of books amongst which to chose. There are, for instance, Frederick J. E. Woodbridge's "The Realm of Mind" (Columbia), C. Wordsworth's "Adventures in Philosophy" (Frank-Maurice), W. H. R. Rivers's "Psychology and Ethnology" (Harcourt, Brace); C. K. Ogden's "The Meaning of Psychology" (Harpers); Ernest S. Holmes's "The Science of Mind" (McBride), and Ralph Barton Perry's "General Theory of Values" (Longmans).

Following the trail blased by Mr. Durant, Lewis Browne has furnished in "This Believing World" (Macmillan) a history of religion as its development is traced through the theological beliefs of the various peoples of the world. The book is brief, considering the vastness of its subject, and brilliantly written and should have a wide public. Covering the same field, but less popular in appeal, is J. H. Robinson's "An Outline Introduction to the History of Religions" (Oxford), and of more philosophical bearing is Alfred N. Whitehead's "Religion in the Making" (Macmillan). Two other volumes to be mentioned while on the topic of religion are Robert Shafer's "Christianity and Naturalism," and Harry Emerson Fosdick's "Adventurous Religion," a discussion of more personal bearing.

From religion to murder is a far leap, but it is one that the books of the fall make. It is curious how the number of volumes dealing with the fine art of murder is increasing, and it would be an interesting speculation to try to determine whether the popularity of the detective story or the prevalence of violence in our midst has played a part in their multiplication. Among the latest works of the sort to be announced or published are Edmund Lester Pearson's "Murder at Smutty Nose" (Doubleday, Page); William Bolitho's "Murder for Profit" (Harpers), and Joseph Gollomb's "Master Man Hunters" (Macaulay), this last a narrative based on material drawn from the archives of crime-hunting institutions. Those who are interested in murder may perhaps be interested in Frederic M. Thrasher's "The Gang" (Chicago), where it is often bred, and the same group will turn with attention to Melville Davisson Post's "The Man Hunters" (Sears).

By another flying bound such as that by which we escaped from religion to murder

(*Continued on page 222*)

1468 NEW 1926

OXFORD BOOKS

Satirical Poems. *Published anonymously by William Mason. With notes by Horace Walpole, now first printed from his manuscript. Edited, with an Expose of the Mystification, Notes and Index, by Paget Toynbee.*

Mason's Poems, together with the Notes, are published here exactly from Walpole's original manuscript. In the Expose will be found the evidence for Mason's authorship of the poems and Walpole's knowledge of them. Price $14.00.

Psycho-Analysis for Normal People. *By Geraldine Coster.*

This is a short, practical handbook which sets forth in the simplest possible way the main principles of analytical psychology in its application to the ordinary, normal person. It will be particularly useful to the nurse and teacher, as well as the general reader. Price $1.25.

The Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire. *By M. Rostovtzeff.*

M. Rostovtzeff is a brilliant scholar, who combines daring with erudition. In this first serious attempt to connect the social and economic evolution of the Roman Empire with its constitutional and administrative development, the author makes successful use of this combination of talents. Price $5.00.

A Way of Life. An address delivered to Yale students Sunday evening, April 20, 1913. *By William Osler.*

A short address in which Dr. Osler gives his philosophy of life as helpful in his work or at play. Dr. Cushing's "Life of Sir William Osler," the Pulitzer prize biography for 1925, gives increasing interest to this small volume and to "The Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays." Price 75c.

The Unreformed Senate of Canada. *By Robert A. Mackay. With an Introduction by Geo. M. Wrong.*

"A thorough and impartial examination of the whole problem of the second chamber in Canada has long been needed and this we now have in the present volume, which combines thoroughness of research with an attractive literary style, and will be welcomed as a scientific treatment of a living political problem." From Professor Wrong's Introduction. Price $5.00.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR FROM THE PUBLISHERS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

AMERICAN BRANCH NEW YORK CITY

TURGENEV

The Man, His Art, and His Age—by

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

A powerful biography in the modern fashion of the great Russo-Tartar genius—an artist with much of the tremendous tidal power, the surge and force of the ocean—a man unstable as water. The great age of Tolstoy in his youth, of Renan, Zola, Dostoyevsky, Henry James is recreated in this, the only biography of Turgenev in any language. Most particularly Dr. Yarmolinsky pictures the influence of women on Turgenev, particularly of the gipsy singer whom Turgenev loved his life long, Pauline Viardot, known as La Garcia.

Illustrated. *$4.00*

THE CENTURY CO. — *Publishers of Enduring Books*

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

Second Large Printing Before Publication

A MANIFEST DESTINY

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

Author of "Porto Bello Gold," Etc.

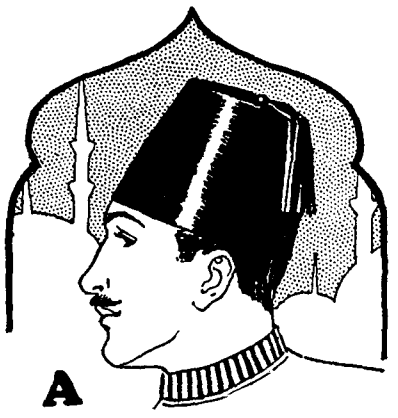
"Mr. Smith has created a remarkable novel out of the historical events that bred the civil war." (DETROIT NEWS)

"A book of never failing interest—not only a great contribution to American history, but to American literature." (CHICAGO EVENING POST)

The amazing story of the epic duel between General Walker, filibuster, and Commodore Vanderbilt, capitalist, and its effect on the destinies of other people. ($2.50)

Publisher BRENTANO'S New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A

WILD GOOSE OF LIMERICK

BY

ACHMED ABDULLAH

Author of "Shackled" "The Swinging Caravan" etc.

A thrilling romance laid in Constantinople during the Young Turk Revolution—set against a background of Oriental color, that only Abdullah could portray.

At all book stores, $2.00

Publishers BRENTANO'S New York

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S BRE

The Two Virginities by Herbert S. Gorman

"A story of rare beauty with a limpid clarity and sharp penetration."($2.00)

New York World.

Macaulay

PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK

DO PEOPLE READ?

"The public is now reading more and better books than ever before in the history of the nation," says John Farrar.

Open a bookshop and sell to this book-reading and *book-buying* public!

Free practical suggestions and advice may be had from the

BOOKSELLING INFORMATION SERVICE
ROOM 777S, 18 WEST 34TH ST., N. Y.

INTRODUCTION TO A NEW FRENCH MASTER

THE THIBAULTS

by ROGER MARTIN DU GARD

Translated by Madeleine Boyd

FRENCH critics call THE THIBAULTS the greatest French novel since Jean Christophe and Proust's Remembrance Of Things Past. Some rank it with Balzac.

FRANCE CALLS THIS NOVEL THE TRUEST AND MOST VIVID PICTURE OF ITS LIFE PRESENTED IN A DECADE.

IT is the story of the sons of two French middle class families. The first important novel in a long time to tell a straight story of the real people of France.

Two volumes (published in France as four) boxed, at all stores. $5.00.

BONI & LIVERIGHT *Publishers* NEW YORK

GOOD BOOKS

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 213*)

SABBATICAL YEAR. By GEORGE SHIVELY. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

When the elders of the Presbyterian church of Kensington, Pennsylvania, met and heard the statement that Philip Willard, their pastor, had "spent at least two weeks in illicit intimacy with Miss Lorna Tallcott," they were not surprised for they had suspected the truth for some time: "the suspicion of carnality which the absence of carnality generates about a minister, especially in his own congregation" had taken care of the situation during his absence. And when Philip returned and defended his action from the pulpit, refusing to resign and protesting that he was a better man than before this experience, his congregation naturally voted for his dismissal, two to one.

Many a reader will feel that the congregation was thoroughly justified, if only because their pastor betrayed so curious a mentality in failing to understand that the problem was not merely personal. In fact it is a little difficult to believe in either Philip or Lorna. Nothing that the author tells us of these agreeable young people prepares us to accept their premature honeymoon as plausible or necessary. They seem to have been wantonly used in a "daring" situation to further an illogical piece of reasoning.

All this would be less serious if Mr. Shively did not write so well. His touch, however, is sure and light, and his tale very entertaining. One cannot help wishing, therefore, that his undeniable gifts for humorous observation and amusing satire might have been matched in this novel by a corresponding gift for making human beings come to life under his pen, and that his plot and characters might have been as credible as they are diverting. Nor would one be tempted to demand so much perhaps if Mr. Shively, in "Initiation" and "Sabbatical Year" together, had not shown that he is capable of even more.

ROYAL HIGHNESS. Translated from the German of THOMAS MANN. By A. CECIL CURTIS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Compared with "Buddenbrooks" or "Death in Venice," this must be regarded as one of Mann's minor pieces. By subject-matter it is conditioned to fall short of the rich inclusive humanity of the Buddenbrooks saga and of the subtle æsthetic values which inform "Death in Venice;" by method it falls short not only of their significance, but also of their interest. A large part of it must be branded as dull. Yet with its realistic detail it has an unmistakable kinship with "Buddenbrooks," besides sharing in common one aspect of motivation—the responsibility which position imposes upon an individual, the obligation demanded by a name. For Tom Buddenbrooks the family name was a lifelong consideration, and for Klaus Heinrich, heir apparent to the throne of Grimmsburg, the royal names prove the same thing. Neither has any personal freedom in the largest sense, neither, fortunately, is irresponsible or individual enough to crave it. Tom at least has a real family pride to sustain him, where Klaus has only weariness. But in both books it is a weaker member of the family who cuts adrift: the Christian of "Buddenbrooks" is lightly reproduced here in Prince Lambert.

This very sober story of Klaus Heinrich is less a development of character than a picture of character fixed by circumstances. It is also a thoroughly glamourless picture of the life of royalty. For all its deficiencies, it is perhaps the one modern picture of that life which is convincing. It could scarcely be farther removed, if it tried, from the "Prisoner of Zenda" tradition. It is more searching in its realism than a book like Couperus's "Majesty," because, though Couperus was not romantic, he pictured royalty exactly like ourselves; and Mann knows they are not. Their life is infinitely more circumscribed; they are a spectacle, a tradition, a convention; they are not unlike us and they are not like other great people of the earth, because the others can make use of their greatness to do as they please, and these folk cannot.

The picture is perhaps somewhat grimmer than it need be. Some of the trouble, one surmises, is that Klaus was a German. A prince of a livelier nation would have had a livelier time. As for the novel itself, some of the trouble lies in a want of human qualities in its people, in a want of those memorable family relationships which distinguish "Buddenbrooks." The comparison is valid, because here are something of the same possibilities. But here too many of the characters are simply sketches. Here the childhood relationship between Klaus and his sister Ditlinde, for example, is only a frugal echo of the relationship between Tom and Toni Buddenbrooks. Even Klaus, for all Herr Mann's care and skill, is hardly more than a figure. "Royal Highness" reveals a realistic method which depends too much upon observation and fact and too little upon creativeness. There are whole chapters which treat of nothing but the political and economic conditions of the duchy; there are countless passages which, though they serve to picture Klaus' routine life, treat of nothing but court ceremonies, civil functions, public speechmaking. The love story is soberly credible, but at no stage intimately real. Perhaps Herr Mann has shown up dull life too well. But some of the dulness does seem to lie in his own presentation, which has a plodding Teutonic quality he does not show elsewhere. Yet the book has its moments of acute comprehension, of wit and penetrating comment, of truth that is more than the facts which compose it. And it shows the mark of a distinguished rather than of a clever or even brilliant writer, in declining the facile gambit of satire for a non-commital presentation implicit with pity and understanding.

THE WOMEN OF THE FAMILY. By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING. Harpers. 1926. $2.

Mrs. Banning's underlying theme has to do with the fear and horror of living that come to women when men and marriage disappoint them. The heroine, Suzanne Romer, who demands so much of love and life because she herself has so much to offer, happens to be threatened, partly through inheritance, more perhaps through fear of that inheritance, with madness. It is a tribute to Mrs. Banning's fine understanding of human nature, however, that Suzanne's problem would be equally real and almost as poignant without this meanacing tragedy that may overtake her.

For Suzanne, the lovely, gay, and sensitive child of an aristocratic old family living near Boston, watches the delicate texture of her dreams pulled to bits in an uncongenial Mid-Western community and sees the husband she has idealized grow increasingly pompous, coarse, and commonplace as ease and prosperity come to him. She feels miscast for the rôle she is expected to play, and after the arrival of her third child and the discovery of her husband's flirtation with another woman on the very eve of the child's birth, she begins to brood more and more over the fate of those other unhappy women of her family who had to be "put away" because they drifted into melancholia as she seemingly is drifting. In the end Suzanne is saved—though not without the dislocation of several scientific probabilities—and we leave her to discover for herself the truth—or falsity—of her friend's conviction that "life can be lived as it is" and "women need not wither because love and hucbands fail them,"

This is Mrs. Banning's most significant and accomplished book thus far. Her style still lacks distinction; a few of her characters might have been etched more firmly (Phoebe and the earlier Caleb, for example); the beginning of the book would have been better for a somewhat lighter touch, especially in the dialogues; the Brendon incident hardly justifies itself. But these are minor blemishes in a novel that achieves entertainingly fashioned, fine-grained and so much, a sincere, courageous tale, ably and sensitive in its attitude toward the subtlest of human relations.

A DAUGHTER OF PAN. By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Perhaps we were off our critical guard, perhaps we had tired of sophisticated realism, perhaps, like Tad, we were ready to make friends with the first pleasant person available. Anyway, we liked this daughter of Pan from the moment she bullied her mother's "toney" visitor into patronizing her lemonade stand. ("'I hope nobody else has dranken out of this glass,' she said when she got all through, and I said, 'Just the grocery man.'") until she climbed the Matterhorn by way of expiation to her own particular good. The book is overcrowded with incidents, there is little subtlety about it, some unreality, and considerable sentimentality—a trace even of the Pollyanna variety—but its humor is youthful and lighthearted, its spirit forthright and exuberantly gay—and, for us at least, there was something infectious about its hero and heroine who had "spring fever all the year round."

That is what the unimaginative Martha found so peculiar and irritating about her husband and daughter. They wanted to fish and climb mountains and do other mad things together every Sunday instead of going to church with her; they had no sense of shame or danger and precious little sense of any sort, except the sense of make-believe, which she did not understand. Unfortunately, the delightful comradeship between father and daughter is disturbingly interrupted by the coming of a man (Tad's attempt to tell her father about this man is one of the most amusing incidents in the book) and the man, who promised to be the greatest adventure of all for Tad, turns out to be a dud. He wants to make a nice tame housewife out of her, to give her a grand piano ("more dusting," thought Tad) when she wants a motor boat, to build a houes for her when she longs to go to Europe.

Tad escapes to New York, but we must confess that her wildly exaggerated experiences there left us a little unbelieving. The red-headed necktie drummer who kissed her in a taxi, the melodramatic Sonia, Uncle Arnold's Great Night, and the rest all seemed such cheap fare for a daughter of Pan. But then Tad was like that—a glutton for adventure of any sort.

THE FLAME OF COURAGE. By GEORGE GIBBS. Appleton. 1926. $2.

The background and encompassing force of historic events are the factors which help mould the harassed lives of imagined characters. At the beginning, one is admitted to a brief meeting between M. Voltaire and Madame de Pompadour engaged in a plot to send secret emissaries to New France. The young couple despatched upon the project are Heloise Gueret, an actress, and Jacques Davol, an author of promise. No sooner have the two arrived in Quebec, than perils beset them from high-placed government personages, and continue to assail them unabatingly until the capture of the city by General Wolfe's army releases them from further persecution. Most of the characters and their adventures, as is common to this old-fashioned species of romance, are beyond the pale of human reason, but the vividness and dash with which the tale is told exclude it safe from a trace of tedium.

WAUL & DYKE, INC. By ETHEL COOK ELIOT. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

The scene of this entertaining mystery romance is "Surfgate," the large, lonely country-place of the Merriman family where, under the chaperonage of the elders, are gathered a number of young Grace Merriman's boy and girl friends for a house party. On the first afternoon of the celebration, a valuable bracelet is missed by Grace's Aunt Augusta, a crusty old lady who is a natural depressant of her junior rollicking spirits. As the vanished gem are not speedily restored to her, Aunty telephones for the aid of her nephew, a bright youth, at the time visiting a nearby house. He and Jane Dyke, one of Grace's guests, join forces in a hunt to recover the bracelet which, of course, they do. The story is mildly exciting, its conclusion not easily foreseen, written with a cute lisp, and on the whole is too innocuous to be enjoyed by readers who have passed eighteen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INTO THE VOID. By FLORENCE CONVERSE. Little, Brown. (Atlantic Monthly Press). 1926. $2.

Miss Converse, who for eighteen years has been on the editorial staff of *The Atlantic Monthly*, has written an extremely well-bred book which the publishers announce as a mystery story; to the present reviewer it seems far too pallid and well-behaved for such classification. It might be recommended with a clear conscience, however, as a chatty and whimsical phantasy concerned lightly with the lives of bookish people in a New England college town. It is subdued, but gay and sophisticated.

DRY MARTINI. A Gentleman Turns to Love. By JOHN THOMAS. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

The French vermouth that went into this dry Martini seems to have been the rank variety that Parisian dealers keep for their American *clientèle*. And the olive at the bottom is pretty rotten. The present reviewer can stomach whiskey neat as purveyed by Rabelais, the tickling concoctions of old Laurence Sterne and James Branch Cabell, even Van Vechten's liqueurs at their gaudiest, but he confesses that this particular dry Martini merely made him sick. Sophisticated the tale may be and juicy in its raw way, but the antics of the played-out American roué living in Paris who cavorts through its pages and plies an unsteady course between Dan's place, his mistress, and his daughter are about as gay and sparkling as stale beer.

JUMPING MERIDIANS. By LINTON WELLS and NELS LEROY JORGENSEN. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Although the setting of "Jumping Meridians" is as up-to-date as this morning's newspaper, the plot is as old, almost, as the fancy of man. In every collection of fairy tales there can be found the story of the beautiful princess who sends her suitors on a difficult quest, her favor to depend upon their success in the adventure. The situation is well-worn, but that it is still serviceable is certain This time it reappears in the form of a competitive journey around the world; the winner may perhaps break the existing speed record, but the real purpose of the race is to win the girl. The resulting narrative is in many ways excellent, for we feel with Jimmie Brandon the exhilaration of his meridian-jumping, we share with him his fears as his villainous rival tries by an infinity of foul means to put him out of the running.

There are twenty-eight days of furious traveling towards the west, by ocean liner, by airplane, by railway, and then the final moments of suspense as the contestants, neither one at an advantage, approach New York harbor. The cynic will be certain, as soon as the race is proposed, that Jimmie is going to win; but that certainty will by no means spoil the story, for the unexpected develops with sufficient frequency to satisfy the reader of adult perceptions. Throughout the novel there is a note of authenticity. Doubtless this pleasing quality is due to the fact that Mr. Wells, one of the authors, was a participant in the recent round-the-world journey that broke all previous records. "Jumping Meridians" is an honest story of hustling adventure, occasionally graced with humor, and sure to please a substantial number of readers.

ADVENTURE ISLE. By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND. Century. 1926. $1.75.

Sable Island, one of the northwest Atlantic's "graveyards," a desolate, sandy bit of waste, is Mr. England's "Adventure Isle." It boasts a light-house, a wireless, a few score inhabitants, a life-saving station, and the wreckage of innumerable ships come to grief upon its shores. From Eastboro, Mass. to the island comes young Stanfield Prentiss, late bank messenger, who has been held up and robbed of a large sum entrusted to him by his employers. The schooner on which he has sailed inadvertently departs from the island without him, leaving the boy to an indefinite stay among the strange, but friendly, natives. Exciting adventures here soon overtake him, culminating in his capture of the two crooks who had robbed him in Eastboro, and for whose apprehension he is generously rewarded.

ANN'S CRIME. By R. T. M. SCOTT. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Fictional dynamite is scattered liberally through the pages of this latest Aurelius Smith detective story. The fiendish Bolshe- -heir spies and agents, are enrolled -s the villains, to be tracked, fought, -quished by the relentless Smith. But, most tales of this kind, the love is the central source of the action not employed for the mere purpose ting space. By his splendid work here and abroad, Smith saves England from seizure by revolutionists as the Empire lies helpless before the menace of a general strike, restores her lost happiness to Ann, and brings back to her the lover she has long mourned for dead. Mr. Scott has never constructed more intensely sensational situations.

PRYDEHURST. By HAMMEL JOHNSON. Appleton's. 1926. $1.75.

Here is something novel and appealing, a mystery story for young readers; not a murder nor yet a detective story, but still a good all-around mystery tale. Parents in idle hours can always turn to this form of mental diversion if they wish, but the juvenile mode is not often met. This is a very successful achievement, and a completely adult reviewer admits to enjoyment in its pages when once the somewhat improbable major premise has been granted. (But the major premise of many a tale presents a preliminary hurdle.) The writer of Prydehurst has a sense of humor and a good feeling for character, and has chosen an adventurous situation and a diverse group—four cousins—which give well realized opportunity to both. The solution of the mystery is plausible and interesting, and will not be easily guessed in advance. Also it is consistently linked with the conclusion, which involves—after the lost family pearls are found—the melting of a great grandmother's bitterness and pride. This is perhaps brought on a little precipitately at the end, but it would be quibbling to do anything but recommend the book for its fun and interest, not to speak of its advantageous suggestions of unselfishness and loyalty.

THE SPITE OF HEAVEN. By OLIVER ONIONS. Doran. 1926. $2.

The reasons for the unpopularity of this (at his best) very able novelist are amply evident in his present book. Without ever being essentially "deep," he is again, as in much of his preceding work, deliberately indirect, one of those writers who seem to take it for granted that, when people read, they use their minds as well as their eyes. His method is to present important scenes between his principals, all that happens being patently clear, but bearing significant implications which must be accurately construed or lose their value. That technique is closely followed here, and with marked effectiveness. The narrator of the story, though an intimate friend of the three chiefly involved, is subordinate to them in interest and importance. To quote the appraisal of this observant commentator, the trio is composed of "one harassed failure of a novelist, one egotistical strutter through other people's parlors, one unknown quantity of a woman for them to wrangle over." The novelist, a good one, but no money-maker, is the woman's husband, herself being an unacclaimed painter of miniatures. The "strutter," an influential connoisseur of the arts, falls in love with her and, though she refrains from rewarding him, is instrumental in gaining for her handsomely remunerative commissions and a future of prosperous distinction. The relationship of these two always remains above reproach, is never drastically interfered with by the husband, but at the end tragedy terminates it. Mr. Onions has written one of the most substantial novels of his career.

THE VEIL OF GLAMOUR. By CLIVE ARDEN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.

On the jacket of this rather well-written, but soporifically uninteresting minor novel is the statement that the author has created an unusual situation and carried it through with considerable *éclat*. This is a moderate enough eulogy for a jacket blurb, but it really has attained a remarkable degree of inaccuracy. For the situation created is perhaps the oldest and most worn psychological problem in literature, and the solution is exactly the same as the one in Genesis where Eve gains double immortality by trading Platonic Love for a highly symbolic apple.

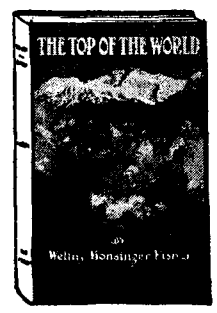
The framework of the book is essentially very simple although hung about with a vast amount of frayed hokum which includes everything from naïve chicken farming in Surrey to equally naïve explorations in Northern Africa.

In brief, a young girl of literary ability is afraid of marriage because her elder sister died in child-birth. She falls in love with an explorer, but won't marry him for that reason. Of course she can't choose the obvious solution for this rather simple physical problem. It would spoil the story. So she agrees to live with him for a year in virtuous celibacy and see how things turn out.

Naturally the experiment doesn't work—

(*Continued on next page*)

ABINGDON



THE TOP OF THE WORLD
By WELTHY HONSINGER FISHER
The record of a remarkable journey which Bishop and Mrs. Fisher took to the mountain fastnesses of the Himalayas. Using their own little shack in Darjeeling as a base of supplies, and following for a while the route of the Everest climbers, they spent some time with the lamas of the lamassaries of Sikhim and Nepal, reaching the very border of Tibet. Here they talked and lived with their Buddhist friends while beholding the top of the world and looking upon the most marvelous panorama to be found in the world.
Illustrated and boxed. Net, $2.50, postpaid.

A TUFT OF COMET'S HAIR
By F. W. BOREHAM
The book teems with rich and apt historical, biblical, literary and scientific references, and one is borne to various spots about the world and given a look-in on many interesting places and people.
Net, $1.75, postpaid.

MY GRAY GULL
By WILLIAM VALENTINE KELLEY
As one reads these charming essays, he finds the common, ordinary experiences of life are dignified and ennobled as they are seen through the eyes of this man to whom the road through the world's literature is a familiar highway.
Net, $1.50, postpaid.

THE STORY OF METHODISM
By HALFORD E. LUCCOCK and PAUL HUTCHINSON
A popular outline story of Methodism which presents the living pageant of one of the great religious adventures of history. It gives in vivid pictures the unfolding drama from the days of John Wesley to the present time. Original drawings by Harold Speakman.
Net, $4.00, postpaid

CHRIST TO-DAY
By LUCIUS HATFIELD BUGBEE
A careful and well-balanced inquiry relative to the influence and significance of the person, teachings and example of Jesus Christ as revealed in and related to contemporary Christian thought and experience.
Net, 75 cents, postpaid.

MR. POSSUM VISITS THE ZOO
And Other Nature Stories
By FRANCES JOYCE FARNSWORTH
Nature stories for children attractively told. Curly, the eel; Buzz, the bee; Mr. Armadillo, the knight in armor, and other interesting creatures figure in the collection. It is cleverly written, and the children will be charmed with their visitation to the Zoo. Frontispiece.
Net, 75 cents, postpaid.

PARTIES THAT ARE DIFFERENT
By ETHEL OWEN
Twelve plans for entertaining young people marked by ingenuity and an understanding of the fine art of diversity in the matter of recreational activities. Illustrated.
Net, $1.00, postpaid.

At the Better Bookshops
New York **THE ABINGDON PRESS** Cincinnati
Chicago Boston Pittsburgh Detroit Kansas City San Francisco Portland, Ore.

To discourage talkers
leave a copy open at pages 67 or 91, of
Rose Macaulay's
flashing new satirical novel
CREWE TRAIN
The only danger is that they may walk off with the book.

"So heme and read in Rose Macaulay's 'CREWE TRAIN', which I liked greatly, but probably because the heroine had such a great distaste for talk, and escaped from it when she could, which is so much like me I did fall in love with her."
F. P. A.—N. Y. World

"A series of chuckles. A delicious story."
Syracuse Post-Standard

"It affords almost constant exhilaration."
Springfield Republican

"So cleverly and so charmingly written that it reads all its three hundred and nineteen clever and charming pages to any one who takes the trouble to read its clever and charming first sentence for himself." — Frances Newman, *Atlanta Journal.*

2nd large edition. At all booksteres, $2.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT *Publishers* NEW YORK

GOOD BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READER PUBLICATIONS

READER-EDITORS, Inc.
1 Madison Ave., New York City

"A Few Good Books a Year"

The Edge of Eternity
By AIDA RODMAN DE MILT
Romance and adventure amid the glaciers of Switzerland. $2.00

How to Feed Children
By LOUISE E. HOGAN
Eleventh Printing
A standard work, commended by doctors everywhere. $1.50

Wonder Thoughts of Childhood
By FAITH VAN VALKENBURGH VILAS
A collection of poems that children love, illustrated in line and color by an artist who is also a mother, Margaret Armstrong Heise. $2.00

Goldilocks
By FAITH VAN VALKENBURGH VILAS
A play to be acted by children, from the ever-popular story of the "Three Bears." 50c.

The Great Woman Statesman
By NANETTE B. PAUL, LL.B.
A tribute to a great woman, Susan B. Anthony, in brief biographical form. $1.00

Anthology of Modern Poetry
By Members of the
LEAGUE OF AMERICAN PENWOMEN OF NEW YORK
$2.50

The Reader
A magazine rendering helpful co-operation to workers in the arts and sciences. Published quarterly with timely bulletins of club and book news to all subscribers. Single copies, 25 cents. Annual subscription, $1.

The Drummer of Fyvie and other verse
By FAITH VAN VALKENBURGH VILAS
Ready soon $1.50

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

or does work, according to the point of view. After numerous adventures with country vicars and African bandits the couple finally fulfils the promise of the story. But by that time the reader is so sick of the dreary padding that he sincerely wishes a husband could die in child-birth as well as a wife.

THE WHITE WOLF. By MAX BRAND. Putnam. 1926. $2.

Stories about dogs (usually collies) being adopted by wolf packs, to grow up wild, strong, and fearless with the forest's denizens, then to return, after a multitude of heroic deeds, to the fold of man, are scarcely a novelty. Yet, Mr. Brand's variation of the theme is not devoid of interest and merit. His dog protagonist is a thoroughbred white bull-terrier, whose mother and the litter of puppies in which he is born are slain by a huge, marauding wolf. The latter's mate adopts the survivor, and later he becomes, as "White Wolf," the leader of a pack. His hunting ground, when fully grown, is in the vicinity of the cabin where lives the former master of the dog's mother, an expert breeder and show exhibitor of blue-blooded terriers. Man and dog ultimately united, they journey to New York, and there, at Madison Square Garden, "White Wolf" is crowned world's champion of his kind. The human characters of the tale are secondary in importance to the animals, and our only objection to Mr. Brand's drawing of four-legged creatures is that he endows them with a gift of stately speech among themselves that renders them slightly incongruous.

THE AVENGER. By JOHN GOODWIN. Putnam. 1926. $2.

Although it is burdened by excessive length (the book covers over four hundred pages) there can be no doubt that mangling would have seriously weakened the full vigor and intensive growth of "The Avenger's" plot. Of the mystery type, with an unjustly imprisoned man's vengeance upon his enemies the controlling motive of action, the story is an unusually impressive and sensational specimen. The penal servitude of Robert Masterson, convicted of selling British diplomatic documents to agents of Soviet Russia, though fixed by law at twelve years, is shortened to a few weeks by the belated discovery of proofs that he is innocent. On his release, having learned the names of the five men who have contrived his ruin, Masterson begins his secret, complicated campaign to get even. The leader of the clique has meanwhile tricked Masterson's bereaved fiancée into marriage, but it is this most formidable villain of them all that he leaves to be dealt with last. Each publishing season, among the mediocre mass of "shockers," there appear a scanty few of which a reviewer feels justified in defying the reader to lay them aside before they are finished. "The Avenger" is one of these.

THE DETECTIVE'S HOLIDAY. By CHARLES BARRY. Dutton. 1926. $2.

In that it is well written this tale differs from the ordinary detective story, but it is hopelessly dull. An English Inspector on holiday in the south of France, is called in by the local police to help solve a murder, and finds himself working to clear the natural suspect who is the cleverest of the international crooks. It is a pity that the elements of an interesting yarn, which are certainly here, should not have fused.

WORD OF HONOUR. By H. C. MCNEILE ("Sapper"). Doran. 1926. $2.

In this collection of twelve miniature thrillers, Mr. McNeile is at his best, which means a most skilful craftsman in construction of compact, melodramatic plot. His precise whittling strips a story to the barest essentials of action, seems to leave it not one superfluous word, and yet attains an effectiveness of *dénouement* little less than dynamic. Not high art, perhaps, but at least a respectable and not too easy one. Two of the dozen tales may be cited as typifying the method and materials of the lot, one, that of conjugal infidelity bringing retributive, ghastly revenge by the seemingly docile husband upon his wife's lover, the other, an ingeniously contrived bit of fiction, enacted upon the South African veldt by a sick man, his wife, his rascally partner, his tardily arrived friend and rescuer. The reader will find far better entertainment here than that contained in such recent books as the author's "Out of the Blue" and "The Final Count."

TENTACLES. By MARTHA KINROSS. Harpers. 1926. $2.

There can be little doubt that as a fictional study of graphically contrasted, but not unusual, character types, "Tentacles" is a respectable production. The pliant smoothness of its writing, the plausibility of its people, their contacts, ties, and emotions, leave nothing to be desired. But somehow, the book, weighed carefully, seems to lack decisiveness and vitality. A small circle of English men and women, living in Florence, provides the group from whose midst the love affair of a young girl and her refractory *fiancé* is chosen for the story's foundation. Moved by natural reasons, he jilts her, transfers his affections to another, and leaves the rejected girl broken-hearted. Through grief, ultimately, she attains a stoical impregnability to further suffering, but loses the capacity to ever love again. The story has a restrained pathos, is richly human in understanding and, though "grip" is surely missing from the pages, well justifies serious attention.

BY CANDLELIGHT. By GERTRUDE KNEVELS. Appleton. 1926. $2.

The present effort of Miss Knevels is not as good a mystery story as her "Octagon House" of last year. In fact, there is strictly no mystery here at all; the reader being fully informed at the beginning of what he is to expect, is never thereafter misled. It is the old fable of the cruelly tormented heiress held captive in the ancient family dwelling by her scheming, avaricious uncle. A snooping girl, who suspects the dirty work afoot, has herself engaged as cook in the dismal domicile, and then proceeds to the perilous task of rescuing the heiress. The tale is tediously prolonged and distended beyond its limits by repetitious details and incidents—ghosts, trap-doors, secret rooms, and cellars—which the successful novel of this variety employs but sparingly.

RIVER OF STRANGERS. By FRANK PARKER DAY. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Mr. Day's compactly built story of a trading post in the Hudson Bay country contains mild novelties of omission not often encountered in fiction of this kind. For example, there are no murders in it, no villains, no treacherous half-breeds, no mounted policemen, no mysteries, and no relentless struggles to the death. The tale profits greatly by the absence of these familiar perennials. Alex MacDonald, a bibulous, herculean sinner of thirty-five, has lived for ten years in the wilderness, employed at the trading settlement as Company doctor. A fanatical missionary arrives at the post, despatched to permanent service among the debauched citizens. The latter, although they do not respond warmly to the pious man's efforts to save them, refrain from extreme violence. The parson's *fiancée* subsequently joins him, and the two are wed, somewhat irregularly, by a drunken tugboat captain. When MacDonald sets eyes upon the bride, he is painfully smitten, but manfully keeps his affection to himself. An innocent triangular situation is soon developed and worked out with a regard for probability highly satisfying.

THE GREEN LACQUER PAVILION. B HELEN BEAUCLERK. Illustrated by EI MUND DULAC. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

Matter-of-fact persons with no taste fo the fantastic will not get much out o Miss Beauclerk's amiable allegory. In a English country house, where a party o persons of quality is assembled, during th reign of her gracious Majesty Queen Ann there is a Chinese screen depicting a lan scape centered about a green lacquer p vilion, and by some vague sort of sorcer which one is permitted to suspect may l connected with too much wine, the who party slips out through this pavilion in a fourth-dimensional world where drear come true.

Fair enough, but what then? The e periences of Lary Taveridge, Lord Bedlo Mr. Valentine Clare and the rest in th realization of their secret yearnings are e gagingly told, but there is not much no elty about them; except perhaps in the ca of Lord Bedlow's experiences as an Or ental vizier. This is country already pret well homesteaded by Mr. Cabell, and an author who adventures in it must be pr pared for comparison with him. Miss Bea clerk's story lacks the inveterate nastine that disfigures his works, but it also lac the incessant play of humor that mak them entertaining in every paragraph, wha ever may be the specific gravity of the philosophic content. Neither Mr. Cabe nor Miss Beauclerk bring back anythin very novel from their undiscovered cou tries, but Cabell is undeniably better rea ing.

Miss Beauclerk's style, however, is sua and polished, agreeable and easy to rea all the more because she presently gives in large measure the endeavor to stick the manner of 1710 in which the sto begins. Edmund Dulac's woodcuts are a mirably in keeping and the typography the book is also period work.

SPRING SORREL. By MRS. DOUGL PULLEYNE. Doran. 1926. $2.

"Spring Sorrell," a vivacious, spontaneo high-strung little orphan of seventeen, h become a popular favorite in the Lond music halls; she revels in the attention the stage-door Johnnies, but keeps them a distance. Then she goes to India with London company, falls ill, loses her jo and finally becomes a bareback rider in native circus. Her relations with the pred tory sex, which take up most of the boo are described with occasional penetratic and unvarying wholesomeness.

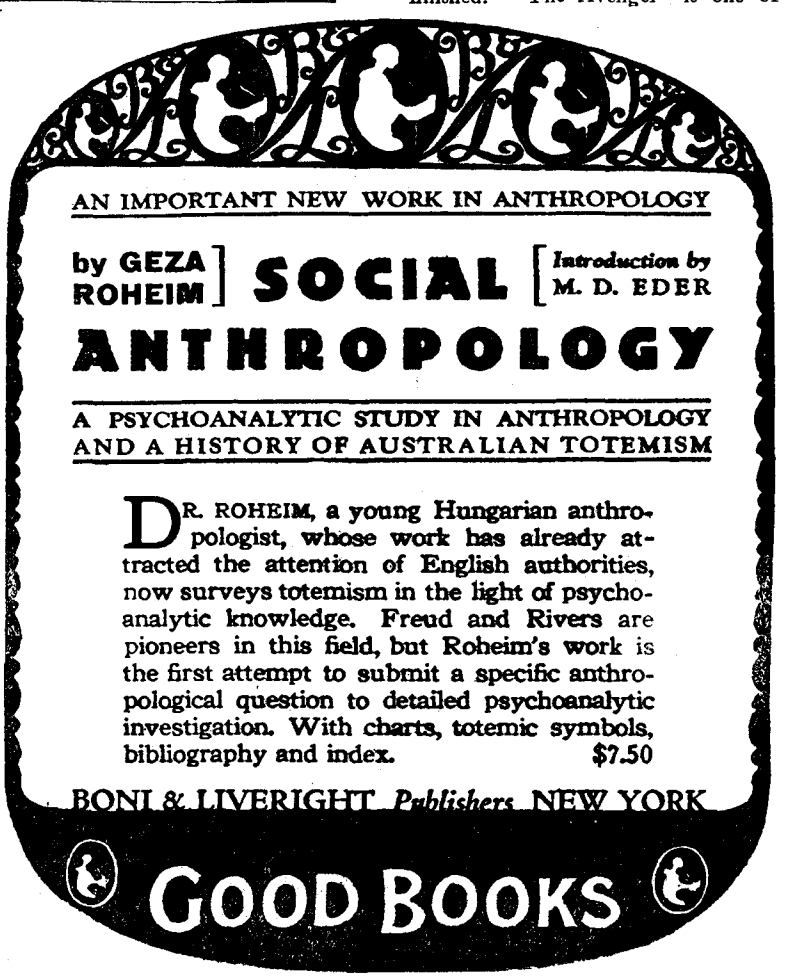
In this, her first novel, Mrs. Pulleyne h enough melodrama to make a good a venture story, enough romance for a go love story, and almost enough convinci description of people for a satisfying cha acter study; yet it falls short in all dire tions. The author doesn't know when stop. She works up dramatic situations a then crudely overdoes them, she achiev poignant romance and lets it slip throu her fingers, and, worst of all, she spoils t fine passages in which she has really esta lished her characters by falling back up loose and slushy episodes that shatter o newly awakened belief. It is an annoying uneven novel.

Juvenile

GIPSY NAN. By CARROLL WATS RANKIN. Holt. 1926. $1.75.

Gipsy Nan begins after the well knov formula of depositing a spirited, plain loo ing little girl on the doorsteps of aged a disapproving relatives. Adventures follc and in the end the child wins all hearts a improves in her looks. Such a story bound to be successful if the author c write at all and in this case the tale *fresh and full of spirit. Gipsy Nan* drawn with realism, if without special d tinction, and all the other characters see to be real persons. They talk more na urally than old and young characters many juveniles, and there are many amu ing situations that bring chuckles of reco nition to youngsters who may have fou themselves in just such scrapes. There is real thrill over the criminals, escaped fro the county jail, one of whom is discover by the little heroine, as well as many plea ant doings with other young people. book of this type must inevitably challen comparison with such a classic as "Rebec of Sunnybrook Farm," and to its own di advantage, for it cannot compete with th humor and insight and rare charm of Ka Douglas Wiggin's vivid study of childhoo Still little girls will like it, though pe sonally we do not feel it has quite the ap peal of the author's popular juveni "Dandelion Cottage."

The Phantom CLUE
A GASTON LEROUX Superthriller
"The Phantom Clue is unusual, well above the average in character and atmosphere."—The New York Times
"A mystery tale that is all-entrancing." —Boston Globe
At all bookstores, $2.00
Macaulay
PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK


AN IMPORTANT NEW WORK IN ANTHROPOLOGY
by GEZA ROHEIM
SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY
Introduction by M. D. EDER
A PSYCHOANALYTIC STUDY IN ANTHROPOLOGY AND A HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN TOTEMISM
DR. ROHEIM, a young Hungarian anthropologist, whose work has already attracted the attention of English authorities, now surveys totemism in the light of psychoanalytic knowledge. Freud and Rivers are pioneers in this field, but Roheim's work is the first attempt to submit a specific anthropological question to detailed psychoanalytic investigation. With charts, totemic symbols, bibliography and index. $7.50
BONI & LIVERIGHT Publishers NEW YORK
GOOD BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miscellaneous

[EN IN WOMEN'S GUISE. By O. P. GILBERT. Translated from the French by Robert B. Douglas. Brentano. 1926. $3.50.

Of these cases of men who disguised emselves as women, the Chevalier d'Eon, much the most of a story, and the story is been frequently told. This book gives ily three cases in *extenso*, Abbé de Choisy, hevalier d'Eon, and Jenny de Savalette de inge.

[FTY FAVORITE OPERAS. By PAUL ENGLAND. Harpers. 1926. $5.

The minute we picked up this book, ejudice No. 1 remarked bitterly: "I'll t it includes 'Traviata.'"

"Naturally, and 'Martha,'" added the ore cynical Prejudice No. 2; and with at their numerous brothers and sisters imed in with all sorts of complaints about ying any more attention to such things "Thais," "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," onambula," and (the most vindictive of I hissed), "Lucia."

Such books as "Fifty Favorite Operas" e decidedly not written for people whose usical aversions and antipathies are already established. They are, however, very eful to those who are just getting their arings in the great realm of music, and ho have not yet learned that one's education cannot be completed without getting quainted with things which, later on, one ill strive studiously to avoid.

Mr. England performed his task thorughly and intelligently (even if he did ke too many idiotic libretti seriously), d he is musically erudite without, as it ere, rubbing it in. In writing of 'avorite" operas he was naturally forced consider things that are hopelessly old shioned, but on the other hand he has ven plenty of space to masterpieces that orn the inconstancies of time, and to modn operas that, so far as we can judge, nd a good chance of survival.

The historical summary is a valuable ature of the work, and by way of illustran there are photographic reproductions of mous singers in familiar rôles. Olin ownes's little prefatory essay on "How to sten to Grand Opera" is understanding and lerant. The publishers gave the volume handsome format.

HE SPIRIT OF MUSIC. By EDWARD DICKINSON. Scribners. 1925. $2.

In this unassuming little book Professor ickinson has attacked a subject of intense fficulty: for it is not the flesh and bone, e substance and structure of music which has undertaken to discuss, but that most tangible spirit at the heart of it; and the bject is difficult for writers of the presit day because it admits of no irony, deght of essayists in this twentieth century. or irony Professor Dickinson substitutes unfashionable if indispensable trait,—thusiasm; the enthusiasm born of many ars' triumphant teaching of the history music. Indications of these fruitful ars appear constantly in the book with its ealth of incident, quotation and allusion, broad tolerance of diverse types of music. he difficulties of teaching "appreciation" apart from the knowledge of form and story are analyzed and constructive sugstions are conspicuously present. In a apter on "Creative Expression in Playing d Singing" so keen and clear an underanding of the situation of the musical perormer is displayed that it should be required as daily reading of many musicians d will voluntarily be read and reread ith joy by many others. The discussion technic and expression is of the highest due, not because it presents novel views it because it forcefully restates the position that in music an interpretative artist orthy of the name, though he works with e creations of others, is himself essentially eative, giving new life to works which ve been slumbering, making the intangible ings vividly real at the moment of rerth, evoking them out of silence vanish into it again. This position rangely enough has needed re-stating in ir mechanical age. That inventor, one of e greatest the world has ever seen, who cently declared that he would rather hear echanically-produced music than any produced through human agency, has missed so uch of the meaning of music that he ight well be dubbed anti-musical.

In this same chapter Professor Dickinson leverly steers a middle course between the ock of moralistic art on one hand and the hirlpool of art for art's sake on the other. ne is grateful for these distinctions, and thers. One is grateful for the entire book ith its sane, optimistic outlook. We suspect that to some sturdy, emancipated souls this optimism may indicate a terrible tendermindedness on the author's part: to others who are not so shocked by optimism, it will appear to have the rare quality of wisdom. And here the reader might possibly consult the Book of Proverbs.

GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL. By SIR PHILIP DAWSON. Macmillan. 1926.

Out of fifty-five years of intimate acquaintance with Germany, Sir Philip Dawson has drawn the knowledge which makes his study of post-war Germany valuable. Articles in one American and two English journals form the ground-work for the book, but continuity has not been sacrificed to convenience. Perhaps the best immediate credential for the material presented is the author's post-war activity. Membership in the Disposals Board took him frequently to Germany between 1919 and 1922. In the latter year he studied the then precarious conditions of German industry under remarkably favorable conditions with the Hon. Secretary of the Industrial Group in the House of Commons. Since then he has made it his business to gather and digest all available data on the phenomena of the revival. It must be said that the result is impressive, so impressive in its marshalling of fact and statistics that only one as well equipped as Sir Philip could adequately criticize it, and there are not many such.

As might be expected from an interested expert in an England which is studying her industrial future as never before, the author is finally interested in the revived Germany as a competitor in world markets. The sign-posts point toward combination between big and important concerns; and clearly a little of the speculative enterprise of German banks might profitably be borrowed by the very conservative English ones. The unpleasant pill to be swallowed is that during the period of inflation Germany wiped off a great deal of debt and concentrated on equipping her industries with such tangible things as the most up-to-date equipment—she even got rid of pre-war railway equipment in reparations and kept her workers employed in the manufacture of new replacements. The picture is very completely drawn and the reader is brought face to face with the problems of hours and wages; horizontal and vertical trusts; mass production; tariff; banking, governmental, and trading coöperation with industry; indeed all the perplexities which make the lot of the British industrialist so unlike the complacent ease of fifty years ago.

THE BOOK OF TEA. By *Okakura-Kakuzo*. Duffield. $1.50.

MINUTES OF THE ALBANY COMMITTEE OF CORRESPONDENCE, 1775-1778. MINUTES OF THE SCHENECTADY COMMITTEE, 1775-1779. Vol. II. Edited by *Alexander C. Flick*. Albany. University of the State of New York.

SOLVING THE FARM RIDDLE. By Edward Jerome Dies. Covici. $1.50.

ARBITRATION AND BUSINESS ETHICS. By *Clarence F. Birdseye*. Appleton. $2.50.

CAUSES AND THEIR CHAMPIONS. By *M. A. De Wolfe Howe*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

CARAVANS OF COMMERCE. By *Isaac F. Marcosson*. Harpers. $3.

LENZ ON BRIDGE. By *Sidney S. Lenz*. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

MURDER FOR PROFIT. By *William Bolitho*. Harpers. $2.50.

TOM-TOM. By *John W. Vandercook*. Harpers.

THE QUEST OF THE PERFECT BOOK. By *William Dana Orcutt*. Little, Brown. $5 net.

THE COWBOY AND HIS INTERPRETERS. By *Douglas Branch*. Appleton. $2.50.

PROHIBITION AT ITS WORST. By *Irving Fisher*. Macmillan. $1.75.

DON JUAN. By JAMES ELROY FLECKER. Knopf. 1925. $2.

Seemingly, the modern passion to possess every phrase of a poet, regardless of the mercy due him, led Mrs. Flecker to publish this, the first play of her husband. Perhaps she is right; perhaps we are sufficiently wise to forgive the stumblings of gifted youths, especially when we know, from their later productions, of what they are capable. Certainly, few will deny that "Don Juan" has many elements of interest; and just as certainly few will be so rash as to herald it as an unappreciated masterpiece. Dramatically its defects are so numerous and so obvious that only a cataloger would have the energy to attack them; poetically it sometimes approaches absurdity, as in the lines of the first act,

My name is Owen Jones,
And I'm tired of sitting on these stones.

In spite, however, of its faults, it vibrates at times so earnestly with the thoughts of a young enthusiast for ideals, and then again discloses with such high fervor the

(*Continued on next page*)

FALL FICTION

60th Thousand

THE BLUE WINDOW

by Temple Bailey

An ardent but wholesome story of young love $2.00

THE BECKONING GLORY
by May Emery Hall
The story of a woman's quest for happiness $2.00

THREE SHIPS IN AZURE
by Irvin Anthony
A sea story of the East India Company $2.00

RENGEGADE
by Arthur O. Friel
Thrilling adventure and bitter fighting in South America $2.00

THE WOLF, THE CAT AND THE NIGHTINGALE
by Stanley Hart Cauffman
Medieval France with St. Bartholomew's Day as a setting $2.00

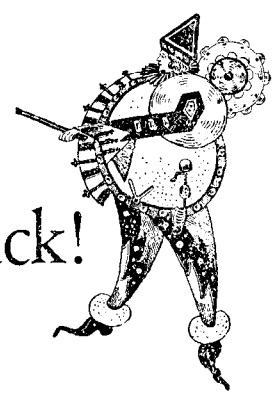
UNDER THE RAINBOW SKY
by Alice Ross Colver
A delightfully simple romance of Florida $2.00

THE GREEN DOLPHIN
by Sare Ware Bassett
Two retired sea captains conduct a tearoom on Cape Cod $2.00

At All Bookstores

THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY **PHILADELPHIA**

IF You Are Both Intelligent and Stage-Struck!



Then send us only one dollar and we will send you the next three numbers (regular price 50c a copy) of the most interesting magazine about the theatre edited in any country.

To quote Gilbert Gabriel, dramatic critic of the New York Sun, it is "stimulating, fascinating, excellently written and exquisitely illustrated." Why miss such a treat at the height of the theatrical season? Send us your trial subscription *today*—or, if you prefer, tomorrow, *after you've asked someone who reads it now!*

FOR *NEW* SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY

119 West 57th St. New York City

THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY, 119 W. 57th St., New York City. D-2

Enclosed, $1.00, for your next three issues

Name .....
Address .....
City .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

collapse, the utter desolation of the idealist's purpose, that even the most hardened critic must be impressed. Thus, we find in the preface that both Mr. Shaw and Herbert French were interested in a play so spirited, though neither of them thought it capable of being produced.

Flecker hoped to imitate the vastness of "Faust," but his equipment and his humanity, in the broad sense, were at the time inadequate. The marvel is that he occasionally came so close to a great thing, and this too when no one of his characters bears the stamp of actuality. "Hassan" was more suited to his powers, and in it he accomplished his purpose; the scope of "Don Juan" forced defeat upon him even before he had begun.

THE HALT IN THE GARDEN. By ROBERT HILLYER. London: Elkin Matthews.

Robert Hillyer is an exotic in contemporary American literature. He inherits the classical traditions of Santayana and George Cabot Lodge, without being in any sense an imitator of them. His fondness for the Elizabethan lyric has endowed him with a lyrical touch which neither of them possessed; and modern sophistication has added more than a touch of whimsy, of quiet humor, which annuls their stark seriousness. Yet this, in turn, but balances his sense of the deeper motivation of life.

Hillyer is wholly modern in his attitude, unless "modernity" necessarily implies jazzy emotion and eccentric technique. Our forefathers took both their virtues and their vices rather pompously; the solemn truisms of Tennyson and Longfellow and the equally emphatic untruisms of Swinburne and Wilde seem a bit absurd in this century. Poetry may still include or even be based on ethics, but the ethics must be tempered with tolerance and even *insouciance*.

Now proportion and urbanity are the essentials in Hillyer's philosophy. He has discarded the romantic intensity and contemporary introspection together; indeed, his work everywhere avoids the excessive. Yet his sense of the ultimate fitness of things has been sufficient to induce Arthur Machen, apostle of ecstasy, to write an Introduction to Hillyer's latest book, "The Halt in the Garden."

Technically, Hillyer's work has always been notable. His first volume, "Sonnets and Other Lyrics," was thought worth issuing by the Harvard Press. "Alchemy" and "Carmus," two long works, are developments from classical form, rather than adherence to them. One long section of the former, for example, may be called an extended sonnet; another from the latter is in Anglo-Saxon rhythms adapted to modern needs. Yet his diction is never tortuous; it is always neat and often memorable.

"The Halt in the Garden" lays less stress on technical devices, and is more rightly concerned with the subject-matter. Overemphasis on technique is at once the virtue and the curse of youth, and the poet who discovers that he has something to say soon learns the art of concealing the labor.

This book contains Hillyer's widely-quoted "Moo!," in which the old age of a cow is treated successfully with mingled humor and pathos. Better yet are the lament of an Egyptian slave-girl; the magnificent "Buddha;" and the title-poem, which attempts to correlate pagan philosophy with the teachings of the two Testaments, personified as Moses and Jesus. The speaker is, however, the garrulous old keeper in the Garden of the Hesperides. These poems are probably the best in a slim, well-selected volume.

The weakest portion of the book lies in a group of some dozen sonnets which, though never bad, seem to be of earlier workmanship. The thought here tends often to prettiness; the diction slips now and then into banality. However, most of them fade quickly from the memory (though some, like the eleventh, are quite charming).

One lays the book down with a sense of quiet refreshment both in thought and image. The moods and the scenes have been pleasantly varied; a nocturne, an arabesque, and idea recur. There has been no strain, no affectation; yet the effect is gentle, polished, undeniable. The tongue finds itself repeating well-turned lines, which somehow have been memorized already.

THE BOOK OF BRALEY HEAD VERSE. Edited by J. B. Priestley. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE SELECTED POEMS OF ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE. Doran.

THE LOVE OF MYERLINE AND KONALLIS. By *Richard Aldington*. Covici.

THE LABURNUM BRANCH. By *Naomi Mitchison*. Harcourt, Brace.

WILD PLUM. By *Orrick Johns*. Macmillan. $1.25.

THE SEA AND THE DUNES. By *Harry Kemp*. Brentanos. $2.

POETRY OF THE NINETIES. By *C. E. Andrews* and *M. O. Percival*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

VENUS AND ANCHISES. By *Phineas Fletcher*. Edited by Ethel Seaton. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

MORE SONGS FROM LEINSTER. By *W. M. Letts*. Dutton.

COLLECTED POEMS. By *A. E. Macmillan*. $3.75.

SELECTED POEMS OF CARL SANDBURG. Edited by *Rebecca West*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

FLYING FISH. By *Grace Hazard Conkling*. Knopf.

THE INNER HARBOR. By *Wilbert Snow*. Harcourt Brace. $1.75.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS. By *Wilson MacDonald*. Scribners. $2.

TYPES OF POETRY. By *Jacob Zeitlin* and *Clarissa Rinaker*. Macmillan. $5.

SAPPHO: THE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS. Translated by *C. R. Haines*. (Broadway, New York Translations.) Dutton. $5.

AMPHORA: A SECOND COLLECTION OF PROSE AND VERSE CHOSEN BY THOMAS BIRD MOSHER
Memorial Edition. With frontispiece.
Price $3.00.
Catalogue mailed free on request.
THE MOSHER BOOKS
Portland, Maine

Science

THE THEORY OF THE GENE. By THOMAS HUNT MORGAN. New Haven. Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

No more important additions to our knowledge of heredity have been made since the time of Gregor Mendel than those of Morgan and his students who have been studying during the past fifteen years the heredity of the fruit fly, Drosophila. By this work, the biologist today knows more about the heredity of this species than of any other and has reached conclusions that would have been quite impossible with another experimental animal that presented fewer advantages to the experimenter.

Mendel, it will be recalled, formulated two laws which form the basis of the science of genetics today. First, that when two individuals like peas are crossed, differing with respect to a pair of contrasted characters, like color or height, their hybrid offspring produce two different kinds of sex cells with respect to the contrasted characters, identical with the two kinds that united to form the hybrid. That is, the germ cells, at least so far as the contrasted characters are concerned, are not polluted by their intimate relations in the fertilized egg. The second principle of Mendel is that several pairs of contrasted characters are handed on quite independently of each other. Thus, when tall yellow peas were crossed with dwarf green ones, the grandchildren appeared of four kinds, tall yellow, tall green, dwarf yellow, and dwarf green in such proportions as would obtain if the sex cells bearing these four groups of characters were produced in equal numbers.

Morgan's own work which forms the bulk of the present volume, in general supplements the work of Mendel, but has made some alterations necessary in his general principles, for although the purity of the germ cells of hybrids is as firmly established as ever, Morgan's work has shown that there is not always the independence in heredity of two or more pairs of contrasted characters which Mendel found in the edible pea. On the contrary, among the four hundred new characters different from those of the ordinary wild stock of fruit flies which have appeared in Morgan's cultures, there are evidently four groups of characters which exhibit a tendency to be inherited together. This is known as linkage. In regard to certain pairs of contrasted characters there is complete linkage in the male, but in the female and in the great bulk of characters there is incomplete linkage. The percentage of linkages is definite for different pairs of characters and from these rations, it has been possible to locate the hereditary units on the chromosomes of the germ cells. At least, it is possible to say that the occurrence of "crossing over," or failure of linkage, is explained on the assumption of certain positions of the genes on the chromosomes.

Briefly, the theory of the gene can be stated as follows: the characters of the individual are referable to paired elements (genes) in the germinal material that are held together in a definite number of linkage groups; only one set of each of these groups is present in each germ cell. The members belonging to different linkage groups assort independently but between the elements of a single linkage group there is at times an orderly interchange. Furthermore, the frequencies of these interchanges furnishes evidence of the linear arrangement of the elements in each linkage group and of the relative position of the elements with respect to each other.

These principles "enable us to handle problems of genetics on a strictly numerical basis and allow us to predict with a great deal of precision what will occur in any given situation."

It is quite impossible to give an adequate outline of the contents of the book at this time. The mechanism of heredity, the relation of the genes to the chromosomes, the origin of mutants, the stability of the genes, and the relation of the genes to sex are among the subjects discussed.

Although much of the science of genetics is complicated and technical, Professor Morgan in this course of Silliman Lectures delivered at Yale in 1925 has succeeded in presenting a clear and authoritative account of the present state of our knowledge of this most important and fascinating field.

PSYCHOLOGICAL HEALING. By PIERRE JANET. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925.

"Psychological Healing," by P. Janet, though featuring the author's own par-

AMERICA welcomes this week a distinguished man of letters—John Masefield, poet, dramatist, historian, novelist. At the apogee of a picturesque and productive life, "this lean, sad-eyed master of song-craft, who has plowed Gloucestershire with oxen and the deep sea with ships", comes from Boar's Hill, Oxford, as a visitor to an already familiar land, which knows and appreciates his art.

The Collected Works of John Masefield

Vol. I. Poems. Vol. III. Verse plays.
Vol. II. Poems. Vol. IV. Prose Plays.
Each Volume $3.00

Sard Harker. A Novel. $2.50
Odtaa. A Novel. $2.50

A booklet on John Masefield containing a complete list of his works has been prepared by the publishers and will be mailed to anyone on request.

At all bookstores

60 Fifth Avenue **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** New York

AN IRON RATION
for
LITERARY AMERICA

THE Army's Iron Ration is condensed food for active men. **THE WRITER** is condensed food for active minds. This pioneer monthly magazine for professional writers appeals to the highest type of creative intelligence. Recent contributors include Henry Seidel Canby, Hamilton Gibbs, John Farrar, and Ben Ames Williams.

In the Special Book Number (October)—

Henry Seidel Canby's "The Morals and Morale of Reviewing"; Sherwood Anderson's famous short story of the Ohio race-tracks, "I'm a Fool," analyzed by John Gallishaw (discussing the Angle of Narration); Robert Hillyer's "The Structure of the Sonnet"; William Rose Benét's technical review of twenty Fall novels by "new" novelists; Burges Johnson on an experiment in eliminating adjectives to improve style; and "Confessions of a Literary Agent" by Mac.

This number sent free (while limited supply lasts) with four months' trial subscription at $1.00, beginning with November. Send this advertisement with cash, check, or money order to

The Writer
Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

New York in the Elegant Eighties
By Henry Collins Brown

In a spirit of engaging lightness, Mr. Brown describes the habits and amusements of the New Yorker in days of Broadway stages, Harlem boats, Medicated flannels, Sparrow cops, etc. The text is fortified with a collection of contemporary pictures so unusual that the reader is vastly entertained by the ever moving panorama of old New York. 400 odd pages, over 100 illustrations. Price $5.00 at all book stores.

Valentine's Manual, Inc., Publisher, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
The Baker & Taylor Co., Trade Selling Agents, 55 **Fifth Avenue, New York**

MASTER MAN-HUNTERS
by Joseph Gollomb

"Stranger and more fascinating than any detective fiction."
—*London Statesman.*
"Lays bear the grisly cupboard of Scotland Yard and its Continental counterparts." ($2.50)
—*London Outlook.*

Macaulay
PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK

HARRY STONE
RARE BOOKS
FINE BINDINGS
MODERN FIRSTS
A SPECIALTY
AT ALL BOOKSELLERS
Catalogues on Request
Plaza 2298

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

icular interpretation of mental dis-ases,, and their treatment, will, if care-fully read, serve as an excellent antidote to he numerous healing fads which become :urrent from time to time. One cannot ail to be impressed by the fact, revealed by anet's detailed historical survey, that nethods most diverse and even antagonistic n character will produce cures of mental lls. Cures by quiet and rest have been natched against cures by excitation and vork, cures by fasting have been matched gainst cures by forced feeding, cures y magic have been matched against ures by religious symbols, cures by ilence have been matched against cures by xhortation, cures through the exercise of aith have been matched against cures by urgical operation, cures through the sub-imation of the sex urge have been matched gainst cures by the elimination of the sense f inferiority. To one who can take the ong view through the history of psycho-ogical treatment of disease, confusion is een to reign; to one whose perspective is imited to a single cross section of this his-ory, some one treatment will be hailed as he panacea. A few years ago the "faith ures" profited by the limitation of per-pective of its practitioners, and patients; oday psychoanalysis is undoubtedly enjoy-ng its period of prosperity for the same eason. The latter, like the former and ts predecessors, will shortly take its place n the long chain of exhibits in the museum f psychological healing.

The fundamental facts underlying the uccess of all these methods of treatment eem thus far to have eluded detection, al-hough Janet, and many others have sought o discover the common elements in them. A careful reading of the case histories resented by Janet suggests that the theories f treatments are an outgrowth of success n the treatment, often of surprisingly few ases, where some superficial or incidental spect is mistaken for a fundamental event. The treatment does not rest upon an ade-uate theory of the cause of the ailment, ut it is rather a kind of rationalization or ustification of the treatment. As a con-equence of such derivation undue emphasis s placed upon some one characteristic of he disease or its treatment, whether it be uppressed sex tendencies, sense of inferiority, xhaustion, displeasure of gods or devils, islocated colon, or lack of balance of the nternal secretions.

Janet's interpretation of mental disease n terms of "psychic energy," and "psychic ension," in which the curious symptoms are ttributed to depleted energy and too low sychic tension, or an oversupply of energy vith too low tension, etc., fare little better t the hands of the champions of other heories than theirs do with him. His erms "psychic energy," and "psychic ten-ion" do not stand for any well recognized henomena of mental or neutral behavior, nd come dangerously near to being empty vords for anyone but their originator.

From the scientific point of view there would seem to be danger in any theory of nental healing which succumbed to the emand for too great unity, and simplicity n explanation. It is conceivable at least hat the basic fact in mental disease will be ound to be inadequate adjustment, and hat its causes will be as numerous and aried as the conditions upon which ad-ustment depends—physical defect or dis-ase, glandular disturbance, ill-balanced notivation, lack of control, too heavy re-ponsibility, friction in the home, too heavy ocial obligations, and a thousand other onditions. Each case would require an xamination by a mind unprejudiced to-ard any particular theory, to discover and emedy the conditions that come to light.

"Psychological Healing," with its 1,240 ages of case histories and argument, and s 22 pages of references, is almost too nuch to be digested by any but the most nterested layman. For the specialist it ffords a splendid survey of this important eld by one most eminently fitted for the ask. Fortunately, the less serious but in-erested reader can get the substance of the arge work in a more palatable form in he "Principles of Psychotherapy" published nly one year earlier.

GIFTED CHILDREN: THEIR NATURE AND NURTURE. By LETA S. HOLLINGWORTH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Mrs. Hollingsworth's compendium of he recently accumulated data in re-gard to superior children is a well bal-nced presentation that will at once take its place as a readable and useful guide to a opic of growing consideration. The data have been gathered within a dozen or at best a score of years, by the accredited methods of psychology. Intelligence-testing began with the problem of detecting the backward; the same instrument—the easily abused yet significant I. Q.—is now applied to the analysis of the qualities of the forward, whose mental "reel" is as accelerated as that of the feeble-minded is retarded. Yet the study of the gifted child derives more intimately from the older inquiry in which Galton pioneered in his studies of genius and of the sources and distribution of endowment. It shares its methods, conclusions, difficulties. In both investigations the riddle of proper appraisal of heredity and environment must be faced.

It is as true of the parentage of the distinguished English men of science whom Galton studied, as of that of the gifted California children surveyed by Terman, that the professional classes in easy circumstances have contributed in conspicuous proportion while the semi-skilled and unskilled laborer is practically unrepresented. Yet "able parents create both living conditions and superior children." What a child or a man can do depends upon his native ability; what he does on his environment, and its stimulations. The statistics merge the result; and in the analysis prepossession readily enters. The small percentage of women among the distinguished of all times and careers, Mrs. Hollingworth attributes to the handicaps of child-bearing and the inequalities of the social system, since there is only about an 11% superiority of giftedness among boys, which means 55 boys to 45 girls in each 100; "Superiors"; and these "best by test" excel by 30 per cent (or more) the ability of the average. They form the upper tenth, who have a directive share in the creative and managerial work of the world. But the problem is at once complicated by the question of special both as against and along with general abilities. It is safe to say that in such a special gift as musical ability there are some children in every school class who are at least 100 times as musical (rough as the comparison is) as the others. Is intelligence or talent, (or genius?) distributed on that pattern, or on the far more moderate difference of a 30 per cent (or more) better than the rest? We shall feel better when the biographies of the present-day superior children come to be written. But the retrospective glance makes one hesitate to regard the children of remarkable I. Q.'s as the prospective geniuses of the coming generation. Mrs. Hollingworth is cautious in projecting the curves beyond the data; but it is clear that she has greater confidence in the prophetic revelation of intelligence tests than have psychologists impressed with the "quality" side of ability; just as she underestimates the part which that peculiar grouping of traits that compose the masculine plays in the potencies of unusual performance. It is not the greatness of masculinity but the masculinity of greatness that offers the stumbling-block to the acceptance of some of her conclusions.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to the survey of factors influential in the production of the gifted child; and by substituting tests for impressions some prejudices are disproved and some unexpected results revealed. Race plays a part; the Jewish contribution is conspicuous; the English and Scotch inheritance is favorable; the Italian, and notably the Negro, is not. The city yields more gifted children than the country. The gifted are definitely and strikingly precocious; they are just as markedly superior in physique-height, weight, health, strength; and the photograph of a group of boys (a rear view athletically impressive) and of a group of girls (a face view æsthetically convincing as well) dispels entirely the notion of the puny "high-brow." The gifted have larger heads, are better nourished than the average; and it is plausibly suggested that the fact that so often they are placed in comparison with older children, and that they know more than they can do, is the basis for the opposite and false, yet prevalent assumption. Still more surprising is the showing in "nervous stability." Though estimates replace tests for the most part in arriving at the conclusion, it appears that the gifted child has better control; though the presence of a group of "nervous" children among the gifted is demonstrated, and in turn raises the inquiry of the distribution of the quality or special ability of this group,—related it may be to the unmistakable factor of excessive nervous liability in genius.

NEW FALL BOOKS

EIGHT YEARS WITH WILSON'S CABINET
By David F. Houston

The most intimate study of Woodrow Wilson we will have until the war President's authentic biography is published. Like Ambassador Page in London, Houston in Washington was a trained literary observer. His book should stand beside the famous "Page Letters" everywhere. 2 vols., $10.00.

SHOW BOAT
By Edna Ferber

A story of a wandering actor troupe on the ol' Mississip' . . . the "best-seller" of the year, better even, say Harry Hansen and others, than the same author's "So Big." Now in its 150*th* thousand. ($2.00)

INTRODUCTION TO SALLY
By "Elizabeth"

The witty story of the most beautiful girl in the world, and her amazing adventures. One of F. P. A.'s and Heywood Broun's favorite's among the new books. By the author of "The Enchanted April." ($2.50)

DEBITS AND CREDITS
By Rudyard Kipling

Readers everywhere are finding flashes of the old Kipling genius in this first new book of fiction in ten years by the world's most popular author. 3rd large edition. ($2.00)

MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARE

The autobiography, down to 1917 of France's former President and present Premier. An important contribution to the story of our times. Translated by Sir George Arthur. ($5.00)

A DAUGHTER OF PAN
By Cornelia Stratton Parker

The novel of a modern father and a modern daughter that is gaining favor with readers everywhere. ($2.00)

RIVER OF STRANGERS
By Frank Parker Day

The very spirit of the great woods and the trapping country is in this excellent story of the Northwest. ($2.00)

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS
By Ellen Glasgow

". . . exactly the kind of a book that I can enjoy and admire equally—the kind of a book I wish all writers of fiction were civilized enough to write—the kind of a book I wish the Pulitzer Prize committee could realize as the most civilized possible picture of the highest standard of American manhood and manners."—Frances Newman. 3rd large edition. ($2.50)

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

INTERNATIONAL

"Socrates, for all his baldness and his paunch, is twice as delightful as Agememnon."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

Mrs. Socrates
By Fritz Mauthner

In which the scold's mask is lifted from the fair Xantippe, revealing the puzzled wife of the philosopher as a simple-minded, devoted creature battling alone against her fate. We see the famed Aspasia and her aristocratic satellites and commingle in their most intimate moments with the gilded youth, the jaded men and women, the demi-monde, the politicians, poets and warriors of ancient Attica.

This book is so delightful that you will read it at least twice before permitting any friend to borrow it. $2.00

The WOMAN WORKER and the TRADE UNIONS
by Theresa Wolfson
The author sheds an understanding light on conditions of women wage earners. She considers the extent of their organization and participation in union life—in strikes, union meetings, as shop chairmen and organizers, and their place on wage boards and price committees. $1.75

THE PEASANT WAR IN GERMANY
by Friedrich Engels
A graphic description of a neglected phase of German history, throwing a revealing light upon the present-day unrest of the farming and peasant classes throughout the world. $1.50

THE 18th BRUMAIRE OF LOUIS BONAPARTE
by Karl Marx
A new and striking translation of one of Marx's most brilliant essays. This book is enriched by a chronological table of events in French revolutionary history (1789-1871), and a glossary of terms, names and dates. $1.50

OIL IMPERIALISM by Louis Fischer $2.00
BROKEN EARTH By Maurice Hindus $2.00
THE NEW THEATRE and CINEMA OF SOVIET RUSSIA by Huntly Carter $6.00
WHITHER RUSSIA? by Leon Trotsky $1.50
ARE THE JEWS A RACE? by Karl Kautsky $2.50
CHAINS by Henri Barbusse. 2 vols., $4.

AT ALL BOOK-STORES

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS
381 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

The Great American ASS
An Anonymous Autobiography

Portraying an "Education of Henry Adams" from a new angle. An Adams who turned westward rather than toward European culture. Daring, frank, timely, it portrays the anguish of a soul branded with the iron of Puritan tradition. ($3.50)

Publishers BRENTANO'S New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page 215*)

we progress from murder and the gang to the motion picture. In a sumptuous subscription edition, to be followed by a more simple one for general consumption, Simon & Schuster have issued Terry Ramsaye's "A Million and One Nights," a history of the motion picture industry from the beginning, lavishly illustrated, and constituting the first important survey of the movie. Those who prefer bridge to the movies will find books to their taste in Wynne Ferguson's "Practical Auction Bridge" (Doran), and "Lenz on Bridge," by Sidney S. Lenz (Simon & Schuster), while those whose concentration inclines them toward business even in leisure hours can seek information in Carl Snyder's "Business Cycles and Business Management" (Macmillan). The adventurous soul has Frank V. Morley and J. S. Hodgson's "Whaling North and South" (Century), and Clifford W. Ashley's "The Yankee Whaler" (Houghton Mifflin), on which to regale himself, and "A Book of Old Maps," (Harvard), by Emerson D. Fite and Archibald Freeman, with which to wander in fancy. "Regaling" carries us over to prohibition literature, and to such works as Irving Fisher's "Prohibition at Its Worst" (Macmillan), and Raymond Pearl's important "Alchohol and Longevity" (Knopf). Then by way of adding variety to our list of volumes for the reader of miscellaneous tastes we add to it Malcolm M. Willey's "The Country Newspaper" (University of North Carolina press), Wilhelm Boloche's "Love-Life in Nature" (A. & C. Boni), a work that has sold over 100,000 copies in Germany and has only now been translated into English, and "Outwitting Middle Age" (Century), by Dr. Carl Ramus.

Poetry and drama this season show a fair sprinkling of well-known names, but nothing of paramount importance with the exception of Amy Lowell's "East Wind" (Houghton Mifflin). Volumes of selected poems of Arthur Davison Ficke (Doran) and Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace), the latter with an interesting introduction by Rebecca West, are appearing, as is also the "Collected Parodies" of Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace). Carl Sandburg is also represented by "The American Songbag" (Harcourt, Brace). Other volumes of interest are "The Candle in the Cabin," by Vachel Lindsay (Appleton), Nathalia Crane's "The Singing Crow" (A. & C. Boni), Leonard Bacon's "Animula Vagula" (Harpers), Humbert Wolfe's "Humoresque" (Holt), Sara Teasdale's "Dark of the Moon" (Macmillan), Edgar Lee Masters's "Lee" (Macmillan), Robert Bridges's "New Verse" (Oxford), and Siegfried Sassoon's "Satirical Poems" (Viking). Stokes has begun issuing "The Augustan Poets" under the editorship of Edward Thompson, and a new publishing house, the Seven Arts, has put forth as its first book a volume of verse by Walter de Casseres entitled "The Sublime Boy." Mr. de Casseres who died some years ago left behind him a considerable collection of poems from which his brother, the critic Benjamin de Casseres, has culled the present selection.

In the field of drama the outstanding books are George C. D. Odell's "Annals of the New York Stage" (Columbia), Brander Matthews's "Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play" (Scribners), and among plays themselves, D. H. Lawrence's "David" (Knopf), and Witter Bynner's "Cake" (Knopf).

And now at long last we arrive at fiction which this season shows both variety and richness. Here are the familiar names without which no well-regulated fall sets, to winter, Zona Gale with "A Preface to Life" (Appleton), a well-wrought tale, full of penetration and fine, aching comment on life in its greater part, but somewhat marred towards the close by a tenuous mysticism; Ellen Glasgow's "The Romantic Comedians" (Doubleday, Page), an exquisitely written chronicle of the love of an old man for a young girl, full of wit, and irony, and delicate understanding, and kindly for all its mordancy; Hugh Walpole's "Harmer John" (Doran), and Stella Benson's "Good-bye, Stranger" (Macmillan); Elinor Wylie's "Orphan Angel" (Knopf), a novel which carries over its author's brilliance from fantasy to almost epic portrayal; Willa Cather's "My Mortal Enemy" (Knopf), a brief but artistic tale; May Sinclair's "Far End" (Macmillan), Galsworthy's "Silver Spoon" (Scribners), another of the Forsyte Saga; "Early Autumn," (Stokes), in which Louis Bromfield, with growing maturity and mellowness carries on the chronicle begun in "The Green Bay Tree," and advanced in "Possession," and "Angel" (Doran), another Southern romance by Du Bose Heyward. Here, too, are John Erskine's "Galahad" (Bobbs-Merrill), a book in which the author has transferred the humor and satire he before expended on Helen of Troy to figures of the Arthurian court; Rose Macaulay's "Crewe Train" (Boni & Liveright); Ford Madox Ford's "A Man Can Stand Up" (Boni), the third volume of the trio that began with "No More Parades;" Theodore Dreiser's "Chains" (Boni & Liveright), a collection of shorter tales; Frank Swinnerton's "Summer Storm" (Doran), and Arnold Bennett's story with a political background, "Lord Raingo" (Doran); Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" (Doubleday, Page), and "Elizabeth's" "Introduction to Sally" (Doubleday, Page), a hilarious tale of a girl so beautiful that all who came in contact with her were at once won to worship, even the Oxford youth who took her to wife despite her lack of aitches,—a tale always amusing but at times ribald; Joseph Hergesheimer's "Tampico" (Knopf); Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Spell-Land" (Dutton), and Dorothy Canfield's fine "His Son's Wife" (Harcourt, Brace); Robert Hichens's "The Unearthly" (Cosmopolitan); J. D. Beresford's "Almost Pagan" (Bobbs-Merrill); Carl Van Vechten's much discussed "Nigger Heaven" (Knopf); A. C. Walrond's "Tragic Death" (Boni & Liveright), and James Branch Cabell's "Music from Behind the Moon" (Day), a brief but beautifully written story issued in handsome dress. Here, too, are W. J. Locke's "Perella" (Dodd, Mead), a romance in the characteristic Lockesian manner, whimsical, humorous, exaggerated, but charming; Archibald Marshall's "The Allrights" (Dodd, Mead), a quiet tale of English family life; W. B. Maxwell's "Gabrielle" (Dodd, Mead), also a novel of manners; A. Hamilton Gibbs's "Labels" (Little, Brown), a book with a powerful anti-war slant, portraying the reactions of Young England to the world conflict; Arthur D. Howden Smith's "A Manifest Destiny" (Brentanos), a portrayal of the filibuster, Walker; Lord Dunsany's poetically conceived and interesting depiction of a world of shadows, "The Charwoman's Shadow" (Little, Brown), and Robert Nathan's forthcoming "The Fiddler in Barly" (McBride). Two works of fiction by virtue of their authorship take precedence in interest over others,—Kipling's "Debits and Credits" (Doubleday, Page), and "The World of William Clissold" (Doran), by H. G. Wells. Lovers of Kipling will rejoice to find that the old power still resides in the Master and that in his new volume is work worthy to take its place with the old. In "The World of William Clissold" they will find, as in all Wells's novels, the author himself revealed, and will find, too, the innovation which has been arousing so much comment in England, the introduction by names of real personalities of note. Before turning from these older writers to the newer, mention should be made of the fact that Margaret Deland, after a considerable period of silence, is again about to publish a novel, "The Kays" (Harpers).

The recent weeks have been unusually prolific of noteworthy first novels among which two or three stand out in particular. With her "The Time of Man" (Viking), Elizabeth Madox Roberts emerged as the author of a work of genuine distinction, a tale of the Southern Mountains which faces the grimness of life unflinchingly, and yet through its constant awareness of the poetry of existence manages to raise its story from sordidness to beauty. Miss Roberts has hitherto been known only as the writer of a slim volume of graceful verse, that she can write poetically in prose as well as in metrical form this tale attests. Another first novel of unusual quality is Leonard H. Nason's "Chevrons" (Doran), as its name implies a war story, while also of considerable power is Lester Cohen's "Sweepings" (Boni & Liveright). Carl Van Doren, who some time ago brought out a volume of short stories, now appears with his first long work of fiction, "The Ninth Wave" (Harcourt, Brace), a portrayal of professorial life, informed, interesting, and illuminating. Frances Newman is shortly to make her debut with "The Hard Boiled Virgin" (Boni & Liveright). Other first novels are Noel Forrest's "Ways of Escape" (Little, Brown), a story which if it had developed a powerful theme with the certainty of craftsmanship which it merited would have been impressive; "Mrs. Merivale," a clever tale by Paul Kimball, the Clode prize winning novel; Kathleen Millay's "Wayfarer" (Morrow); Gloria Goddard's "Backyard" (McBride); Stark Young's "Heaven Trees" (Scribners); Meade Minnigerode's "Cordelia Chantress" (Putnams), and "Peterena's Daughter," by H. Bellamann (Harcourt, Brace).

Among tales by novelists who have already won attention, mention should be made of Martha Ostenso's "The Dark Dawn" (Dodd, Mead), a book which shows a ripening of the powers of the author and which has indubitable strength; Bernard De Voto's "The Chariot of Fire" (Macmillan), a dramatic portrayal of religious fanaticism; Ruth Suckow's "Iowa Interiors" (Knopf); Floyd Dell's "An Old Man's Folly" (Doran); Larry Barretto's "Walls of Flame" (Little, Brown), a novel so good in parts as to make it a pity it is not better throughout; L. Allen Harker's "Hilda Ware" (Holt), a novel of marital relations; Jim Tully's "Jarnegan" (Boni), a tale of Hollywood with authentic background and a direct and vigorous approach to life; Fulton Oursler's "The Step-Child of the Moon" (Harpers); E. R. Eddison's "Styrbion the Strong" (Boni); E. B. Dewing's "My Son John" (Minton, Balch), a good novel by an author who has been silent for some time; Charles Caldwell Dobie's "Less Than Kin" (Day), another of the stories that has too much promise not to deserve more fulfilment; "Gallant Lady," by Margaret Widdemer (Harcourt, Brace); "The Exquisite Perdita," by E. Barrington (Dodd, Mead); "Antennae," by Hulbert Footner (Doran); "The Casuarina Tree" (Doran), by Somerset Maugham; "Fairy Gold" (Doran), by Compton Mackenzie, and "Sounding Brass" (Doubleday, Page), by Ethel Mannin.

In another group of novels, those of lighter strain, belong J. Storer Clouston's "The Lunatic in Charge" (Dutton); D. O. Stewart's "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris" (Harpers); John Buchan's "The Dancing Floor" (Houghton Mifflin); "The Club of Masks" (Lippincott), by Allen Upward; "The Dead Ride Hard" (Lippincott), by Louis Joseph Vance; "The Man They Hanged" (Appleton), by Robert W. Chambers; "The Chinese Parrot" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Earl Derr Biggers; "The Corbin Necklace" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Henry Kitchell Webster; "That Last Infirmity" (Day), by Charles Brackett; "The Elder Brother" (Dial), by Anthony Gibbs, and "Beau Sabreur" (Stokes), by Percival Christopher Wren.

The interest in European fiction still persists and is attested to by the publication in English translation of such works as Jacob Wassermann's "Wedlock" Boni & Liveright); Arthur Schnitzler's brief "None but the Brave" (Simon & Schuster), Lion Furchtwanger's "Power" (Viking) a book which like Ludwig Diehl's "The Sardonic Smile" (Houghton Mifflin), a novel based upon romantic life of Heine, and Fritz Mauthner's "Mrs. Socrates," a *jeu d'espri* in the John Erskine manner, has enjoyed an enormous vogue in Germany; Luigi Pirandello's "Shoot" (Dutton), and Sergeev Tzensky's "Transfiguration" (McBride).

Leaving the field of fiction for that of *Belles Lettres* we find a number of offerings that tempt to reading in the hours of relaxation. Here, for instance, are Heywood Broun's "It Seems To Me" (Boni & Liveright); Stephen Leacock's "Winnowed Wisdom" (Dodd, Mead); Charles S. Brook's "Round about to Canterbury" (Harcourt, Brace); Robert Littell's "Read America First" (Harcourt, Brace); Wyndham Lewis's "The Art of Being Ruled" (Harpers); Viscount Gray's "Fallodon Papers" (Houghton Mifflin); Osbert Burdett's "Critical Essays" (Holt); Dallas Lore Sharp's "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" (Harpers); William Dana Orcutt's "In Quest of the Perfect Book" (Little, Brown); Charles G. Harper's "A Literary Man's London" (Lippincott); Thomas Vernor Smith's "The Democratic Way of Life" (Chicago); "My Gray Gull" (Abingdon), by William Valentine Kelley; H. M. Tomlinson's "Gifts of Fortune" (Harpers); Paul Valery's "Variety" (Harcourt, Brace); Lewis Mumford's "The Golden Day" (Boni & Liveright); "The Outlook for American Prose" (Chicago), by Joseph Warren Beach, and the brilliant short study of Pope by Lytton Strachey (Harcourt, Brace).

Finally we come to travel where again there is goodly range of choice. Stephen Graham's "The Gentle Art of Tramping" (Appleton) puts in enticing form the joys of the road, while his "London Nights" (Doran), makes vivid the aspects of city life. In "The Road Round Ireland" (Macmillan) Padraic Colum has presented in its most lovable aspects his native land; while in "Corsica" (Duffield), Hildegarde Hawthorne has described another of the lesser travelled parts of Europe. E. V. Lucas in "A Wanderer in Rome" (Doran) ambles through the Eternal City as the leisurely tripper might; Mary Hastings Bradley writes of "Caravans and Cannibals" (Appleton) Herbert Adams Gibbons of "Ports of France" (Century); Douglas Goldring of "Northern Lights and Shadows" (Houghton Mifflin); Mildred Stapley Byne of "Forgotten Shrines of Spain" (Lippincott); George Wharton Edward of Spain (Penn); Clara Walker Whiteside depicts "Touring through New England" (Penn); Norma Lorimer makes the stay-at-home yearn to be "By the Waters of Carthage" (Stokes), and Anthony Dell makes him sigh for "The Isles of Greece" (Stokes); Edward Hutton wakes a desire to see the "Cities of Sicily" (Little, Brown), and Caroline Singer and C. Le Roy Baldridge advise the public to "Turn to the East" (Minton, Balch).

Dos Passos's Homer

(*Continued from page 202*)

cubist Paris they have invented some fetishes and grisgris that many are finding useful. Here's the confession of an *enfant du siècle*, itinerant Parisian.

I am the man who has no past.—Only the stump
of my arm hurst,—
I've rented a hotel room to be all alone with
myself.
I have a brand new wicker basket that's filling
up with manuscript.
I have neither books nor pictures, not a scrap of
æsthetic bric-a-brac.
There's an old newspaper on the table.
I work in a bare room behind a dusty mirror,
My feet bare on the red tiling, playing with
some baloons and a little toy trumpet;
I'm working on THE END OF THE WORLD.

I started these notes on the little sunny balcony at Marrakesh with in front of me the tall cocoa-colored tower of the Koutoubia surmounted by three high balls banded with peacock-color, gilded each smaller than the other, and beyond the snowy ranges of the high Atlas; I'm finishing it in Mogador in a shut-in street of houses white as clabber where footsteps resound loud above the continual distant pound of the surf. It's the time of afternoon prayer and the voice of the meuzzin flashes like bracc from the sky announcing that there is no god but God and that Mahomet is the prophet of God; and I'm leaving at six in the morning and there's nothing ahead but wheels and nothing behind but wheels. O, Thomas Cook and Son, who facilitate travel with their long ribbons of tickets held between covers by an elastic, what spells did you cast over the children of this century? The mischief in those names: Baghdad Bahn, Cape to Cairo, Transsiberian, Compagnie des Wagons Lits et des Grands Expresses Internationals, Christ of the Andes, the Panama Canal, mechanical toy that Messrs. Roosevelt and Goethals managed to make work when everyone else had failed; a lot of trouble for the inhabitants of the two Americas you have dammed up within your giant locks. The flags, the dollars, and Cook's tours marching round the world till they meet themselves coming back. Here in Morrocco you can see them hour by hour mining the minaret where the muezzin chants five times a day his superb defiance of the multiple universe.

If there weren't so many gods, tin gods, steel gods, gods of uranium and manganese, living gods—here's Mrs. Besant rigging a new Jesus in Bombay, carefully educated at Oxford for the rôle—red gods of famine and revolution, old gods laid up in libraries, plaster divinities colored to imitate coral at Miami, spouting oil gods at Tulsa, Okla., we too, might be able to sit on our prayer carpets in the white unchangeable sunshine of Islam. The sun of our generation has broken out in pimples, its shattered light flickers in streaks of uneasy color. Take the train, they're selling happiness in acre lots in Florida. So we must run across the continents always deafened by the grind of wheels, by the roar of aeroplane motors, wallow in all the seas with the smell of hot oil in our nostrils and the throb of the engines in our blood. Out of the Babel of city piled on city, continent on continent, the world squeezed small and pulled out long, bouncing like a new rubber ball, we get what? Certainly not peace. That is why in this age of giant machines and scuttleheaded men it is a good thing to have a little music. We need sons of Homer going about the world beating into some sort of human rhythm the shrieking hullaballo, making us less afraid.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

NEW BOOKS

The Way

Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun)

Christ and Evolution forms the theme of this study in play form. As Eleanor Calhoun, its author won international fame as an actress. As the Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich, she has devoted herself to the political liberation of her adopted people, the Serbs. The wide human knowledge gained in this work in two fields finds expression in *The Way*—a dramatic expression of the perfection which she sees as the goal of mankind, to be attained through the forces of Religion and Science working in natural harmony—"the way" through Christ, "the first teacher of human evolution." With a foreword by DAVID STARR JORDAN. *Postpaid*, $1.50

—STANFORD—

Early Mental Traits of Three Hundred Geniuses

Catherine M. Cox

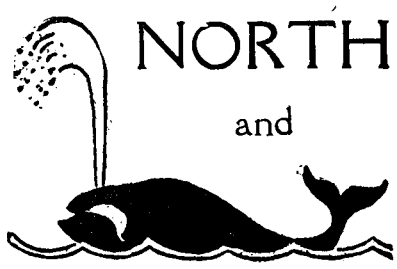
A period in the life of genius much neglected by biographers is analyzed in the light of modern psychology in this second volume of the *Genetic Studies of Genius* series. Prepared under the editorship of DR. LEWIS M. TERMAN. Ready November 15. *Postpaid*, $5.00

—STANFORD—

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Standford University California

WHALING NORTH and SOUTH—by

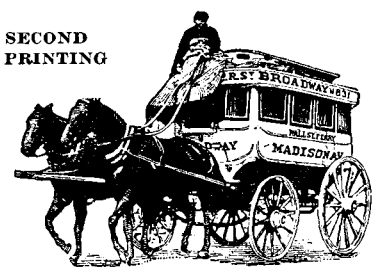


F. V. Morley & J. S. Hodgson

A spirited, colorful, wide-ranging story of the Elephants of the Sea—the ancient myths about them, the many species and the ocean haunts of them, the men who go forth to hunt them from Greenland to the Horn. Most exciting is the personal narrative of F. V. Morley's (younger brother of Christopher Morley) adventures in the North, Hodgson's in the South. Illus. $3.00

CENTURY—Enduring Books

SECOND PRINTING



The Last Fifty Years in New York

By Henry Collins Brown

Interestingly illustrated with over a hundred carefully selected pictures of the period of New York before the Telephone and Electric Light. 424 pp. Price $5.00 at all book shops.

Valentine's Manual, Inc., Publisher, Hasting-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The Baker & Taylor Co., Trade Selling Agents, **55 Fifth Avenue, New York**

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

INTRODUCTION TO SALLY. By *"Elizabeth"* (Doubleday, Page).

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By *Phillips Russell* (Brentanos).

THE ROAD AROUND IRELAND. By *Padraic Colum* (Macmillan).

M. D., Providence, R. I., has read, in the first chapter of "A Reader's Guide Book" (Holt), the story of R. F. D., the woman who could buy but four books a year, and the interest taken in their selection by the readers of the Guide, and says, "I should greatly appreciate it if you could start afresh on a set of four of our present output." This is one of many such letters.

THE "R. F. D." episode was one of the most moving in the experience of the Reader's Guide. As those may recall who some six years ago read this column in another place, R. F. D. was a woman on an isolated farm, with keen intelligence and a rare sense of beauty, a passionate booklover whose budget permitted her no more than four new books a year. Their selection, thus become a desperate concern, she decided to share with me, giving as clues the names of several of her favorite books. It was a list without precedents or prejudices, chosen for contents and not for authors, the books alike only in that each had a certain richness of reality and some distinctive flavor of art. Her letter, turned over to Guide readers, brought an instant, country-wide response. Meanwhile I was carrying on with her an ever more fascinating personal correspondence—for to me the best feature of this department is that ninety-five per cent of its letters are answered as from one reader to another and never see print. And then—and then there were no more letters from R. F. D., and it was not until her story was told in "A Reader's Guide Book" that the readers of the Guide knew why she wrote no more.

Perhaps the strange beauty of this episode's close kept me from replying to the many demands that I should open another. I suppose I could have nudged the minds of summer boarders to keep watch for bright spirits on the farm who were reading for dear life and longing for books to read, and when found to urge them to write to me in the vein of R. F. D. But for good or ill the feature of this column has been that I have never suggested or stimulated, far less written, the letters to which I have all I can do to reply. They come as they may, and I have thought that a certain naïveté thus resulting may be what distinguishes this from other book-departments. Anyway, no other farmer's wife has asked me to choose for her four new books—novels for choice—warranted to stand many re-readings, "good chewers" with juice and flavor in every chew. Will it do if I report on some of the novels I have myself re-read more than once?

I find that the novels I have re-read are those that have taken me into the current of life and made me a moving part of it; it may be a personal idiosyncracy that I find myself most often thus carried along by a book with many people in it. I return again and again to Radclyffe Hall's "Adam's Breed" (Doubleday, Page), which caught me at first because it is crowded with real people in singularly convincing circumstances, because the hero, an Italian waiter in a fashionable London restaurant, might be any man whose soul has felt the miracle of pity. I chuckle over "Lolly Willowes" after months of it, just as the process of being myself moves me now and again to unexpected chuckles. "Tom Fool," by Tennyson Jesse (Knopf), is about sailors and the sea, of which I know no more than may be learned on a liner, but Thomas Fould is a creature tossed by adventure to that "flash of acute knowledge" that looses every life into eternity. "Daphne Bruno" (Doran) is a leisurely uncondensable novel by Ernest Raymond, taking two spacious and separate books, one for Daphne's own girlhood, one to bring her daughter to the moment when the two women's experiences and qualities meet a crucial situation. It does not seem a long story after it is read: who looks back upon a lifetime and finds it other than a watch in the night? Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "The Time of Man" (Viking) is in this respect—and in others—one of the noblest novels of the year. What could be less promising, less coaxing to the writer's hand, than a poor-white's years as girl and woman in a lost Kentucky pocket of yesterday? But this girl moves, somewhat dreamily and with the intensity of experience only dreamers know, through scenes that may be brutal or beautiful, or both at once, so that a boy can say of her when she is a woman, "She's got the honey of life in her heart." It is really unfair to quote the only sentence in the book that taken thus from its context sounds sentimental: you will have to find for yourself that this sentiment is sound. Miss Roberts keeps a rein on her artistic impulses by the consciousness that life is not so much "what you make it" as what your temperament permits you to make of it.

John T. McIntyre's "Shot Towers" (Stokes) would be a gorgeous novel for someone shut in on a farm. Such eating and drinking, such tasty food and drink! Such comfortable coal stoves glowing through the mica, on nights when whirling snow sends customers in the market, blowing on their mittened fingers, to lay their crowded baskets on the counter of the coffee stall and sup a bowl of hot and reinforcing soup! Above all, such comfortable talk by people for the most part kind, for the most part Irish-American of the eighties, talk that is beauty without brogue. There is a sufficiently interesting plot, but it is the crowd of people and the reality of sensations of touch, taste, and smell, that make this book a good investment. I have gone back more than once to Ellen Glasgow's "The Romantic Comedians" (Doubleday, Page). It is impossible to read it slowly the first time; the tempo is part of the technique. Read it once for pure pleasure in a masterly performance, then go back to observe its delicate and daring fidelity to life. Many admirers of Hugh Walpole who are still re-reading "Fortitude" and "The Duchess of Wrexe" have been mourning—some of them by mail to me—that they could not stand a second sight of "A Man with Red Hair," and that for even the masterly "Old Ladies" once over was enough. Unless I am mistaken, his new novel, "Harmer John" (Doran), will bring back this public to the Walpolian fold.

For just once, and at the repeated requests of those who remember R. F. D., either through the Guide or the "Guide Book," this department will admit a suppositious case. If you could buy but four of this season's books, which do you think would be the best buy for your own personal enjoyment and enrichment? It is not necessary to limit this to novels.

THREE public libraries tell me about the book on Paisley shawls. The Cleveland Library through Miss Ruth Wilcox says that it is "The Paisley Shawl and the Men Who Produced It: A Record of an Interesting Epoch in the History of the Town," by Matthew Blair, published by Alexander Gardner, Paisley, 1904: "As the title implies, the book deals only with the shawl industry of Paisley, though it traces briefly the development of the Scottish product from the Turkish and Cashmere shawls. There are 84 pages of text and 16 full-page plates, 10 in color. Typical shawls are illustrated and two of the plates show the historical development of the pine pattern. Designs and workmanship are described at some length in the text. The book is listed in the English Catalogue, 1901-1905, and appears occasionally in British second-hand catalogues: it has also been catalogued by the Library of Congress." The Art Department of Los Angeles Public Library, through Miss Gladys Caldwell, has also found the book satisfactory, and so has Rosalie Mumford, of the Detroit Public Library, who adds that it may be imported through Stechert or Brentano of this country or Stevens and Brown of London.

Los Angeles adds: "It is not often that you give your readers an opportunity to add to your helpful and entertaining department." This opportunity is now lavishly extended in several directions: 1. Can anyone tell *L. C. R., Oakland, Cal.*, where to find a copy of "Fanciful Flower Tales," and "Snow White Town of Never-Weary," authors unknown, the latter giving instructions for cut-out houses for children. 2. Can anyone tell *J. C., Bronx*, of modern

(*Continued on next page*)

Columbia University Press — 2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

New Columbia Books

A GUIDE TO THE PRINTED MATERIALS FOR ENGLISH SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY, 1750-1850

By Judith B. Williams

Associate Professor of History in Wellesley College

The first complete outline of this field, with complete bibliographies. A work needed in every reference library and by students of economics and modern English history.

Two volumes. $10.00

CARLYLE AND MILL

By Emery Neff

Associate Professor of English in Columbia University

It presents the intellectual and spiritual history of the period of transition from eighteenth century feudalism to the contemporary capitalistic democracy.

Second edition, enlarged. $3.50

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN FRONTIER

By Ralph L. Rusk

Associate Professor of English in Columbia University

A literary history of the Middle West from 1700 to 1840, with complete bibliographies. Second printing with corrections.

Two volumes. $7.50

SHIFTING AND INCIDENCE OF TAXATION

By E. R. A. Seligman

McVickar Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University

A standard work on the distribution and results upon industry of various forms of taxation. Of particular value to public officials meeting practical problems of public finance.

Fifth edition, revised, $4.50

THE REALM OF MIND

By Frederick J. E. Woodbridge

Dean of the Graduate Faculties of Columbia University

This essay in metaphysics is the first book by Dean Woodbridge in several years. In language devoid of the usual technical terms he presents the crystalization of his thought on the subject. $1.75

THREE CONCEPTIONS OF MIND

By A. A. Jascalevich

"To the student or thinker interested in the answer to questions as to the nature of mind, this small volume presents a brief but clear summary of these three important historical points of view."—*Boston Evening Transcript.* $2.00

ELEMENTS OF A CONTRACT

By Victor Morawetz

Member of The American Law Institute

An essay on the elements of a contract and a statement of principles governing its formation. A book of interest to laymen as well as to lawyers. Ready in Nov. $2.00

GREEK PAPYRI

In the Library of Cornell University

Edited with Translations and Notes

By William Linn Westermann

Professor of Ancient History in Columbia University

and Casper J. Kraemer, Jr.

Assistant Professor of Classics in New York University

This collection of Greek papyri makes available original material on Egyptian life from 256 B. C. to 229 A. D.

With nineteen plate reproductions. $9.00

THE SEE OF PETER

By James T. Shotwell

Professor of History in Columbia University

and Louise Ropes Loomis

Professor of History in Wells College

A study of the doctrinal basis for the primacy of Rome in the universal church. One of the series, Records of Civilization: Source of Studies. Ready in Nov. $6.00

TAORMINA

An Essay

By George Edward Woodberry

"For over a quarter of a century it has seemed to its admirers one of the finest things in American literature."—*John Erskine.*

Paper binding. $1.25

An Investigation of ATTENTION TO ADVERTISEMENTS

By H. K. Nixon

Lecturer in Advertising, School of Business, Columbia University

The results of experiments made to test out methods for the study of attention to advertisements in a retail store window. Of value to merchants and to advertising men. Paper. $1.00

AT BOOKSTORES

Or direct from the Publishers

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

books on the theory and mathematics of card games, especially of whist and pinochle? I am gathering one on the chances at Monte Carlo, but people seem to be taking their chances at pinochle without mathematical support. 3. Who can translate for *F. D. H., Atlanta, Ga.,* the inscription on the old Pusey horn? This horn is said to have been given to the Pusey family in Berkshire, England, by Canute, and to have remained in the family ever since; it bears the words:

Pecote this horn and hold huy thy land.

D. S., Keene Valley, N. Y., was delighted to read that the "Boll Weevil," which Carl Sandburg sings, is to be printed in a collection of old songs. "I was on the verge of writing to you to ask if you knew how I could locate the words, but now my question will soon be answered, although I wonder whether you could tell me how I could learn the tune, which I can remember only to the last line."

CARL SANDBURG writes "The Songbag" will have two good musical versions of the Boll Weevil song and about forty verses. So when the book is out a few months from now, she will have complete service on that ditty. The book in question is "The American Songbag," to be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Simon and Shuster announce the impending publication of "Bronx Ballads," local folk-songs of high frequency, to be intoned to the zither or its equivalent.

J. T. J., Pawtucket, R. I., needs a good readable fairly recent one-volume history of France, one of Greece, and a modern, thorough, and authoritative work on Physics, similar to the old "Ganot."

FOR the one-volume history of France, Jacques Bainville's "History of France" (Appleton). This is a swiftly moving but not hurried account of what has taken place since France emerged from Gaul, as it seems to this historian to have affected national destiny and formed national greatness. The American democrat will not be troubled by discovering that in Bainville's opinion the greatness of France is made by Monarchy and the Church, if he bears in mind that this is the conviction of most conservative Frenchmen; indeed one will come closest to France if it is at least admitted by the student or traveller while reading or traveling. For the Greek short history I have tested George Willis Botsford's "Hellenic History" (Macmillan) in four years' reference use: it suggests additional reading. There is a new and cheaper student's edition of the admirable "Greek Life and Thought," by Professor Van Hook of Columbia (Columbia University Press). The tremendous enterprise in which the house of Knopf is now engaged, in furthering a 200-volume "History of Civilization" that will be in time a complete library of social evolution, has already brought out two important volumes for the student of Greek history, A. F. Jardé's "Formation of the Greek People," and Gustave Glotz's "Ancient Greece at Work." Another important new book is "The Achievement of Greece: A Chapter of Human Experience," by William Chase Greene (Harvard University Press).

The book on physics must indeed be new: this is a subject lately under radical reconstruction. "The Elements of Applied Physics," by Alpheus W. Smith (McGraw-Hill, 1923) treats mechanics, heat, electricity, magnetism, wave motion, light, and sound, presenting "a limited number of fundamental physical principles, stated intimately and concretely," and intended "to lay a basis for correct scientific thinking." Another textbook strongly recommended to me is Louis Bevier Spinney's" Text-Book of Physics" (Macmillan, 1920). This treats the same range of subjects and also has problems and diagrams: the author is on the faculty of Iowa State College.

The very latest textbook to appear, one a grade more advanced than required by this reader's request, is "General Physics for Colleges," by Webster, Farwell, and Drew. It has been published within the year by the Century Company and has already received strong commendation.

A reading club in Littleton, New Hampshire, asks for additional documentation on "Family Life in Recent Fiction."

AMONG the many clients of this column whose letters do not get into print is a citizen resident of Soviet Russia who means someday to travel in England and America, whose acquaintance he is meanwhile making through contemporary fiction. I wonder just what opinion, if any, he would have of the family in the English speaking world, if he should read through the little tower of novels that has been rising beside my desk since I printed a brief list on this subject, some weeks since.

He would think, I fancy, that with us the family was under fire, not drawn up to resist a frontal attack but aware that the trees are full of snipers ready for any head that may come over the level. Just now the head of the family is being taught that his position depends on lying low. The most determined of what one might call the anti-father novels are coming from Great Britain, where it appears to be about time, if "Janet Thurso" is as true of a type as it is of an individual. This Scotch novel, by Alexander Moray (Harcourt, Brace), might be a passionate portrait of a sacrified mother by a grown son. The startlingly lifelike dialogue stands out against the narrator's own old-fashioned phrases as if he had heard it, a silenced and protesting child. Noel Forrest's "Ways of Escape" (Little, Brown), shows a family's efforts to keep from being swallowed alive by the sort of man who buys all his wife's clothes. He is the deadly sort that chooses them better than she does. These family exits include marriage, death, emigration and other desperate expedients, and in every case Father gives the escaper a run for his money. In both these novels the surrounding society is rather with the parents than with children, but Mr. Forrest's parent, living at the present time, has at least to dissemble the methods in which Mr. Moray's took pride, not so long before. He even comes to suspect, like Galsworthy's bewildered "Family Man," that while laws may be the same in respect to parental governance public opinion has somehow shifted, so that the same conduct for which he was praised under Victoria he is unaccountably required to explain under Stanley Baldwin.

The family as such is the central interest in some of the best novels of the opening season. It is a clan in Stark Young's delicious "Heaven Trees" (Scribner), but it is hardly fair to put in evidence in this case a novel set in the Far South of the Fifties. It is a clan in Mildred Wasson's "The Big House" (Houghton Mifflin), whose symbol is the great family fortress of riches and continuance inherited by one of them. It is an English household in Arthur Hamilton Gibbs's "Labels" (Little, Brown), trying to muddle back to the peace they knew before a war in which one son was a C. O. and the other a D. S. O. This is one of the few efforts that have been made to get the conscientious objector into fiction without special pleading either way. Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn" (Stokes) adds to the succession of "Green Bay Tree" novels another sure-footed study of a family group. These novels are beginning, in this coutry at least, to be compared with "The Forsyte Saga:" in one respect at least the younger author more than holds his own with the elder—his series grows stronger as it goes on, and "Early Autumn" kept me reading steadily through a long and clos-packed history, while I found myself unable to fix upon "The Silver Spoon" more than a languid attention. But I have been losing interest in my old friends the Forsytes since they included Fleur, who seems to me the most unnecessary young woman I ever met. "Summer Storm," by Frank Swinnerton (Doran), relieves the strain of a plot tight with suspense by giving the reader glimpses of a thoroughly happy family. A word here: let the ladies of Littleton and the man from Moscow trust anything Mr. Swinnerton's novels may say about family life, especially life in reasonably harmonious middle-class families. I believe he knows more about its actual spirit and the influence of this upon the individual than any other present-day writer.

Marriage and problems arising from a desire to remain married continue to interest experienced authors. May Sinclair's "Far End" (Macmillan) deals with a novelist's happy marriage, interrupted by children and other dream-disturbers, but in time resolving its discords. Oliver Onions in "The Spite of Heaven" (Doran) treats a tragic marriage, and Margaret Leech in "Tin Wedding" (Boni & Liveright), a troubled one; these I have not yet read and speak from publishers' announcements; I am told that Miss Leech's story is lifelike. "Gallant Lady," by Margaret Widdemer (Harcourt, Brace) is a light but sincere story of a marriage that withstands even the husband's absentmindedness in the matter of a previous wife. The feature is that the young wife keeps right side up during her troubles not by trust in her husband or the consolations of a religion but by a strictly modern determination not to be wept over by any friend or relative. Heavens, how these young things fear and hate the "scenes" on which their parents grew fat. The hero of E. F. Benson's "Mezzanine" (Doran), at the time of life symbolized by the awkward floor interrupting the flight of many an elevator, and with an excellent wife eleven years older, falls in love with a beautiful lady. What is the wife to do about this, if she knows that the charmer has the disposition of a jaguar? The conclusion, which is reached with a bump on the last sentence of the last page, is reassuring to the mature reader. Also it may comfort him, or her, to find that the hero of J. D. Beresford's "Almost Pagan" (Bobbs-Merrill), after fluttering for a time with wild youth, decides at last in spite of all temptation to remain a middle-aged man. This time of life, however, does not keep the novelist who figures in L. Allen Harker's "Hilda Ware" (Holt) from going off with his young stenographer, and the quiet, ruthless humor of events thereafter makes this one of the most honest novels I have read along this line. "Gertrude Haviland's Divorce," by Inez Haynes Irwin (Harper), last year, was another excellent statement of such a problem wasting no time in calling names or misjudging motives. Mrs. Harker's story is shorter, and the climax is both surprising and convincing. Harriet T. Comstock, in "Out of the Clay" (Doubleday, Page) asks what becomes of the children of divorced parents, according to Everett Young's "Custody Children" (Holt) one answer would seem to be that a girl is likely to take several consecutive husbands if she has had several simultaneous fathers.

Women who work for money after marriage still harass the novelists. Jeannette Hamilton Gibbs presents in "Portia Marries" (Little, Brown) a lawyer who carries on her romance, her business and her maternal duties with the bright earnestness of a steam-shovel. Roger Burlingame, in "Susan Shane" (Scribner) has no delusions as to the intrinsic worthlessness of his heroine's success, but no disdain for her frank absorption in reaching it. He shows her scrambling out of a poverty caused by family sloppiness, determined herself never to be sloppy, building a business career on cakes and catering, reaching Fifth Avenue and incorporation, marrying into the Social Register, with recurrent self-discipline whenever she finds herself softening toward a man earning less than she does. It is a sound study, such as I have been hoping to get from the author of "You Too." I have just had an inquiry from England about "You Too," by the way; the writer had been told that this was the best novel involving American advertising psychology, and I told him I thought so too.

Come to think of it, wives who work in offices might point to Ruth Suckow's "Iowa Interiors" (Knopf) as evidence that all is not roses all the way for wives who work in kitchens. In short stories the effectiveness of Miss Suckow's method is more readily apparent than in a sustained narrative: these studies in monotony are strangely unmonotonous, these drab tones come back to the mind with the effect of color. "The Delicatessen Husband," by Florence Guy Seabury (Harcourt, Brace), is called a book of essays, but is nearer a set of short stories than many known by that name, while they throw more light, from more angles, upon the new world of the new woman, than any one novel. From the title story of a man who hungrily read newspaper recipes for leftovers because his existence was "from can to mouth," through two dozen sprightly reports of the young and the near-young, there is material that if permitted to expand would fill a bookshelf. Another book not a novel, but reading like one, is "Through Many Windows," a personal record by Helen Woodward (Harper). There is an apparent effortless lucidity and directness in this report of life as a business executive that not only give it a distinctive style but make it better evidence than interviews with a hundred women less capable of seeing and of saying.

The youth novels have for the moment doused the flame; they are quieter than recorded facts would permit, if one is to take the evidence of Judge Lindsay's "Revolt of Modern Youth," and surely this is expert evidence. There is unlimited fiction material in Judge Lindsay's record, amounting sometimes to tabloid novels of extraordinary vigor, while in "Back to Bondage," by Barbara Blackburn (Dial), the girls make their brief and futile gestures of freedom and slip back into the cage of everyday. "Joanna Godden Married," by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Harper), is one of the few successful sequels to a novel of the first rank, perhaps because it is so brief as to be an epilogue rather than a continuation —it is the title number of a volume of short stories. Anyone who read that book knew that Joanna was far too good to be wasted; it is with a sense that life is justified that one watches Joaan disappear over the horizon on the arm of the right man. But there have been several other recent attempts to glue together a shattered commandment that have been less satisfactory. In Larry Barretto's "Walls of Glass" (Litlte, Brown), a mother is scorned by the son for whose sake—we are told rather than convinced—she spent highly-subsidized years beyond the social pale, and the social readjustments in Marjorie Barkley McClure's "The Price of Wisdom" (Minton, Balch), are so high-handed as to make one suspect that the basal idea of "Three Weeks" has been here given an extension of time and a change of venue.

The literary merits of this collection vary considerably, but almost every book in it has at least some value as evidence. Some of these novels will repay careful individual review and discussion, and group reports on others will enliven and diversity a program. *The club in Edgewood, Pa. studying the family in history may wish to add to their equipment the recently published* "Conservation of the Family," by Paul Popence (Williams & Wilkins), an introduction to its history as an institution; "Short History of Marriage," a briefer version of Westermarck's famous work, to be published by Macmillan late in October; Allen K. Farest's "The New Japanese Womanhood" (Doran), a survey of social and cultural changes, and "The Drifting Home," by Ernest R. Groves (Houghton Mifflin), an analysis of the shifting status of home life.

E. B. P., Newport, R. I., asks if there is a book on book-reviewing.

I AM so often asked for one that I am glad that "The Free-Lance Writers' Handbook," announced for immediate publication by The Writer Publishing Company, Cambridge, Mass., will have a section on criticism in which the leading article will be "The Morals and Morale of Book Reviewing," by Henry Seidel Canby, followed by reports from reviewers of special types. This is in general a practical and time-saving volume; it has forty articles on every department of a free lance's business, each by a competent authority and some by famous ones, while the third section is a directory listing editorial needs of over 1,200 magazines, publishers, producers, and syndicates.

M. Henri Pourrat has written a succession of well-written novels and in the latest, "Le Mauvais Garçon" (Nouvelle Revue Française), writes perhaps his best, and is called "one of the best writers of his generation" by French critics who are not easily misled. In this book M. Pourrat, who is a native of Auvergne, places most of his scenes in that picturesque province, and takes as a hero a boy of ten whose mother is the "mère poule" variety and brings him up by methods of over-care and suppression well known to be sure of failure. Bernard Solier does not fail, however, except in a superficial sense of the word, and dies in an effort to save the life of his friend, a young girl who has thrown herself into a pond because she has been seduced by her guardian. Fatality has brooded over their families, developing more than once into tragedy. The power of the story lies in the evolution of the boy into a man, treated from a fresh standpoint.

⁂

The chief political editor of the *Figaro*, M. Lucien Romier, who gave us an interesting book in 1924 entitled "Explication de Notre Temps," has written his first novel, "L'Homme Blessé" (Grasset), which has been looked for with some curiosity. Again interpreting our times, M. Romier has taken for his hero a young man who had been injured in the war, who finds himself struggling with a newly-organized world, and whose worst wound lies in his consciousness that he has been robbed of his real youth. The action moves rapidly and smoothly, and a pecuilar love story holds the interest. For a first novel it is rather a good one, but is the kind that does not "bite in."

⁂

The German Reichsarchiv has just issued an official monograph covering the end of the war on the Macedonian front. The book, which is entitled "Schlachten des Weltkrieges; Weltkriegsende an der Mazedonischen Front," should be of value to students of the war, for it contains sketch maps and photographs in addition to its chronicle. So, too, should be a volume by a French officer, Captain Rinieri, which is published under the title, "Une Division Française à la Bataille du Dobropolié."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

THE FANFROLICO PRESS

THE announcement of a new special press comes from London. The Fanfrolico Press is its name, and its address, 5 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. A beautifully printed prospectus, together with specimen pages of forthcoming books, will be sent on request as long as the supply lasts. This new press will publish this autumn a series of fine books of interest to collectors and lovers of fine printing. They will be issued in most cases in limited editions, and, whenever possible, illustrated. Only the finest material will be used and all details of production will be closely supervised. Regardless of publication price, every effort will be made to produce distinctive books. The first book will be "Lysistrata," a play by Aristophanes, translated into English verse by Jack Lindsay, illustrated by Norman Lindsay, printed from Garamond Roman type, on Batchelor Kelmscott paper with the press watermark, bound in dark bevelled boards, making a handsome royal octavo, and limited to 725 copies signed by the translator. This volume will be followed by "Earth-Visitors," a book of poems by Kenneth Slessor, in a limited edition of 425 copies, and "Marino Faliero," a dramatic poem by Jack Lindsay, in a limited edition of 450 copies.

"A. L. A. CATALOGUE OF 1926"

THE new "A. L. A. Catalogue of 1926" is a bibliographical work of the greatest importance. It prints the names of 10,000 books upon all subjects and gives the author, date of publication, number of pages, publisher, price, proper classification, and a careful description and evaluation. It is indexed so as to be easily used. The selection of 10,000 books has been made from about 50,000 titles gathered from innumerable lists of recommended books together with the special suggestions of 400 individuals who offered titles for consideration. Under the editor-in-chief, Isabella M. Cooper, was an office staff whose employment was underwritten by a special appropriation from the Carnegie Corporation and in addition to this there was voluntary coöperation given by 500 specialists, including 62 special departments of colleges and universities as well as theological schools, 10 college and university libraries, 21 specialists in public libraries, 21 from special libraries, 15 from government department libraries and institutions in Washington. The task has required two years to complete it. This Catalogue has the background of previous efforts in the same field. In 1893, at the time of the World's Columbian Exposition, there appeared a catalogue of the A. L. A. Library listing 5,000 volumes for a popular library selected by the American Library Association. In 1904 this was completely revised and enlarged to 8,000 volumes. It was stated then that "this catalogue would serve as a guide to book buyers, whether for public or private libraries." The first supplement for this publication was issued in 1912, the second in 1923. In planning the American Library Association exhibit at the Sesqui-Centennial, a complete showing of the 10,000 volumes has been made through the coöperation of the publishers who have supplied such volumes as had been selected from their list. The "A. L. A. Catalogue of 1926" can be bought from the American Library Association at its headquarters at 86 East Randolph Street, Chicago.

AT AMERICAN ART GALLERIES

THE first book sale of the season at the American Art Galleries will be held on November 3 and 4, when the library of Alexander M. Hudnut, of this city, will be dispersed. This sale is important as it contains many items of interest to collectors. Fine modern bookmaking is represented by the publications of the Kelmscott, Doves, Essex House and other special presses. There are also many Grolier Club publications, about sixty books designed by Bruce Rogers, and many limited issues on Japan vellum of the privately printed books of William Loring Andrews. Dickens, Thackeray, and Kipling are well represented by first editions. There are, too, many fine bindings, sets of standard authors in the best editions, manuscripts, incunabulæ, and rare Americana. As a whole it is a collection brought together with discrimination and taste and well worth the attention of the bibliophile.

EMERSON THE DIARIST

A NEW book which the Emerson collector should not overlook is the uncut first edition of "The Heart of Emerson's Journals," just published in an edition of 300 copies, by Houghton Mifflin Company. This handsome volume comprises selections from the ten volumes of Emerson's "Journals" edited and with an introduction by Bliss Perry. Professor Perry says:

"There is a certain freshness and charm in these original jottings that is sometimes lost in the smoothly finished paragraphs of the published essays. The journals, for the most part, are highly felicitous in style. That lack of unity and coherence and sustained logic which has so frequently been charged against Emerson as a writer of prose is naturally less perceptible upon the random pages of the "savings bank." Here is one golden coin after another,—hundreds and hundreds of them,—and no one wants them fused into an ingot. . . . In literary quality, then, and still more in autographic interest, the present volume is believed to challenge comparison with any book that Emerson published in his lifetime. Some of the most famous utterances of the Phi Betta Kappa oration, of the Divinity School address, and of Emerson's best known essays are here to be found in their original phrasing. It is possible to trace also the whole story of Emerson's revolt against a conventionalized Christianity, in spite of many a note of affectionate loyalty to the old order of things in Puritan New England. Here, too, are Emerson's off-hand or inveterate impressions of books and authors, some of them penetrating and some of them shallow, but all of them charmingly expressed."

Heinemann of London have ready a twenty-four page booklet which contains an appreciation and a complete bibliography of the writings of John Galsworthy which will be sent to any reader of Galsworthy's stories who will write for it.

NOTE AND COMMENT

COPIES of the first printing of A. Edward Newton's "The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers" are being sought by collectors. The limited edition began selling at a premium on the day it was published. There is a similar prospect for the limited edition of William Dana Orcutt's "In Quest of the Perfect Book," which was oversubscribed before the day of publication.

Almost a century ago a physician compiled a Washington guide. A few of the rare volumes are still extant and offer a real glimpse of the peculiar customs in the National Capital in those days. Under the social rules then, "no lady of fashion or distinction goes to either House to hear debates without being attended by a gentleman." The guide states further that "very few of the fashionable people are to be seen in the streets on Sundays, and those who attend any place of public worship go mostly in carriages." This was because Sunday was largely a holiday for the negroes, both slave and free, and the streets were given over to them, so they could display their fine clothes.

Mr. Chu-Chao-nsin, the Chinese delegate to the League of Nations, has presented the League with the Chinese Encyclopedia, to be the largest in the world, when its printing is completed. This work occupies nine large bookcases in the British Museum. Its name is "Ku Chin Tu Shu Chi Cheng." It was compiled 200 years ago under the patronage of the Emperor Kang Shi, and its editor was the scholar, Chen Ming-lei. The set comprises 800 large volumes, consisting of 800,000 pages. Its information is divided into six groups: heaven, earth, man, science, literature, and government. Unlike Occidental encyclopædias this Oriental work does not contain original articles on any subject, but simply grouped extracts from previously existing literature.

Among the sights of the ancient city of Frankfort, the house where Goethe was born and where he spent his early youth is probably the place which will always arouse the greatest general interest. Thousands of visitors from all parts of the world flock to it yearly to see the rooms where Goethe wrote his first poems and the plays that laid the foundation of his world-wide fame. The house, which is now the property of the "Freie Deutsche Hochstift," a literary society, has gradually been restored to the state it was in the time Goethe's father rebuilt it in 1755-56. The greater part of the old furniture, which had been sold by later proprietors, has been recovered; and as Goethe himself in his memoirs, "Poetry and Reality," gives an exact description of the house, this proved a great help to those who tried to refurnish it in the old style.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have taken over the printing and publication of *The Fleuron*, the only periodical published in England which deals with the history and practice of typography, and the fifth number will accordingly be issued this autumn.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 7 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

MESSRS. DAUBER & PINE invite all Book-lovers to visit their most interesting Bookshop, where their large, choice and richly varied stock of Old, Rare and New Books in all fields of Literature may be leisurely inspected in comfortable surroundings. Open Evenings. Out-of-Print Books Supplied. Catalogues free. Libraries and small collections of Books purchased. DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc., 64-66 Fifth Avenue. Phone Chelsea 5670.

SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS. ALL BOOKS; LOWEST PRICES. New, used. Back numbers of this magazine. Bargain Catalogues free. 832 Westchester Avenue, New York.

SCOTT NEARING'S BEST BOOKS, the American Empire and the Next Step, two volumes for $1.10 postpaid. Robert L. Leslie, 325 Ocean Avenue.

REMAINDER CATALOG of new books sent free. Mercury Book Mart, 1472 Broadway, New York City.

RARE EDITIONS

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

MARK TWAIN, A Complete Set of First Editions, on exhibition, and for Sale as a set only at HARRY STONE'S BOOK SHOP, 24 East 58th St., N. Y. C. Many single items offered separately.

AMERICANA. Send for catalog No. 2 of books about the history of New York City and State. Arthur B. Carlson, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Free catalogue, state language desired. Schoenhof's—established 1856. 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

SPECIALISTS

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermatics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of print, new and contemporary.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS' PUBLICATION SERVICE, Editorial, Manufacturing, Distributing, etc. Biographies, Histories, Special Works, Genealogies, Theses, etc. The Branwell Company, 406 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

AUTHORS' AND ARTISTS' representative, literary adviser. Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, 342 Madison Avenue, New York. Vanderbilt 9344.

AUTOGRAPHS

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. Send for price lists. Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City. Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

GENEALOGY

GENEALOGY: If interested in your family history, our priced catalogue listing nearly 5,000 genealogical books for sale by us will be mailed to you for 10c in stamps. GOODSPEED'S BOOK-SHOP, 9A Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagrams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

THEATRE ARTS MONTHLY in 10 volumes. 1500 Illustrations. The only complete international record of the modern theatre. Special Issues on Stagecraft, Theatre Backgrounds, Costume, Shakespeare, etc. Complete $45. We buy Volumes I and III at $5 each. THEATRE ARTS, INC., 119 West 57th Street, New York.

18TH CENTURY EDITIONS of the Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists. Many other interesting items. Catalogue. The CHAUCER HEAD, Inc., 32 West 47th Street, New York.

ANNOUNCING: Harry Stone's Book Shop, 24 E. 58th St., N. Y. C. First editions, Old and New, Early Printed and Private Press Books, Prints and Autographs. Catalogues issued. HARRY STONE also at 137 Fourth Avenue.

O'MALLEY'S BOOK STORE, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.) Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable. Expert service. Open evenings.

ANY BOOK SENT ANYWHERE POST-FREE. Are you too far away from bookshops, too busy to browse? We specialize in standing orders for weekly or monthly book packets. Send for particulars. The Post-Box Book Service, 15 West 44th Street, New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1208 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

OVERLAND Narratives, the Indians, Slavery, the Civil War. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalog of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Washington, Chicago.

SEND FOR CATALOG of most interesting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

FRANK HARRIS'S WORKS. Write for catalogue. The Frank Harris Publishing Company, Inc., 246 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS promptly supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York. Caledonia 0047.

THE OUT-OF-PRINT department of BRUSSEL'S will locate the books you want. Brussel's, 57 Fourth Avenue, New York.

YOUR BOOK WANTS solicited. Back numbers of magazines. Thomas M. Salisbury, 87 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

MORE BOOKS WANTED of the better kind. If you have any, I will gladly buy them and give a really good price. Bender's Book Store, 84 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C. Tel. 4216 Stuyvesant.

MAKE MONEY with old books by reading our want lists every week. Sample, 10c. Book Dealers' Weekly, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FINE acts and rare books. Thomas & Eron, Inc., 89 Chambers St., near B'way, N. Y.

COMPLETE LIBRARIES or Small Collections of Books purchased at all times. Madison Book Store, 55 East 59th Street, New York. Telephone Regent 7994.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The mystery of existence

has always been the touchstone for the measure of men's curiosity. Sixteen men, no more curious, perhaps, but better trained than most of us in the ways of scientific thought have searched, and found, and written down for the satisfaction of all other inquiring minds the facts about the world and man—of life itself as they have found it. Their book

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN

is a complete picture of the world as it appears today in the light of man's increased understanding.

". . . fascinating reading . . . fulfilling rarely its purpose. . . . The book has taken on the unity, the coherence, the march, of one great epic poem."
—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A tool for the work and play of a work-and-play world . . . a work of art no less than a work of science."
—*Chicago Daily News.*

It is by sixteen ranking scientists, members of the University of Chicago faculties.

At All Bookstores. $4.00

* * * *

AND these books are important selections from a comprehensive Fall List—

The Outlook for American Prose
By Joseph Warren Beach. $2.50

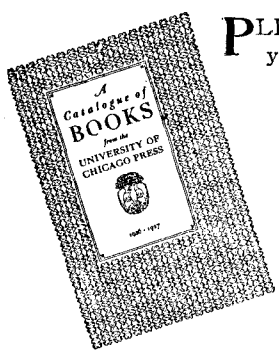
The Democratic Way of Life
By T. V. Smith. $1.75

The Psalms
Newly Translated by J. M. Powis Smith. $3.00

Brains of Rats and Men
By C. Judson Herrick. $3.00

The Gang
By Frederick M. Thrasher. $3.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



PLEASE mail me your new catalogue.

Name .....

Address .....

The Phoenix Nest

IT is some few weeks now since *Rudyard Kipling's* poem "The Vineyard" in his "Debits and Credits" stirred our newspapers to remarks various and sundry. But a small and strange magazine published at Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania, and entitled *Stuff and Nonsense*, reminds us of certain pertinent stanzas printed by *H. I. Phillips*. We select four, for which we amend Mr. Phillips's original title to "Yes, we have no bananas!"

At the eleventh hour we came,
Late, perhaps, but pretty game;
Up they leaped with shouts of joy
And lusty cries of "Attaboy!"

Since our backs had felt no load
Eagerness in us abode;
And it's only fair to state
No one said, "Go home, you're late!"

They went home, delivered thence,
Grudging us no recompense,
But (let's tell a truthful story)
They got all the territory.

Rudyard, make some frank confessions;
You got all the choice possessions;
Uncle Sam fulfilled a mission—
All he got was prohibition.

John Newbery, an Englishman, was the first publisher of books for children. From him the Newbery medal, awarded for "the most distinguished contribution to American children's literature" during a sepcific year, takes its name. *Hendrik Van Loon* won it in 1921, *Hugh Lofting* in 1922; in 1923 it went to *Charles Boardman Hawes* and in 1924 to *Charles J. Finger*. The medal is presented by the American Library Association. The latest award, for 1925, has been to *Arthur Bowie Chrisman*, a young Virginian, for "Shan of the Sea," a series of Chinese stories for children, published by the Duttons. It was through a Chinese grocer located next door to his cheap lodgings in Los Angeles, (when Mr. Chrisman was out on the Coast with movie-star aspirations), that this writer conceived his first interest in China. From this grocer he gleaned the material for his book. . . .

O. J. Mitchell, Esq., of 721 California Street, Los Angeles writes to inquire whether any of *John Stapleton Cowley-Brown's* "superlative criticisms" were ever published in book-form, or whether there are any books to his credit, and what they are. Mr. Mitchell joins us in remembering with pleasure the paprika days of the old *Ten Story Magazine*, in which John Stapleton Cowley-Brown ran his peppery book page. Will Mr. Cowley-Brown or anyone else step forward to answer Mr. Mitchell's questions, which, frankly, we can't? . . .

It may be because we are so fond of *Drayton*, but rarely has a sixty-cent pamphlet come to hand so entirely pleasing to our eye as "The Ballad of Agincourt and the Ode to the Virginian Voyage," printed at The Shakespeare Head Press (Stratford-Upon-Avon) for *Edwin Valentine Mitchell* at Hartford, Connecticut. The type and decorations harmonize beautifully. . . .

"In Dark Places!" exclaims *John Russell* on a postal to *Carl Brandt*. The words are scribbled across a fine photograph of the Adelphi Hotel, Singapore. . . .

Early in the winter, Harcourt will bring out *Lloyd Morris's* book on Hawthorne. Morris recently returned from abroad. He spoke of seeing *Rebecca West* in Nice. She is now in this country engaged upon a new *opus*. We understand that for six hours every day she is impossible to reach by telephone and puts in that time in intensive literary work. . . .

Martha Ostenso, author of "Wild Geese" and "The Dark Dawn" (the latter novel appearing through Dodd, Mead in October) is now perched in a remodelled house upon the edge of the Palisades. Her favorite manner of writing, we understand, is to sit down after a merry, social evening and knock off four thousand words—out of which she eventually salvages two thousand. If we did that we doubt if even only ten of our words would be any good at all. . . .

Recently we hearkened to vivacious controversey between *Elinor Wylie* and *Isabel Paterson*, upon the pronunciation of the name of that meretricious divine, *Bishop Berkeley*. Roused by the argument, Mrs. Wylie finally committed herself as follows:

Bishop Berkeley
Started perkily
BUT
Bishop Berkeley
Ended darkly!

Daniel Henderson recently won a prize for a poem called "Prayer for the Hunted," in a contest for the best poem the subject of which was St. Francis of Assisi. The prize was conferred by the Little Brown Society (not to be confused with the publishers!), an English organization. Also we are advised that when Henderson could find no proper juvenile describing the life of the ocean and its shore, he began writing one for his young daughter. It is called "Children of the Tide" and has just been published by Appleton. . . .

Idella Purnell's Palms, published at Guadalajara, Cexico, has put forth a Negro Poets' Number, to which *William Stanley Braithwaite*, *Countée Cullen*, *Jessie Fauset*, *W. E. B. DuBois*, *Gwendolyn Bennett*, *Longston Hughes*, *Walter White*, and others have contributed. Countée Cullen is the editor of this particular issue. . . .

On Sunday evening, October 17 at eight forty-five, the first subscription of *Angna Enters* in compositions in dance form will be given at the Little Theatre, 238 West 44th Street, with Madeleine Marshall at the piano. Miss Enters will present for the first times ix new compositions.

The school lectures of *William Webster Ellsworth* have been deservedly successful. Encomia have come to him from all the leading preparatory schools in the country. With special reference to college requirements and at the suggestion of a teacher-friend, Mr. Ellsworth's latest lecture, a richly illustrated one, "Doctor Johnson and his Circle," has been prepared for delivery in schools. For long one of the chiefs of The Century Company, author of "The Golden Age of Authors," intimate of many of the most notable literary figures of our time, Mr. Ellsworth has also made a unique place for himself in the realm of lecturing. There is no moment of dulness in his vivid and enthusiastic exposition of the lives of the great of other days. . . .

William Dana Orcutt's "In Quest of the Perfect Book" conveys the reminiscences and reflections of a bookman, of a man who made his way from bottom to top of the University Press of Cambridge, Mass., and thence to the Plimpton Press at Norwood as typographical expert. Finally he went to Italy, where in the old monasteries and libraries he designed his "Humanistic" type, one of the most beautiful type faces ever cut. *James F. Drake* of 14 West 40th street will supply you with his book, or write Little, Brown, the publishers. . . .

We haven't yet read the story of her twenty years in the business world written by *Helen Woodward*, wife of the author of "Bunk." But we understand that she also is given to de-bunking. She retired last year as one of the most successful advertising women in New York; and so she can tell the story of a modern business woman's life with particular vigor. . . .

Frank Sullivan, talented young author of "The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite," spent his summer betting pins on the horses at Saratoga, alternating this arduous program with periods of substituting for the life-guards at Long Beach. Glad to see you back, Frank! . . .

A young English writer whom we met in London this summer is *Martin Armstrong*, author of the novel, "At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses." Harpers has now published his "Desert: A Legend," the action of which moves between the corrupt brilliance of pagan Alexandria and the loneliness of the desert where the early Christian mystics sought salvation for their souls. . . .

Louis Untermeyer writes from London that *Wells's* "William Clissold" is being issued over there in three monthly installments "like a Wagnerian trilogy." He says also that *Robert Graves* is collaborating with *Laura Riding Gottschalk* on three critical volumes, and thinks that *Humbert Wolfe's* "News of the Devil" will cause a sensation in the political as well as the poetic world in England. "Nothing more savage has been printed since *Byron's* lampoons. Nothing, however, will happen; the Briton (*vide* the late general strike) will not be robbed of his imperturbable security." . . .

Willa and *Edwin Muir* have translated *Lion Feuchtwanger's* "Power" for the Viking Press. It is said to be "a colossal picture of a soul." It has been hailed as one of the most important works of contemporary literature. All of which means, we guess, that we've got to get around to reading it. But what with all the important books on our table at present we are nigh to giving up the ghost. . . .

And so, distractedly,—

THE PHŒNICIAN.

—Dutton's—

Latest Publications

TRAVEL—

By VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ
A Novelist's Tour of the World
Those who recall this famous novelist's power of vivid description will read eagerly his colorful account of the *Franconia's* voyage across the seven seas and on the three most famous rivers of history.
Illustrated, $6.00

By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI
The Fire of Desert Folk
There is even more in this book than the striking descriptions of North Africa to be expected from the author of "Beasts, Men and Gods." It gives an insight into the complications which make Morocco the stormy centre of European politics. $3.00

By WALLACE THOMPSON
Rainbow Countries of Central America
You will wish to go at once to this practically unknown land.
Illustrated, $5.00

By J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM
The Surgeon's Log
One of the most unconventional and delightful travel books ever written. $5.00

By CECIL GOSLING
Travel and Adventure In Many Lands
There is substance as well as exciting adventure in this story of a diplomat's wanderings. South Africa, Patagonia, Guatemala and Bolivia were along his trail.
Illustrated $3.50

BIOGRAPHY—

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI
The Face of Silence
An account of the modern mystic Rama Krishna, which is also an interpretation of the new trend of religious thought in India. $3.00

HUMOR—

By DON HEROLD
There Ought to Be a Law
Illustrated by the author. If you are irritated by the present fad for legislation, laugh it off with this amusing satire. $1.25

By EMILE CAMMAERTS
The Poetry of Nonsense
An essay, not an anthology, illustrated from drawings by Lear, Tenniel, Chesterton, Hugh Lofting, etc. $1.75

The TODAY AND TOMORROW Series
Each $1.00

By J. D. WOODRUFF
Plato's American Republic
Socrates answers questions concerning his American lecture tour.

By CASSIUS J. KEYSER
Thinking About Thinking
How many of us do it? "Autonomous Thinking" saves trouble.

By W. J. TURNER
Orpheus, or the Future of Music
An imaginative and significant essay by a poet and musician.

At any bookstore

E. P. DUTTON & CO.
681 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
Publishers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOW BOAT

A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF

"SO BIG"

EDNA FERBER

IT'S straight from a triumph in the East, Ladies and Gentlemen! . . . ("magnificent," says *The Bookman;* "gorgeously romantic," says the N. Y. *Times;* "better than *'So Big',"* says Harry Hansen in *Harper's;* "a grand success," says *The Saturday Review of Literature*) . . . until, from one end of this broad land of ours to the other, from the rocky coast of Maine to the sunny slopes of Cal-i-forn-i-a, SHOW BOAT is the "best-seller" of today. One hundred and fifty thousand copies have already been taken. It's having a record breaking run at America's biggest bookstore! Don't miss this story of the ol' Mississip! Step right up, Ladies and Gentlemen. Step right up! Thank you! Thank you!!

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Doubleday, Page & Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

8th Printing

of

Paul De Kruif's

Microbe Hunters

"An exhilarating and valuable contribution to one of the noblest chapters in the history of mankind."—*H. L. Mencken.*
Illustrated. $3.50

A highly civilized comedy of a minister—a million dollars—and a daring girl

Sabbatical Year

by GEORGE SHIVELY

Author of "Initiation"

"This is George Shively, not the minister."

"A stimulating, brilliant, well written novel. The competence of its craft is a sheer delight. Brimful of excellent character drawing."—*N. Y. Times.* "Mr. Shively is as deft with a phrase as Mr. Van Vechten; his wit rises from a sardonic understanding of character. His style is a joy."—*N. Y. Evening Post.* $2.00

7th Printing

of

Keyserling's

Travel Diary

"A great book, introducing for the first time in travel literature philosophical illumination." — *Rabindranath Tagore.* 2 vols. $10.00

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Carl Sandburg

"The most beautiful of all the Lincoln biographies," —*Chicago Tribune.* "Will become a permanent part of American literature."—*N. Y. Times.* "Good for a life time."—*Saturday Review.* 2 vols. $10.00

THE COLLECTED PARODIES *of Louis Untermeyer*

This includes the entire contents of Louis Untermeyer's "—And Other Poets," "Including Horace," and "Heavens" (of which *James Branch Cabell* said, "Sheer damnable cleverness without any parallel") as well as twenty new parodies which have never been published. $2.75

THE INNER HARBOR

By Wilbert Snow

More Maine coast poems, by the author of "Maine Coast." "He has added another territory to the United States of American poetry."—*Carl Van Doren.* $1.75

WHICH WAY PARNASSUS?

By Percy Marks

A penetrating book on the American University in which Mr. Marks discusses the trustees, the faculty, the alumini, the student body, the fraternities, etc. By the author of "The Plastic Age." $2.00

Round-about to Canterbury

By Charles S. Brooks

Author of "A Thread of English Road," etc.

Those who know Charles Brooks' volumes of essays are aware that his keen observation, sense of humor, and ability to find the picturesque, are the very qualities that are necessary to a writer of travel literature. In his new book three hundred miles of leisurely and genial walking through one of the most romantic parts of England—Surrey, Kent and Sussex—lie before the reader. $3.00

THREE AMERICAN PLAYS

By Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson

Includes the original (uncensored) and the only printed text available of "What Price Glory?" $2.50

Lytton Strachey's

Pope

Readers of "Books and Characters" will be aware that in Pope, Mr. Strachey finds an ideal figure. $1.00

William C. Bullitt's

It's Not Done

"It is in all essentials an epic novel."—*Boston Transcript.*

8th printing, $2.00

Carl Van Doren's

The Ninth Wave

"The whole thing seems to me most finely and perfectly done. There remains only to pray for a public properly appreciative of this strong and delicate work."—*James Branch Cabell.*

2nd printing, $2.00

Margaret Widdemer's

Gallant Lady

"An original study of the new generation done with insight, sympathy and skill."—*Wm. Lyon Phelps.*

2nd printing, $2.00

E. H. Young's

William

A brilliant English novel, the story of a father and what he found out about his family when his favorite daughter "disgraced herself."

5th printing, $2.00

Dorothy Canfield's

Her Son's Wife

"Not since 'The Brimming Cup' has Dorothy Canfield written a story of such gripping human interest."—*Boston Transcript.*

4th printing, $2.00

Henry Bellamann's

Petenera's Daughter

"An authentic vision of an attainable earthly paradise, with vividly conceived and self-active characters."—*New York Times.*

$2.00

Alexander Moray's

Janet Thurso

A remarkable Scotch novel. Like Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvie," it is the complete portrait of a noble woman.

2nd printing, $2.00

Sinclair Lewis's

Mantrap

"Better than the best of the thrillers."—*Chicago Tribune.*

5th printing, $2.00

Place your order now for *Count Keyserling's*

ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENT!

The Book of Marriage

Keyserling's first book since *The Travel Diary.* (To be published Oct. 28). $5.00

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

By Hugh I'Anson Fausset

Author of "John Donne"

"Nothing short of magic. A creative piece of literature, one of the best I have ever read."—*Benjamin de Casseres, N. Y. Times.* $3.50

The Delicatessen Husband

By Florence Guy Seabury

"Men get discouraged—you've got to bolster them up to make good providers of them."

Mrs. Seabury presents an amusing picture of the plight into which men have been cast by the new status of women. Clarence Day's amazingly versatile and humorous sketches give an added zest to the book. $2.50

SELECTED POEMS

By Carl Sandburg

The best of Sandburg's poetry, compiled and with an Introduction by Rebecca West. "The pick of Sandburg's basket."—*Independent.* "Great poems." —*N. Y. World.* 2nd printing, $2.00

THE LABURNUM BRANCH

By Naomi Mitchison

Mrs. Mitchison, known for her historical novels, "The Conquered" and "Cloud Cuckoo Land," here reveals herself as a poet of "charm, frankness, and amazing versatility."—*Boston Transcript.* $1.75

READ AMERICA FIRST

By Robert Littell

Snapshots, dialogues, and brickbats by an editor of the *New Republic.* For Robert Littell America is an inexhaustibly rich jungle of human lives and human speech worth discovering and listening to. No other young author has just this talent for treating America as a child does a sandpile. $2.00

HUMILITY AND PRIDE

By Amy Spingarn

Poems in which are reflected a strong and emotional personality. *Illustrated by the author.* $2.50

Roberta Teale Swartz'

Lilliput

A first volume of poems by "the most promising younger lyricist." $1.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Avenue, **New York**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED